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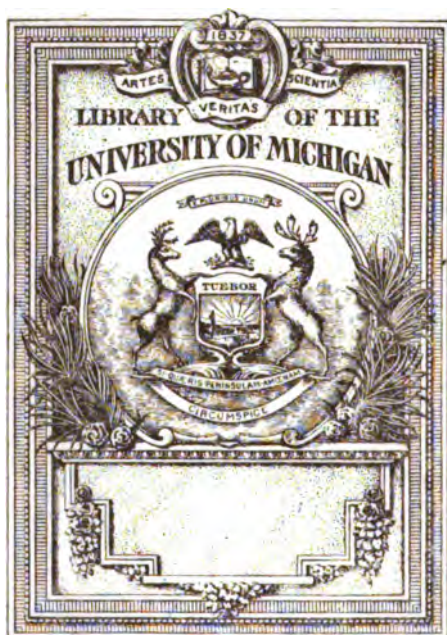
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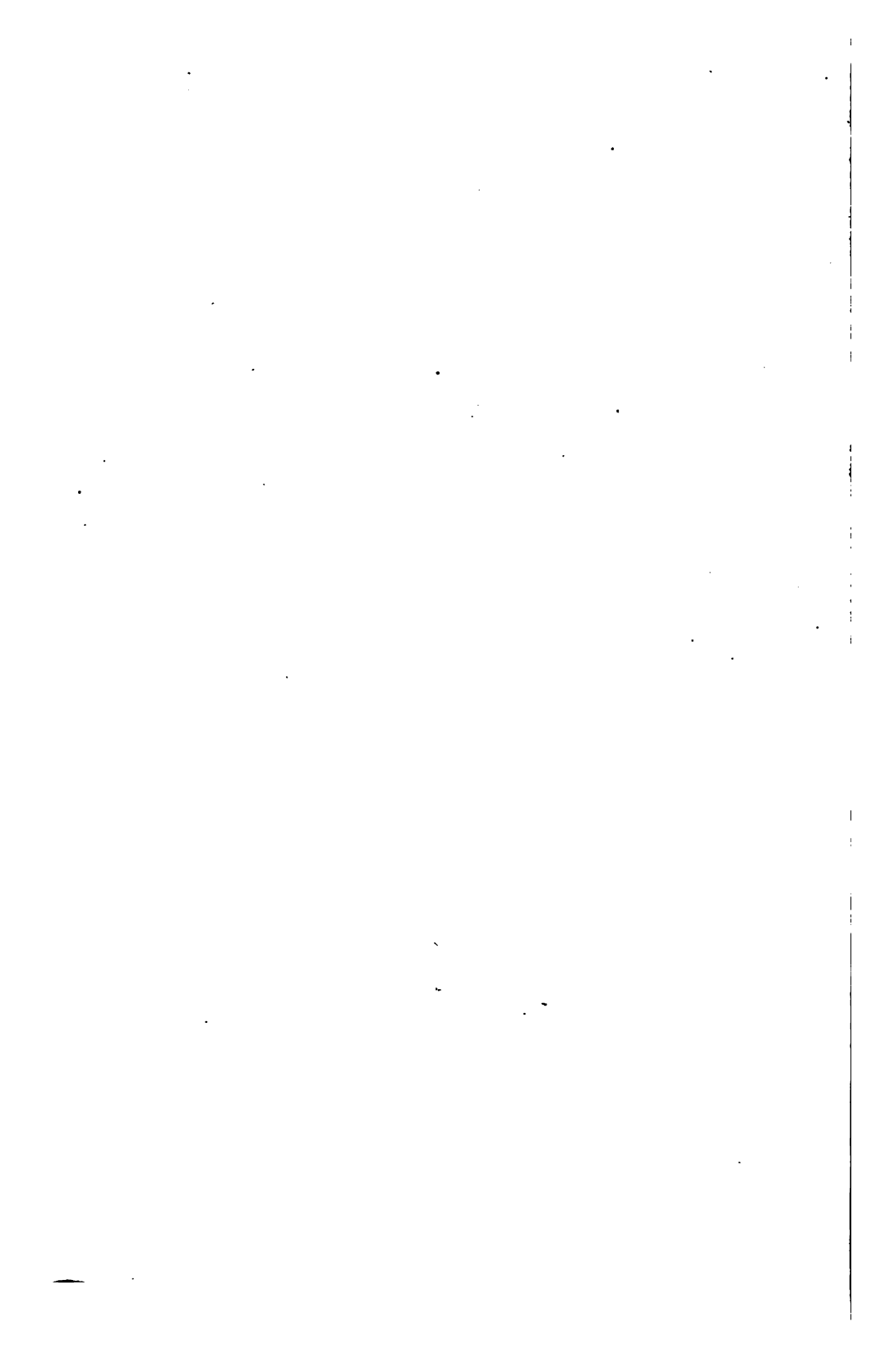
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THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

FOR
Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDOLYPPE.'

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The Monthly Packet.

JULY, 1882.

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER I.

TOM AND HIS MOTHER.

'I knocked, and the sweetest voice I had ever heard said, "Come in." But the moment I saw her eyes, I no longer wondered at her voice.'—GEORGE MACDONALD.

A LONDON lodging on a November afternoon ought not, according to tradition, to be very cheerful. But in pleasant contrast with the thick fog out of doors, a large fire was burning brightly, playing in the most becoming manner on the dark paper and the heavy ugly furniture. It is true that they were the only things in the room that wanted any flattery. There was a stand of flowers in the window; there were several good photographs on the walls; there were Mudie books lying on the table, and Vallauris jars, in the loveliest dead greens and blues and yellows, ornamenting the chimneypiece. There was an open piano with music on it, and a pile of songs beside it. But the room was empty; the most living thing was an unopened letter that lay waiting on the table, square and thick, and directed in a fine bold hand to the Rev. Thomas Landor.

In a few minutes a young man came in, took up the letter, looking at it with some interest, and walked across to the fire to warm himself and read it. He was not really a handsome young man, though there was somebody who thought him so, and one hardly likes to contradict her. He was tall enough, perhaps five feet ten, with a brown complexion and dark eyes. He had a good deal of dark hair, brushed straight across a rather clever forehead; but the rest of his features were plain, and he wore no beard or moustache. It was, in fact, something of a nut-cracker face, with a long nose and a prominent chin. But the person who admired him thought—and here perhaps she was not so far wrong—that the expression of his face was perfect in its clever refinement, and that his smile was the sweetest ever seen.

'Mother!' he cried, and she came into the room almost directly.

'Ah, Tom,' she said, 'I didn't know you were come back. Have you seen your letter?'

'Yes, and read it too,' said the young man. 'Did you know who it was from?'

'No; somebody with a very pretty crest.'

'Herbert Ethelston. I knew him at college—don't you remember? Our rooms were next door to each other. What do you think he has written to me about?'

'To offer you a living?'

Tom looked at her, smiling.

'Why should it be me?' he said. 'Why not some fellow with a wife and a dozen children, or some old man who wants rest, or some popular preacher, or some great man's nephew? Why not any of those, instead of me?'

'Mr. Ethelston knows; I don't,' said his mother. 'Seriously, though, shall you accept it? Let me see the letter.'

She sat down in an arm-chair, and watched Tom's face, as he stood in the firelight and read it to her. But before reading it he looked at her again.

'Who told him I wanted to write a book?' he said. 'And our politics were not the same.'

'MY DEAR LANDOR,—I was glad to hear through George Browne that you had got over your illness, and had been able to take a London curacy. I should have thought, however, that country work would have suited you better than that sort of thing, but I can well believe that you would hesitate before burying yourself in a country village, such as they generally are. I am now going to propose to you something which seems to me as if it might suit you well. Our old rector, Mr. Vernon, has lately died. I have not sought far for a successor to him, as it occurred to me at once that if you would do me the favour of accepting the living of Alding, it would be an arrangement most agreeable to us, and I hope pleasant to yourself. The value of the living is 800*l.* a year. There is a convenient old house, a good garden, and twenty acres of glebe. The rectory is two miles from Eastmarsh, half a mile from the church, and a mile and a half from my house. We shall be very glad if you and Mrs. Landor, whom I had the pleasure of seeing once, will come down to us for a day or two, and look at the place. Come on Monday. I will meet you by any train you like.

'Yours very truly,

HERBERT ETHELSTON.'

'Who are "we"? Is he married,' said Mrs. Landor.

'No. He lives with his two sisters. The eldest brought him up, I believe. He always seemed to have a respect for her. Will you go there on Monday?'

'No, Tom, thank you. They don't want me. You can go alone. I shall make acquaintance with them by and by—that is, if you mean to accept?'

'Well, mother! Fresh air, and within a few miles of the sea.'

'Yes,—and roses.'

'Books and quiet.'

'Fowls and ducks.'

'A cow.'

'A greenhouse.'

'Smock-frocks.'

'Red cloaks and poke bonnets.'

'Now you are getting unreasonable,' said Tom, 'and fancying that the Eastern Counties and the Middle Ages mean the same thing, which they don't. But certainly there are advantages.'

'Compensations, I should call them.'

'What for?'

'For living in the same parish with the man who wrote that letter, and his sisters. They are stupid, narrow-minded people. Because I am a curate's mother, they take me for an old goody, on whom they need not waste their politeness.'

Tom laughed.

'Well, I don't know the ladies, but Ethelston was not stupid or narrow. He took a good degree, besides being a first-rate athlete and all that sort of thing, and one of the handsomest fellows you ever saw.'

'He does me the honour to pretend to remember me,' said Mrs. Landor, 'and I remember him. I saw him for half a minute once at Paddington. A monster, with fair hair.'

'One of the finest fellows in the university,' said Tom. 'But it depends on you. Shall I go, or not?'

'Go! Of course, by all means,' said his mother. 'Isn't it what we have both been longing for, and in my heart I'm as grateful to Mr. Ethelston as you are. He doesn't say how many people there are, in that business-like letter of his, but I suppose all country parishes are much the same, and you are sure to be able to manage them by yourself, from the very slowness of their ways. He says nothing about a curate.'

'I couldn't have a curate,' said Tom, in some consternation.

His mother smiled.

'If he is necessary, I must manage him for you,' she said.

Then she took Herbert Ethelston's letter and read it over again to herself. It crossed Tom's mind, as he watched her, that it would be a misfortune if Miss Ethelston was a lady fond of patronising. However, she would soon find out that his mother was not a subject for it.

Mrs. Landor was a person who could not be easily overlooked, in whatever society she happened to be found. She had married very young, and was only eighteen years older than her son, who was now about twenty-seven. She was a tall woman, with thick bright brown hair on which a cap seemed out of place, a clear, rosy complexion, pretty features, and fine dark blue eyes, with black lashes, unusually long and thick. She generally looked grave, and had a slightly off-hand manner, which surprised people. One of the most charming

things about her was her voice, always musical and sweet, even when she raised it, as she sometimes did, to express opinions with her usual frank decision. On these occasions a very slight Irish accent was perceptible. She also moved her hands about, when she was speaking, more than Englishwomen generally do; but she was not in any way an Englishwoman. Her father was Irish, and her mother French; she had only connected herself with England by marrying Captain Landor, who had died years ago, leaving her with one boy, Tom. Some of Captain Landor's friends felt rather anxious about the future of this boy, having only known his mother as a gay young beauty, whose strength of character had been chiefly shown in the eagerness and spirit with which she amused herself. The very frankness of her nature, which at that time was mixed with thoughtlessness, made her some enemies. They said she was fast, and that she flirted. But her friends who knew her best laughed at these accusations, which, indeed, took their rise from two things in Mrs. Landor's history—her being very fond of animals and a good and fearless horsewoman—and her liking and being liked by clever, agreeable men. For some reason, at any rate, the steadiest of Captain Landor's brother officers, with their wives, disapproved of little Tom's mother, and bestowed a great deal of pity on him. Tom had always been a delicate child, and they pictured him neglected and left to the care of servants, while his mother went out to parties, and amused herself with her equally careless friends.

'Of course she will marry again directly,' they said. 'Poor Landor! and he was so fond of her.'

This last fact, which everybody confessed, might at least have made them suspect that they were wrong about Bessie Landor's character. Her husband had been a quiet, shy sort of man, and to both him and little Tom she was the very sunshine of life. It was not in any spirit of deep repentance that after her husband's death she gave up all her former amusements, never wishing to return to them. It was only because she did not care for them any more; her energies were suddenly turned into another channel. With very faint regrets, except those that connected them with her former life, she sold her horses and dogs, and bent all the love and strength of her nature to make happiness for the one creature left to her, little, nervous, delicate Tom.

He was a difficult child to bring up successfully, being odd and excitable, and in many parts of his character, such as his sudden, wild enthusiasms, more like a girl than a boy. He was very clever, and learning was no trouble to him, though he seldom worked hard, except at those things, such as languages, for which he had a special fancy. He never went to school, but was taught by his mother till he went to a tutor, and from him to college. There he was very happy, worked harder than most men for three years, took a first-class, and was

ordained. He had always meant to be a clergyman, partly because he liked the study of human beings, but now that he had reached his end, his overtaxed strength suddenly gave way, and the doctors said that Tom Landor would have died, a few months after his ordination, if it had not been for his mother's wonderful nursing. As soon as he was well enough to travel, she took him to the south of France, and they lived at Cannes for about three years, making long excursions now and then into Italy, and waiting patiently for the time—perhaps Tom longed for it more than his mother did—when he would be strong enough to go back to the land of work, and take his place in the ranks with other men. At last that time came, and his experience in a London curacy now brought to a sudden and not unpleasant end by Herbert Ethelston's letter.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE OF ETHELSTON.

'Where is the maiden of mortal strain
That may match with the Baron of Triermain?
She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,
Holy and pure, and humble of mind,
Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,
Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood . . .
Such must her form be, her mood, and her strain,
That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain!'

WHEN Monday afternoon arrived, Mr. Ethelston was not quite so ready to go and meet his friend Tom Landor at the station. Some neighbours had walked in to luncheon at Alding Place, and since then the young men had been teaching the ladies to play billiards. Herbert had devoted himself exclusively to the girl he admired most, who did not even know how to hold her cue. It began to rain at two o'clock, and persevered in a steady downpour.

'Why can't you send the brougham for Mr. Landor? What is the use of going yourself when you have plenty to do at home?' said the younger Miss Ethelston aside to her brother.

'The brougham is going, because the fellow might catch cold, but I'm going in it,' replied Herbert. "I told him I would meet him myself. It happens to be a bore, but that is no reason—'

'Conscientious!' said his sister, half to herself and half to their friend James Harvey, who was standing close to her.

'Herbert's weak point,' said he, smiling.

The elder Miss Ethelston came up and joined the group at this moment, a tall, fair, grey-eyed woman of seven or eight and thirty, distinguished in looks and manners, though without her brother's personal beauty.

'You are going, Herbert?' she said. 'I have been telling Miss Lydiard that if they will stay till you come back we shall be so glad to send them home.'

'Of course. I thought of it too,' said Herbert, and he walked off to press the invitation.

'It may amuse them to see the little parson; new faces are rare in these parts,' said the younger sister.

Miss Ethelston looked at her earnestly for a moment. 'It is a pity to make a laughing-stock of him before he comes,' she said.

'Don't be angry with us; it is Herbert's fault,' said James Harvey. 'He drew such a vivid picture of Landor reading for his degree, with strong coffee at his elbow and wet cloths round his head, scarlet cheeks, dark circles round his eyes, &c. Then the grand scene of victory—exhausted hero carried off the field by his mother, to recruit for long years on the shore of a balmy sea. We were affected to tears. But when we heard he was coming here as rector, the reaction of our overstrained nerves was such that we laughed.'

Miss Ethelston listened graciously, with a slight, indulgent smile. She was never angry with James Harvey, a privileged person there. Then she looked out of the window and sighed.

'Poor man!' she said. 'No one will ever make up to us for the loss of Mr. Vernon.'

'Why do you have such a whippersnapper, with no experience?' said James Harvey.

'It was Herbert's wish,' said Miss Ethelston. 'Gertrude and I, no doubt, would have preferred an older man.'

'I should think so!' said Gertrude. 'Fancy being teased by a curate! He will turn the parish upside down.'

'Still, a man of that sort would not be Herbert's friend,' said her sister.

Herbert was standing at the other end of the billiard-table, persuading the three visitors to wait for his return. Two of them stood a little apart—a small, dark, sunburnt young man, and a small girl like a pretty china doll—more interested in each other than in him. And yet Herbert Ethelston was not at all a person to be despised. Tom Landor had not said a word too much of his good looks. He was a fine, noble-looking fellow, fair, with straight, handsome features, and the figure of an athlete. People who cared for expression might have said that his face was too quiet and set, too much the conventional handsome Englishman who finds most things a bore, reads nothing but the *Times* and the *Field*, and is given to a sort of solid magnificent dandyism belonging to him alone—a man whose grandest qualities lie dormant, until, if he is fortunately in the army, he finds himself in front of the enemy's guns. But Herbert Ethelston was not in the army, and had never been known to complain of his lot. And it was a very pleasant one—a country gentleman with a fine house and estate, a large fortune, and

manageable tenants. He went to town with his sisters in the spring, did everything an English gentleman ought to do and nothing he ought not, lived in perfect satisfaction with himself and his surroundings, and walked with the air of a king among men.

There was something more than usual in his face that afternoon as he stood looking down into the sweet face of Miss Lydiard's cousin, Henrietta Stewart. He was a man not much attracted by girls, and during the last six or seven years fashionable mothers had spread their nets for him in vain. Like many young men of his kind, he moved under a delusion that every lady of his acquaintance wanted either to marry him herself or to catch him for some one else; and no doubt, in his case, this idea was built on a foundation of truth. He was therefore very cautious in his attentions, and had till now gone on quite securely under the guard of his sisters, who were quite as careful of him as he could be of himself. At the same time they all three intended that he should marry some day; but before that could happen, perfection must be found, and where was she? Gertrude saw charming girls now and then who might do, she thought: they had family, money, good looks, and lively manners: but Margaret and Herbert were more fastidious than Gertrude, and had not yet met with their ideal. The Ethelston fortress was still untaken, when, early in the autumn of this year, some quite new characters appeared in the neighbourhood of Alding.

The Misses Ethelston did not, by any means, encourage all their country neighbours to be intimate with them. One of the favoured exceptions was Mrs. Bell, the widow of a rich old Indian, who lived in a very smart modern house called the Villa, looking down on the town of Eastmarsh. That summer she had been visited by her nephew, Captain Bell, at home on leave from India. It was an understood thing that he had come home to look for a wife, and in fact, after a very short search, he found one at Scarborough, where he met Miss Lydiard at two or three balls, danced with her a great deal, and wrote to tell his aunt that he was engaged to the sweetest girl in the world, and intensely happy. Mrs. Bell, who hated trouble, was very glad that her nephew had arranged this affair for himself, without consulting her. She wrote back her full approval, and soon after, at his request, asked Miss Lydiard and her belongings to stay with her at the Villa. Constance Lydiard was an only child, and her mother was a widow. They were very lively and sociable people. With them came an orphan niece of Mrs. Lydiard's, whose home had been with them for several years. This was Henrietta Stewart, who had walked to Alding this wet November day with Captain Bell and Conny, not feeling herself *de trop*, because she was happily conscious of the welcome waiting for her there.

Miss Ethelston was very curious about Henrietta Stewart's history, and had asked as many questions as she decently could of Mrs. Bell,

who was almost too lazy to pass them on to Mrs. Lydiard. She ascertained, however, that Henrietta's father had been a captain in the navy, that her mother was a Fitzgerald, of Geraldstown, and that she had 200*l.* a year of her own. Miss Ethelston, an odd mixture of romance and worldliness, had taken a fancy to the girl, and felt disposed to be satisfied with these discoveries. The Lydiards were nothing much, it was plain, though Conny had a pretty face and a trim little figure, set off by Mrs. Lydiard's good taste in dress, which was an advantage to both the girls. But Henrietta might have been anybody: she certainly was somebody. Miss Ethelston felt sure of that, from the first moment she saw her, and was fortified by Herbert's opinion. She was a good deal taller than her cousin, and singularly graceful, with a long throat and pretty shoulders, and a turn of the head which was at least half her charm. Her soft brown hair was pushed back behind perfect little ears; she had a delicate rosy complexion, and shady-looking eyes of no particular colour, with more feeling and expression in them than she quite knew what to do with. Perhaps, however, the chief charm of her face was the happiness in it, the smile of trust and content which greeted those who were kind to her. She had never found the world cold, or false, or unkind; it was full of friends; as for disagreeable people, they were not worth thinking or caring about. She was glad she was pretty, because it seemed to make people fond of her; but in fact, though she knew her figure was the best of the two, she preferred Constance's appearance to her own, and did not at all wonder when other people—Captain Bell, for instance—did so too. Conny was so *mignonne*, such a dear little thing, with her blue eyes and lovely skin. Hetty accepted, with great delight, any share of admiration that came to her, but she was always inclined to put her cousin first. This was well for the peace of the household, for such generous unselfishness was not in Conny's way.

All past enjoyments, watering-place balls, and so on, became very stupid in Hetty's recollection, when they were compared with the real delightfulness of finding herself a popular guest at Alding Place, studied with deep interest by Miss Ethelston, patronised by Gertrude—that was the least pleasant part—and talked to with distinctly admiring looks by the stately Herbert. It was a serious trial, that he should have to leave off teaching her billiards, and go away to the station to meet this tiresome friend of his.

'I'm so sorry,' said Herbert. 'But Landor has never been here before, you know, and I promised to meet him. I ought to keep my word—don't you think so?'

'Yes, you must,' said Hetty Stewart, decidedly.

'I am glad you agree with me. I thought you would. Now you must be tired of this. My sister wants you to go into the drawing-room. And mind, if the sun comes out, you are not to think of going away till I come back.'

'Do you think there is any danger?' said Hetty with her happy smile, as she glanced out at the steady torrent which was running in yellow streams along the gravel.

'No, I don't suppose there is,' said Herbert. 'But it is best to be prepared for emergencies, you see.'

He went out immediately afterwards. Miss Ethelston came up to Hetty, and led her into the drawing-room, where she made her sit down by a little table, pulled open a drawer, and began showing her some old family miniatures and other curiosities. She talked in a low voice about these things, bringing in sketches from the history of several distinguished people. Hetty listened with some reverence, for she admired Miss Ethelston very much, and seemed to begin to understand what a fine thing it was to belong to an old family like this, who had kept up their importance and lived in the same place all through English history. James Harvey once said, that no matter whose reign you were to hit upon, Margaret Ethelston could tell you an anecdote of her ancestor who lived in that reign; but James Harvey was irreverent and wicked, and after all, though he might talk in this strain, he showed no other outward sign of disrespect to the Ethelstons.

Hetty was very happy among the miniatures, though she could not quite remember the distinction between great and great-great-grandmothers. She cared more for the present, and was satisfied with looking up from the pretty painted ladies to their descendant, graceful and soft eyed, who turned them over with her long white fingers so daintily, and seemed to understand, even she, that living faces might be the most interesting. At least, when she looked at Hetty, and Hetty looked at her, they both realised, somehow, that the miniatures were chiefly an excuse for sitting in this nice corner near the fire, and leaving the other people to entertain themselves. Not that Miss Ethelston could have neglected any of her guests; but the others had gone to the farther end of the room, where the piano stood. Gertrude Ethelston was beginning to play and sing; she had a good deal of voice, and it sounded grandly in the large high room. Mr. Harvey and the engaged couple were admiring listeners.

Gertrude was not at all like her sister, except in height and fairness. She had strong features, rather handsome, and a somewhat knock-me-down manner, which made her a much more difficult person to approach than the gentler Margaret. Yet she was, and always had been, Herbert's playfellow, while Margaret was his counsellor. Gertrude was now four-and-thirty, and for the last few years had carried on a sort of flirtatious friendship with James Harvey. Other people wondered, and so perhaps did she, whether this was ever to come to anything more. Margaret would have been anxious, if she had thought that her sister's feelings were at all deeply interested in the matter. But from year to year it went on much the same. James

Harvey, who was a baronet's second son, and a barrister without much to do, spent a great part of his time with the Ethelstons. He was a clever man, and a useful friend for Herbert; they would have found it difficult to do without him. He always seemed to consider himself Gertrude's especial property. That afternoon, as he stood by and turned over her leaves, his eyes wandered curiously several times to the fireside corner where Margaret was sitting with her new *protégée*.

'Miss Wade sings that,' remarked Captain Bell to Miss Lydiard, when Gertrude had struck the closing chord of her song.

'And very badly too,' said Constance.

'Who's Miss Wade?' asked Gertrude, turning round on her music-stool. 'That song wants great power of voice, especially in the low notes.'

'Which she doesn't possess,' said Constance, half aside.

'You don't know her, Miss Ethelston, I dare say,' said Captain Bell. 'Nobody ever sees her. My aunt's half-starved little companion.'

'Oh yes, I have seen her once or twice,' said Gertrude, 'but I forgot her name. Does your aunt starve her? How disgraceful! And do you mean to say she sings this song! That must be your fault, Mr. Harvey. It is absurd to encourage people of that sort. Do it once, and they never find their own level afterwards. I told you so at the time. Why didn't you make the girl a village schoolmistress?'

'Many people, now-a-days, consider that the most dignified occupation of the two,' said James Harvey, gravely. 'And she was not clever enough.'

Gertrude shrugged her shoulders. 'Why couldn't you let her alone?' she said. 'You have only made a fool of her.'

'Not that, I hope,' said James, with good-humoured ease. 'You look surprised, Miss Lydiard. You didn't know that I found Miss Wade for Mrs. Bell. She comes from my country. It was an act of philanthropy.'

'Philanthropy! humbug!' said Gertrude Ethelston.

'My aunt thinks her pretty,' said Captain Bell, after a moment's pause. 'Do you, Miss Ethelston?'

'I don't know, really. I have never thought about it. Yes, I suppose she is,' answered Gertrude, carelessly.

Then she turned to the piano again, and played a march with a good deal of noise. After this she invited them to come into the morning-room and see her parrots; so Miss Ethelston and Hetty Stewart were left alone in the drawing-room.

Hetty had no wish to move; she liked her companion, and also the room they were in, with its grand height and stateliness, its great full-length pictures, its four tall windows that opened on the terrace now splashing with rain. There was no modern fashion in the room, no 'high art' of the present day. Miss Ethelston had a certain con-

tempt for these things. Her standard of taste had nothing to do with fashion; no furniture could in her eyes be more beautiful or convenient than that with which her forefathers had successively supplied the house. Thus Alding Place was a mixture of styles, and there was nothing new or fashionable among the chairs and sofas and tables that stood about that drawing-room. But it had the air of a home of many generations. This was the character in which its present mistress loved it, and thought it beautiful.

From the first, one of Hetty Stewart's chief attractions had been that she was capable of understanding this view of the old house, even, of feeling, while still quite a stranger there, a sort of rising enthusiasm for it, unconnected with its master. Even James Harvey, who was not a believer in human nature, could not bring himself to doubt Hetty's single-mindedness. He had often interfered before, quite of his own accord, to save Herbert from designing women. Now he seemed inclined to stand aloof, and let things take their course, watching Miss Stewart all the time with an intentness that nobody perceived.

'Do you know, I am so sorry for that poor Miss Wade!' said Hetty, when she was left alone with Margaret Ethelston.

'Are you?' said Margaret. 'Why?' She looked interested, but it was much more in Hetty herself than in the object of her pity.

'She seems so shy and shrinking. Oh, I think it is a wretched life for her! Girls ought to be happy and free, not like slaves,' said Hetty, earnestly. 'I don't mean that Mrs. Bell is unkind to her.'

'No. We always think Mrs. Bell a good-natured woman,' said Margaret. 'But after all—what can one expect! I must confess that when we saw Miss Wade there, she struck us as rather a mean little person. Probably she is not happy in the society of people superior to herself. A sure sign of a low-bred nature.'

'I don't know whether it is that exactly,' said Hetty. 'But Mrs. Bell tells her when she makes mistakes—before us, sometimes. I don't quite think Mrs. Bell ought to do that. It always makes me feel sorry and uncomfortable.'

'Of course it does—you need hardly tell me that,' said Miss Ethelston, smiling. 'It is a little failure in good taste. But now you see the consequence of lifting people out of their proper station. This girl was the daughter of a small farmer, somewhere near Sir Michael Harvey's place. They brought her up to do nothing useful—fancy-work, accomplishments, and so on. James Harvey and his mother found her out in some way, heard her sing at a village concert, I believe, and rather foolishly promised to help her on. The parents were too poor to keep her at home, doing nothing, an idle encumbrance. Last spring Mrs. Bell happened to say that she wanted a companion, and he brought forward this girl at once. We thought it a mistake, and now you see the poor thing is quite plainly out of place, and makes herself ridiculous into the bargain.'

Hetty sighed.

'It is one of those lessons that people learn every day, and never remember,' said Miss Ethelston. 'The girl might have been put into a wool-shop, or anything of that kind. She should never have been brought into the society of ladies. Some men are not very quick to understand those things. My brother saw it as we did. And now tell me—what did I hear your cousin saying at luncheon, about your going abroad this winter?'

'We have talked about it for a long time,' said Hetty. 'But now Captain Bell thinks it likely that he may be ordered back at once, because of this trouble with the northern tribes. If he is, their marriage will be put off till he comes home again—in a year, perhaps. Conny and my aunt have been making plans for going with him as far as Marseilles, and then we should spend the rest of the winter at some place on the Riviera.'

'You too?' said Miss Ethelston.

'Oh yes. I belong to them. And it would be so delightful.' Hetty blushed and faltered a little, for Miss Ethelston's earnest look seemed to mean sorrow and disapproval.

'Are you to be another of the many girls spoilt by going abroad?' she said.

'Does it spoil girls?' said Hetty.

'It takes off the bloom of an Englishwoman's nature,' said Miss Ethelston, 'in more ways than I can explain to you. It gives her a smattering of foreign things and foreign habits—makes her forget her early teaching, and gives her nothing but free-thinking and frivolity in its place. The way that foreigners live, without fixed habits or principles, spoils a woman entirely for English home life. I don't see the use of going abroad. You can read descriptions of all those places, and enjoy them without their hundred drawbacks. This rage for taking young people abroad will be the ruin of England.'

Hetty was sorry that her friend did not approve, for the prospect seemed to her very delightful.

'I shall enjoy it though,' she said, shaking her head. 'I never understand what things are like by only reading about them.'

'Don't let it spoil you,' said Miss Ethelston, gazing at her. 'And shall we see you in the spring? Shall you stay with Mrs. Bell again?'

'I don't exactly know,' said Hetty. 'But there is a little furnished house on the hill in Eastmarsh that Mrs. Bell wants my aunt to take. We should come back there in the spring. Mrs. Bell is very fond of Conny, and she and my aunt are great friends. Then I suppose we should stay there till Captain Bell comes home.'

'Then we shall not meet and part again like two ships passing on the sea,' said Miss Ethelston. 'I am very glad. You must encourage that plan.'

Yes. I should like to live at Eastmarsh,' said Hetty thoughtfully.

'I think I know the house,' her friend went on, after watching her in silence for a minute. 'A high flight of steps up to the door, and windows with flowers in them jutting out over the street. Rather picturesque—but sadly small, isn't it?'

'It is small, but we never live in a large house,' said Hetty. 'We can't afford it; we have not servants enough.'

'There never is any air in small rooms.'

'Oh yes—if you manage properly,' said Hetty, looking up and smiling. 'You must keep the windows open a great deal, at the top. I don't mind at all about the size of rooms. One could be happy in a cupboard, and miserable in a palace.'

Margaret Ethelston laughed softly.

'You must not stretch that doctrine too far,' she said. 'It is not a good working idea, James Harvey would tell you. Of course you mean that it all depends on the people you live with; but the fact is that people have much more difficulty in keeping their temper in a small room, all crowded up together. It is a very calming thing to have plenty of space. I see you think that we ought to be contented people. I believe we are. I know the size of our rooms has always been a comfort to me. When I was a girl of twenty, and my dear father left me in charge of Herbert, I don't know what I should have done without room—without space to breathe, and walk about, and think. Ah, the many, many long hours that I used to spend alone here, at that table, writing business letters, which you would hardly understand, I suppose, if you were to read them. Sometimes Herbert would come in before I had done—he was such a beautiful boy—and play some game quite quietly at the other end of the room. What should we have done, if it had been only twelve feet square! No, I could never feel at home in small rooms. When you find yourself too much cabined in that little Eastmarsh house, come here to me. I shall always be glad to see you.'

'But you will be in town in the spring,' said Hetty.

'So we shall. I forgot. It will not be till the summer. And mind, you must come back from abroad just the same. I shall find out any change directly.'

'I may be improved,' said Hetty.' She felt the next moment that this sounded like fishing for a compliment, which was far indeed from her thoughts, and the colour rose in her clear cheeks.

Miss Ethelston paid her no compliment: she only looked at her reflectively for a moment, and smiled. Somehow that meant quite as much.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW RECTOR.

‘Il y a des lieux que l’on admire : il y en a d’autres qui touchent, et où l’on aimerait à vivre.’—LA BRUYÈRE.

THEY were still sitting together near the fire, the open drawer of miniatures quite neglected, and the dark afternoon beginning to close in, when the door was opened by a decided hand, and Herbert came in, bringing his friend Tom Landon with him. Miss Ethelston received Tom with the most marked politeness ; she liked her first view of him. Tom looked particularly well that day, with some colour in his face, and his hair a little ruffled. His dark complexion and slight figure were in strong contrast with the Saxon colouring and proportions of his friend, but there was an elegance about him of which Miss Ethelston could not fail to be aware, however she might prefer her brother’s appearance. She made a remark about him to Herbert, however, late that night, which, with her opinions, boded ill for the future.

‘Isn’t he a nice fellow ? Doesn’t he give you the idea of being immensely clever ?’ Herbert demanded.

‘I don’t know, really. He is gentlemanlike—but he is fantastic. He is like a French marquis of the old *régime*.’

‘What a queer idea ! Well, you know his mother is half French.’

‘I did not know, indeed,’ said Miss Ethelston gravely, and she sighed as she went up stairs.

Tom imagined that he was getting on very well with his hostess, whom he admired, though he thought her very peculiar. He also admired the fine old room, with its signs of ancient wealth and greatness. And he was haunted, as by a strain of music, by the lovely, happy face of that girl in the fireside corner, to whom Herbert Ethelston devoted himself immediately, giving up Landon to his sister.

They had hardly begun to talk when tea was brought in, followed by the other people. Tom would not have any tea, which distressed Miss Ethelston a little. She had been accustomed to supply Mr. Vernon with many cups. Her new rector sat rather silent while she attended to her other guests, and looked round at the various faces with a strong imaginative interest, in which she would have sympathised if she had understood him. All these people, perhaps, were to play a part in his new life ; some of them might be antagonistic, others friendly. Tom wondered how his mother would like them, and what he should say to them in his first sermon. To him there was something poetical about Miss Ethelston, and something satisfactory about Herbert. The girl in the corner was probably as angelic as her

face. Gertrude made him shiver, and he felt inclined to have nothing to do with James Harvey. 'He has hardened himself somehow,' thought the critic. As for Captain Bell and Miss Lydiard, there was not much to be made of them, except their satisfaction with each other; but even that was something—they were not thinking of their separate selves.

After tea the three visitors went away. James Harvey also disappeared, and now it was Tom's turn to be examined and criticised. Gertrude did not take much part in that fireside talk, except by staring, and putting in a word now and then to strengthen a remark of her brother's. Herbert confined himself to giving Landor various bits of information about the parish. Margaret asked him a string of questions about his mother, his former life, and all his concerns, never doubting that she was well within the limits of good breeding; and when he had frankly enough answered all these, she opened out on Mr. Vernon and his virtues, his arrangements as to services and charities, and his ways of managing the people. She hinted plainly that the new rector would do well to follow very carefully in Mr. Vernon's footsteps, if he wished to meet with the same approval. She talked in low, grave tones, in nice refined language, and leaning back gracefully in her chair, fixed her grey eyes on the young man in earnest consideration.

'Mr. Vernon's opinions were *quite* orthodox,' she said. 'And he had the good sense to adapt his arrangements to the circumstances of the parish. You will find that his name is held in reverence by all. He was a wonderful man, certainly, Herbert. I never went to consult him about anything, without coming away with a consciousness of being right.'

'You don't mean that he always agreed with you, Miss Ethelston?' said Tom, looking at her, with a little quiet fun about his mouth.

But there was no answering smile from any of those three.

'You misunderstand me,' said Margaret calmly. 'When we are sure of what ought to be done, is it not a valuable help to be supported and strengthened in our opinions? Mr. Vernon was always a comfort to us in that way. One's judgment would not be worth much, if it wanted anything more than that.'

'We never bothered him about deciding things, don't you see!' said Herbert. 'But we were always good friends, and so the whole thing went on smoothly. He was such a nice old man.'

'He must have been very nice, from all you tell me,' said Tom. 'An agreeable neighbour, I should think?'

'Not much of that. We did not expect that of him,' said Herbert. 'But now you see how we hated the notion of having an utter stranger in his place, a fellow who would overturn everything and make himself disagreeable. You see how glad we are to take refuge in you, Landor.'

Tom was silent for a minute or two; he was examining himself, and wondering how far he should fulfil these expectations. The prospect of life at Alding was not quite so bright as it had been an hour ago. He was sensitive for himself, being a thin-skinned fellow, but he thought he could have managed for himself. He was much more sensitive for his mother. How she would get on with these Ethelstons was a problem which occupied his mind and amused him.

The rest of the evening passed off very peaceably. Tom became thankful for the presence of Mr. Harvey, who was an agreeable man. As for Mr. Harvey, he mentally retracted the term 'whipper-snapper,' as applied to Tom, and they had some pleasant literary talk after dinner, while Herbert yawned over his claret.

In the evening Gertrude sang a good deal. Tom thought her singing much too loud and operatic, so he attached himself to Miss Ethelston, who, in spite of her talk before dinner, had a certain attraction for him. There was a thoughtful sweetness about her eyes and forehead, which could only belong to a generous character, he thought, and he hoped that she and his mother might at least fight themselves into friendship. From admiring an old musical clock in the opposite corner, he went on to talk of the curiosity-shops abroad; and then Margaret, finding him an appreciative person, opened her miniature drawer for the second time that day. The interest and knowledge that he showed astonished her. Herbert, in his armchair not far off, glanced over his *Times*, and thought that Landor and his sister were getting on capitally.

'I'll tell you what—you are fortunate in your parson,' James Harvey murmured in Gertrude's ear at the other end of the room.

'I don't know,' said she. 'A clergyman ought to be grave and responsible, and not interested in all sorts of outside things. I rather think he is a trifling goose, but we shall see.'

'I never differ from you if I can help it,' replied James; 'but your new rector is a clever fellow, and you will live to be thankful for him. Why should a clergyman always talk shop?'

'I don't care to hear him talk at all, except in church,' said Gertrude.

Tom went to bed that night in rather low spirits, under the weight of Mr. Vernon's merits. But in the morning his elastic nature had thrown off this load; he was in a good humour with every one, and Miss Ethelston's speeches seemed only laughable. It was a cold misty morning, but the sky cleared gradually to a soft vault of blue, and the sun shone on a dripping world. The Squire took his friend out soon after breakfast to show him the place. They walked up and down the terraces, round about the great square mass of white building, which was Alding Place. The flower-garden looked brown and desolate, and most forbiddingly tidy. The park stretched down from the south front of the house in long green sweeps, rising again in

the distance, and melting into the brown and orange belt of woods. Here and there in the foreground stood a great bare elm-tree. Beyond these there was a knoll, crowned with tall Scotch firs. Some cattle were grazing in the park. Herbert Ethelston showed his friend these, and his stables, and told him there was a great deal more garden, not fit to be seen at this time of year, but the best part of the whole concern in summer. Tom looked rather longingly towards the damp, dead-leafy glades of which this was said. He thought it was probably true, for to his rather fanciful mind there was a want of sentiment about the outside of the place. It was all very handsome, and the ground seemed to have arranged itself to look imposing, but the flat white walls of the house, built of great blocks of stone, were an offence to his eyes. The element of romance, of picturesqueness, seemed to him entirely wanting. He did not of course say this to Ethelston, who was perfectly satisfied, and went on talking about his hunters and his prize cows in a solid steady way.

'You don't care about all this, though,' said Herbert at last. 'Would you like to go and look at the church and the rectory?'

'Yes, I should,' said Tom. 'I must go back to town to-night.'

'To-night, my dear fellow! I thought you would stay at least three days.'

'Much obliged to you, but that is impossible. I have an engagement to-morrow morning.'

'Then we may as well walk down at once,' said Herbert.

He took his friend down a path among evergreens, a short cut from the garden into the avenue which opened on the road. They tramped along through the mud, Herbert pointing out his land on each side, and talking about crops. Tom learned a good deal in that walk, and it struck him that he must get up some of these subjects, if he was to live in the country among a farming people.

'It will never do for the rector to be ignorant,' he thought. 'And mother must get it up too. Most likely she knows it already though, by instinct.'

He did not mind showing his ignorance to Ethelston, who must know that he had had no opportunity of getting any country knowledge. The two friends walked on, Tom asking questions, and Herbert explaining, till suddenly coming round a block of farm-buildings, they were close upon a little church, long and narrow, with thick old cream-coloured walls, a red-tiled roof, a small square wooden tower and short spire at the west end, and a churchyard full of old tombstones, with long grass and weeds half hiding some of them. The churchyard was neatly paled, and a row of now leafless lime-trees divided it from the road.

Tom went up the straight path, and entered the church with a strange emotion—his own church, where he was to speak to his own people. Ethelston had fetched the key from a cottage, and given it to

him, letting him go in alone, because he wanted to talk to his keeper, who was coming up the road. Tom was grateful to the keeper.

It was a strange contrast, this little rural house of God, to the London church with its ornamental brick walls, its high arches, its open seats, and most approved arrangements. Here were tall pews painted grey and white, a gallery adorned with hatchments, a pulpit and reading-desk that seemed to fill half the little space. The chancel was matted, and the east window looked out into the brown interlacing branches of a tree. There was perfect stillness, but the whole thing spoke of a different life from any that Tom knew. To many young men it would have been insupportable, but Tom felt it differently; to him there was a gentle poetic influence in this low-roofed stillness. He could not have explained it, or said where it came from. Certainly not from that great red-lined pew higher than all the others, raised by two steps above the hard wooden seats of the poor.

This first acquaintance with his church raised all manner of questions in Tom's mind. What should he say to his quiet slow-brained country people, when he went up into that pulpit facing them? What had Mr. Vernon said to them? Had he touched their hearts, that grey-haired old man, whom they were supposed to hold in so much reverence? Tom thought he must find out all this for himself. He had also a theory, which could be carried out here more easily than in London, that to speak to people effectively you should know something about them. Generalities were all very well; of course there were many things to be said that must touch all the human race alike. One man or woman was like another in a thousand ways; and yet their differences were like the depth of the sea. Tom therefore concluded that he could speak better to his parishioners if he knew them all personally.

Herbert left him for some minutes alone in the church, and then came to look for him, stooping his tall head under the low arch of the door.

'Well, how do you like it?' said he, as Tom joined him and they stood together in the porch.

'I like it,' said Tom. 'It has the feeling of a church about it.'

'Rather a low type, isn't it?' said Herbert. 'My sisters had a notion that you would want me to pull it down on the spot, and build a new one.'

'That would be the proceeding of a Vandal,' said Tom. 'You don't wish to do it?'

'Of course I should not care to spend the money, unless it was necessary. But some people think it a disgraceful little place, so old-fashioned. However, if you are satisfied, that is all right.'

Perhaps Tom was not so perfectly satisfied with details as his friend inferred. This feeling, at least, was likely to grow upon him afterwards. At the time he was not so much impressed by details.

The spirit of the place, the quiet old-world story that it seemed to tell, were enough for him ; in that first reverence he was not ready to find fault.

The village of Alding lay scattered along the road to the right and left of the church. There were small old cottages, some of them built of black wood, with red roofs, overgrown with creepers, and buried in gardens. One or two farm-houses looked solid and cheerful, with pigeons sitting on their ridge-tiles. There were long meadows, studded here and there with old thorn-trees, lying by the shallow rippling reaches of a little river.

Tom and the squire walked half a mile down the road to the east of the church, between great forest-trees that stretched out their grey arms in the sunshine. Then they came to a gate, and turned in by clumps of evergreens, through a deserted weedy garden, to an old house coloured cream and red, as if it were to match the church, with a porch and two large bows, to which long tresses of faded creepers were clinging. There was a myrtle-bush growing up tall on each side of the porch, and beyond the house there was a wide stretch of lawn and meadow, with three or four great oaks and elms upon it. Herbert and Tom went into the house, and were there some time. When they came out, they marched about the yard and garden, and finally came back to the porch. Herbert was rather disturbed by his friend's silence, the gravity of his manner, and the little interest he seemed to take in pond, fruit-trees, vegetables, and all the advantages of the old garden.

'I say, Landor,' he said, as Tom lingered to look at the front of the house again, 'I am sorry if you don't like the look of it, but all houses are dismal when they are empty. The place is pretty enough in summer. I will have that roof seen to directly. Is Mrs. Landor the difficulty? Won't she like it, don't you think?'

Tom looked at him in some-surprise, and then smiled.

'Not like it!' he said. 'If you were to search England through, you could not find a place that she would like better. As for me, I feel as if I had known it all my life. You don't know what you have done for me, in asking me to come here.'

He held out his hand to Ethelston, who grasped it and smiled, though he felt awkward and astonished. He thought Tom Landor an extraordinary fellow, and supposed it was his French blood that made him behave in this sort of way. When he got home he told Margaret of it, and laughed ; his sense of humour seemed to have been touched at last.

'I thought the fellow had lost his senses,' he said. 'He wrung my hand, and thanked me as if I had saved his life.'

Margaret's eyes filled with tears, though she smiled. Not in the least understanding Tom's mind, she yet could not see anything funny in his gratitude.

'Are they very poor?' she said. 'Is that lodging of theirs miserable? Poor people! We must be as kind to them as we can.'

Herbert drove Tom to the station in his dogcart late that afternoon. On a piece of flat road between the rectory and the station, he pulled up to speak to the three visitors of the day before, who were walking towards Eastmarsh.

'Oh, Mr. Ethelston!' said Conny Lydiard, 'what do you think! We are all off next week to Marseilles.'

'Really!' said Herbert. His face fell, and he looked at Miss Stewart, whose eyes as they met his were rather anxious and grave.

'Yes, I'm off next week,' said Captain Bell. 'If they send me to the front, as I hope they will, this may be our last good-bye.'

'Don't be so horrid,' said Constance.

'Are you all going? How long are you going to stay?' asked Herbert, still looking at Hetty.

'Till some time in the spring, I suppose,' she answered gently.

'What a shame! I can't stay now; there's the train, and Lander is going by it. I shall see you afterwards,' said Herbert, driving quickly on. 'I wish people wouldn't go abroad. What a stupid thing it is that all that family should run after that fellow Bell just because the girl is engaged to him. At least they might come back again after seeing the last of him, instead of wasting all the winter in that abominable south.'

'Where are they going to spend the winter?' said Tom. 'At Cannes?'

'I can't tell you. I don't know one place from another. Why can't people be satisfied with their own country!'

'You should go there too, and see the charm of it.'

'Not I. Not even if—The attraction that takes me there will be a very strong one, I can tell you. Do you admire Miss Stewart?' said Herbert abruptly, as he turned into the station yard.

'One of the loveliest faces I ever saw. There is something more than mere beauty in it,' answered Tom.

'That is saying a good deal. Not too much, though. But her figure—did you see her walking across the room yesterday? She moves better than any girl I know.'

Mr. Ethelston was in a hurry to go back to his friends, so he left Tom at the station and drove away at once.

Tom felt as if he had seen a good deal since he left London the day before. Especially an old house, which was a poem, and a girl's face, which was the dream of a poem yet unwritten. Perhaps it was safer to think about the first of these two.

(To be continued.)

POVERINA.

(Translated from the French of the Princess Olga Cantacuzène.)

CHAPTER I.

THE freshness and calm of an autumn evening were falling on the green valley, at the bottom of which nestles the little town of Lucca. On the western side, overlooking Pisa, the last rays of the setting sun darted like golden arrows across the light and delicately tinted clouds of pink and lilac which streaked a sky of palest turquoise blue; on the side of Pistoja the moon was slowly emerging from the horizon, veiled in a mist which made it appear unnaturally large. The busy sounds of day and human life were subsiding, and the chatter of the birds settling down to roost in the green oaks and cypresses, and the voices of the peasants talking on the thresholds of their miserable tenements, were almost the only sounds heard. From time to time some young voice trilled out a rustic song, which resounded far and wide in the evening stillness, or a passing accordion of doubtful tune-fulness gave forth a passage of *Santa Lucia*, or of Garibaldi's hymn.

In this peaceful, primitive valley, the inhabitants subsist almost wholly on the fruits of the soil, which they love as a nursing mother. There are no manufactories, no industries, great or small, to entice the peasant by the allurements of more lucrative labour away from the pursuit of agriculture. Commerce is unknown here; a cigar and a few silk-spinning factories offer a field of activity to women and young girls, but the men who wish to acquire more money than the soil of their country will yield them, are forced to expatriate themselves. They often go abroad for a few years—either to Corsica, where they get good wages as agricultural labourers, or to America—generally speaking Montevideo—whence they bring back a small supply of gold, and a great quantity of parrots and curious birds; but they invariably return after a time to settle down in their native valley. There is scarcely a single instance on record of a Lucchese peasant establishing himself permanently in a foreign land.

There is perhaps no part of the world where the soil is cultivated with so much care as in this valley. To the Lucchese peasant, who forms the link between the Piedmontese and southern races, and is a singular mixture of activity and nonchalance, at once gentle and vivacious, cunning and frank, alternately active as a mountaineer and indolent as a Neapolitan, the cultivation of the soil is the first care. And the abundance and variety of its vegetation, added to the natural richness of its soil, give to this little corner of Tuscany a picturesque beauty and a charming diversity of aspect which are almost unrivalled.

From the summit of the hills covered with chestnut-trees, whose

fruit is one of the chief sources of wealth, as well as the favourite food of the peasants, descends a large majestic torrent, which, subdividing into a thousand small canals, waters and fertilises the whole valley; the grey-leaved olives planted in terraces thrive on the stony slopes and meagre hill soil, where no other vegetation could live; stately pines fringe the summits of the hills with their picturesque tracery, and the horizon is closed by an imposing chain of snow-mountains, whose grandiose profile presents to the eye more harmonious and less jagged lines than those of the Alps. Down in the plain the land is divided into fields of maize, flax, and corn, beautified everywhere by the graceful festoons of the vine growing in long garlands and looped from tree to tree. As soon as October comes, the heavy clusters of maize or Indian corn are tied in bunches, pressed one against the other, and suspended in the sun in front of the houses, which almost disappear beneath their golden hangings. Here they remain until they are quite ripe. When the sun strikes on this rich tapestry it makes it shine with the dazzling brilliancy of molten gold. At this season of the year the country of Lucca may be compared to a green velvet casket, in which the houses of the farmers sparkle like jewels of gold.

Within doors reigns a simplicity bordering on squalor. The artificial needs of civilisation, and all the modern appliances of comfort and luxury, have not yet penetrated to this happy corner of the earth. The Tuscan peasant is content with very little; the mildness of the climate and the sobriety of his habits render him insensible to many privations which would fall heavily on an inhabitant of the north. A slice of *polenta* (a kind of bread made of chestnut flour) and a little oil are for him a plentiful dinner. He is perfectly happy if on Sundays he can feast with his family on a *fiasco* of the wine of the country (*vino nostrale*), and smoke a two-centimes cigar on the *piazza della chiesa*, while listening to the church bells, whose deep-toned deafening music he loves; though, better still, he loves to compare it with that of neighbouring church bells, to the disadvantage of the latter.

As the autumn days begin to draw in, the families, which are generally numerous, gather together in the twilight. First of all they tell their beads, the men kneeling down on one side and the women on the other, and then they go off to fetch one of the long garlands of Indian corn which have to be shelled, and all hands fall to work.

The day had been as hot as a day in summer. A white coating of dust covered the bare stripped vine branches, which hung on the trees in tattered festoons, trailing out into the roads like the forgotten relics of a yesterday's *fête*, and tempting to a passing nibble the half-starved animals coming down from the mountains to winter in the Maremma.

It is a common sight at this season of the year, these flocks of goats and sheep, from one to two hundred in number, dirty, ill-

favoured, in more or less pitiable condition all of them, led by the shepherd, himself a poor wretch of forlorn aspect, yet grave and dignified beneath his rags, his legs enveloped in goat-skins, carrying, wrapped in a handkerchief, the lambs which are too little to walk, and accompanied by his wife and children—a wandering tribe, who carry all their worldly goods about with them. The shepherdess (*pastora*) wears a man's hat over the traditional kerchief which covers her hair; her back is bent beneath a load of domestic utensils and clothes; the children walk barefoot, the elder ones carrying the younger. These shepherd families spend the summer on the high summits of the Apennines and the mountains of Pistoja, and in the autumn return to the fertile but deadly Maremma, which, as goes a local saying, will enrich you and kill you in two years. The inhabitants of the Lucchese valley watch them go by with feelings of compassion, slightly mingled with superstitious fear. These shepherd folk are looked on as strangers and outcasts (*forestieri, povera genti*), but they are believed to have the secret of a whole host of spells and witchcrafts, and everything turns out well with those whom they have looked on with favour. The incidents of their descent are eagerly discussed in the evening by the peasants (subjects of conversation being rather limited), and a bowl of holy water is fetched and hot oil poured into it drop by drop, and if the oil coagulates into a compact mass, it is a sign that the spell (the *jettatura*) has not been cast on the house.

On the evening in question a large number of herds had gone by, and they were being lengthily discussed in the *loggia* which led to the house of Morino, the richest farmer of Vicopelago. His house was a large one, and not devoid of that melancholy beauty which belongs to decayed splendour. In former days it had been a rich villa, belonging to a family of great and powerful lords of Lucca, who, being owners of some half-dozen similar residences in the territory of the ancient little republic, and much too poor to keep even one in a tolerably habitable condition, had rid themselves at a low price of the half of their ancestral seats. Arable land alone having any value in Lucca, this large house was purchased by the industrious Morino for a mere song. The elegant *loggia* opening on the valley, and supported by marble pillars, became the repository of the farm implements; in the vast saloons, decorated with faded frescoes and statues of doubtful taste, olives and chestnuts were stored up; an oil-mill was erected in the dilapidated chapel, and the orangery, which had formerly served also as a theatre, was transformed into a stable in which Morino installed his horse, his cows, and his pigs. On the terraced grass plot, with its dainty borders of box and yew, he let loose his poultry. The apartments of the first story, adorned with hideous paintings of the beginning of the century, and fragments of broken mirrors, he devoted to the cultivation of silk-worms, and he established himself, his wife, and five children, in the attics.

Morino was one of those happy individuals with whom everything turns out a success. Nevertheless, like the rest of his class, he was extremely fond of a good grumble; it seems indeed to be a condition of the farmer's existence that he should be constantly finding fault either with Providence, the season, or the elements; but, having grumbled to his heart's content, Morino invariably ended by acknowledging that the preceding year had been even more disastrous than the present one. He liked to persuade himself that he was absolute master in his own house, but in reality he so thoroughly recognised the superior intelligence and calm good sense of his wife, that for nothing in the world would he have come to any decision, or settled any matter of business, without first consulting her.

Giuditta, or rather the *strega* (sorceress), as she was commonly called, was one of those types of women met with only in real life. A novelist who should have conceived a character of such perfectly simple and serene beauty would be accused of embellishing nature so as to make it unrecognisable. Giuditta would have been worthy to figure among those women of the Bible, or of classic antiquity, who owed nothing to education of their unconscious grandeur and innate nobility, and who were as good as they were beautiful, from the simple cause that God had created them thus, and that neither men nor circumstances had hindered them from being themselves. If Giuditta had been asked for the history of her life, she would have answered: 'I married, and I have had five children.'

At forty years of age the *strega* was a blooming woman, as straight and as strong as a forest-oak, with regular features, an open countenance, and sparkling eyes. Her complexion had been bronzed by the sun, and streaks of silver were beginning to show in her black hair. Always grave and thoughtful in her demeanour, unlike her countrywomen, little given to talk, able too to read, which was unusual among the peasants of Lucca, she inspired her neighbours with confidence and a sort of involuntary respect.

To her children she was the best and tenderest of mothers. By dint of looking after them and watching over them in their illnesses, she had acquired great experience as a sick nurse. Living in the midst of a superstitious and credulous people, her natural good sense had prevented her from falling into the errors and prejudices of those around her. The light of reason had taught her that daily ablutions do not give children fever, that a new-born baby thrives better on its mother's milk than on a heavy mixture of oil and chestnut-flour,—and a thousand other such everyday truths. But as she talked little, and kept her discoveries to herself, the neighbour imagined her to be in possession of mysterious secrets. Many a time moved with pity at the sight of wretched little children, dirty and rickety, pale and emaciated, playing about in the dung-heaps in the company of pigs and dogs, and like them covered with vermin, she had gone to the parents and reproached them with their children's condi-

tion. 'The shepherds in passing had looked at the children with an evil eye, and it was impossible to escape the curse of the *malocchio* (evil eye). Moreover it was the fault of the *curé* who had refused to come and exorcise the infant, and had been content with sending his blessing.'

'As the *curé* would not help you, give the child to me: I have a secret against the *malocchio*,' Giuditta would say.

Then she would carry off the little one, wash it, comb out its hair, dress it in her own children's clothes, feed it with pure milk and water, administer tonics, and in a few days send it back strong and well to its parents, who thought a miracle had been worked. Indeed it was not long before Giuditta came to be suspected of possessing supernatural powers, and sick children were brought to her from all the surrounding parishes, and even from the town of Lucca. Love was one of the chief ingredients in her doctoring. In place too of the dangerous drugs which peasants are so fond of, she used always the simplest and most harmless remedies, and pure water was her favourite lotion. Not far from the ancient villa which was her home, and hidden in the depths of a forest of chestnuts, there was a spring which furnished the *strega* with the clear water which she distributed among her patients, taking care to dignify it with some mysterious name or other. She would also sprinkle in it a few grains of salt, accompanying the action with mysterious signs and words—not that she herself believed in them, but she knew the people she had to deal with. From the richer of her customers she accepted a small payment for her drugs and consultations, and with the money thus earned she helped the poorer ones.

Seated on the dilapidated steps which led up to the villa, Giuditta was spinning in silence, and somewhat apart from the noisy group which made up the rest of the family. The only one absent from the circle was the eldest son, who had set off for America three years before, ambitious to amass sufficient capital to enable him to annex a few vineyards or oliveyards to his paternal inheritance, and buy silk dresses—the supreme luxury of the Tuscan peasant—for his wife when he should have one.

Morino, as the *strega's* husband was called, not that it was his real name, but because his skin was as brown as that of an African, was a worthy man, quiet and industrious, and who disliked seeing idle hands around him. On the evening when this story opens, he was busy shelling bunches of Indian corn, the golden grains of which were rising into a pile in a large basket placed between himself and his youngest son Stefanino. The latter was a charming-looking boy with black, almond-shaped eyes, soft and tender in expression; he was worthy to sit as model to a Perugino. Round another basket were grouped the three girls, fresh-looking and lovely, of that peculiarly graceful type of Tuscan beauty. They were all laughing and chattering with a volubility special to the melodious language of Tasso and Ariosto.

As the twilight hour fell softly over the valley, the bells of Vicopelago sent forth into the air a slow and solemn peal—it was the evening Ave Maria. All tongues at once were hushed, and all hands folded in prayer. In the silence which then prevailed, far-off sounds were heard distinctly; the bells of the different parishes answering one another, the screeching of the owls in the tall cypresses, the distant barking of the dogs. Then too there came up from the plain the unwonted sound of a confused murmur of human voices mingled with the bleating of sheep, and the peculiar kind of whistle with which the shepherds reassemble their flocks.

When the Ave Maria had ended, Morino remarked: 'Some accident must have happened to that flock; it is very unusual for shepherds to be on the road at this hour.'

'I'll go and see,' exclaimed Stefanino, and with a bound he was at the bottom of the terrace, and had disappeared amongst the olive-trees. He soon came back saying,

'It's a flock of sheep that's stopped on the road. The shepherd wants to continue his march so as to arrive at Santa Maria del Giudice before night, but one of the children's ill, and can't go on.'

'A child ill!' said Giuditta, and she got up, shook out her apron, readjusted the long gold pin which fastened her white kerchief on her head, and set off without another word.

In the middle of the dusty road a forlorn, frightened-looking flock of sheep had been brought to a standstill, and were bleating piteously, while a huge white Maremma dog, strongly resembling a polar bear, was jumping and barking round them, and a group of chattering peasants, with their hats on the backs of their heads and their hands in their pockets, stood looking on. When the *strega* appeared the peasants moved aside to let her pass.

'What's the matter?' she inquired.

One of the lookers-on pointed to a young girl—almost a child—she could not be more than fifteen at the outside, crouching by the roadside and shivering with fever. Her naked feet were bleeding; her golden hair, which grew in luxuriant curls over her forehead, was matted and tangled, her large blue eyes gazed mournfully from out the dark circles which surrounded them. She had fallen down exhausted at the grass slope at the edge of the road, and seemed incapable of going a step further, or even of dragging herself up. The father, with four young lambs in his arms, was entreating her to make one more effort, the mother could only weep; she had a young baby clinging to her poor thin breasts, and a whole heap of clothes and utensils on her back.

'It's a malediction, it's ruin,' exclaimed the shepherd to the peasants around him. 'How are we to get her down to the Maremma? And yet we can't leave her to die by the roadside. That child has always been unlucky. Ever since her birth the *jettatura* has been upon us: the ewes have miscarried, the sheep have always been ill. It's not her

fault, *poverina* (poor little one),' and suddenly changing his tone he addressed his daughter in a coaxing manner. 'My pet, my darling, the joy of my heart, I implore you to try and walk a little further; at Santa Maria you shall have a bed to lie on, and we shall be there in an hour. Come, my pretty one, the good Lord will help thee.' The poor child tried to get up, but fell back again with a sigh of despair. She hid her face in the grass and closed her eyes.

At the same moment her tangled hair was gently pushed aside, and a cool hand laid softly on her burning forehead.

'*Poverina*,' whispered in her ear a compassionate voice. Slowly and painfully she opened her eyes and saw the kind grave face of Giuditta bending over her.

'This child is not fit to walk,' said the *strega*, 'she has a violent fever. If you take her on to the Maremma you must also take a coffin to bury her in. Leave her with me; I will take care of her; and in the spring when you pass by again on your way to the mountains, I will give her back to you. Anybody here will direct you to the *strega's* house.'

The shepherd thanked her earnestly, but without effusion; the shepherdess murmured a feeble '*Dio gliene renda merito!*' (May God recompense it to you), and then they both hastened to reassemble their flock and set out again on their march. Not a kiss, not even a caress was given to the child whom they were abandoning to strangers; but the big white dog came back several times to lick her hands.

Giuditta lifted her in her strong arms, and carried her home as easily as if she had been an infant in long clothes; the sick child let her head fall on her shoulder, and surrendered herself to the *strega's* motherly embrace. From time to time she opened her eyes and encountered the sympathetic glance of this strong, kind woman, and, reassured by a sense of her protection, the tired eyelids would close again, till at last sleepiness and giddiness overcame her, and when Giuditta deposited her in a bed in one of the numerous rooms of her house, she was completely unconscious of all that was going on around her.

Giuditta watched over her and tended her as if she had been her own child. When she began to show symptoms of returning life, she lavished on her loving words and caresses. This was the medicine in which the *strega* had most belief. Now and then she would send one of her daughters to take her place by her *protégée's* bedside.

Each of them sought to amuse the child in her own different way. Tonina, the eldest, the least simple and most coquettish of the three, would relate to her all the tittle-tattle of the village, and when this did not seem to interest her she dilated on the splendours of the town.

'Have you ever been to Lucca?'

'Never.'

'Well then, when you are quite well again I will take you there. You can't think how amusing it is. The streets are so narrow that

you can scarcely see the sky between the houses ; and there are shops of all sorts where you can buy foulards of every imaginable colour, sandals worked with blue and red wool, and jewels of gold. In the spring I shall go to Lucca every day to work at the cigar factory, and I shall be so happy !

‘ Shall you ? and why ? ’

‘ Why in the first place because I shall be with 800 women or young girls who chatter all day long, and that’s very amusing ; and in the next place because I shall be earning money, and when I have got enough—’ she bent her head down to the sick child’s ear, and colouring all over she said, ‘ I shall marry Geppino.’

‘ Who is Geppino ? ’

‘ My *damo* ’ (lover).

And Tonina, who was a very magpie for chatter, told her with endless detail how the year before she had made the acquaintance of a carpenter at Lucca, and how they had become engaged on Ascension Day ! On this day it is the custom for troops of young girls to roam about the lanes in search of a little plant of wild saxifrage which grows in the chinks of old walls, and which, if hung up with its root in the air before the image of the Madonna, will live forty days without water or earth. At the end of the harvest they all assemble on an open place where the young men come and dance with them to the music of an accordion. It was at this annual gathering the previous summer that Tonina had met the fascinating Geppino, who had come from Lucca to join in the *fête champêtre*. His smart cravat, curled moustachios, and insinuating talk, overflowing with the redundant epithets in which the Italian language abounds, had completely turned the little coquette’s head.

Giuditta, who had but a poor opinion of the young man’s principles, did all in her power to retard the marriage, without altogether refusing her consent ; but Tonina’s heart and head, especially the latter, were no longer centred in the paternal home.

The little shepherd-girl listened absently to these confidences, which seemed to interest her but little, and would give a sigh of relief whenever Gelsomina, the second daughter, came to take her sister’s place. Gelsomina was a year younger than her sister, but seemed a great deal older. She was the image of what her mother must have been at her age, and like her mother she could divine, by the aid of good sense and a loving heart, many things which can be learnt in no other way.

The first day that she took her turn of watching by the sick bed she sat for a long time in silence, surveying the poor little stranger who, feeble and exhausted after her long illness, lay motionless on her bed ; all that remained to her of life seemed to be concentrated in the large blue eyes which rested with a pathetic gaze on Gelsomina’s face.

‘ What’s your name, *poverina* ? ’ Gelsomina asked at length.

‘ Rosina ; but my father used to call me *Spina* (thorn), because the *jettatura* has fallen on me, and I am doomed to be unfortunate.’

She said this with the utmost calm, and as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

We'll do our best that you shall not be so while you are with us, at any rate,' said Gelsomina. 'How old are you?'

'I don't know.'

'Where were you born?'

'On the mountain, I suppose, unless it was in the Maremma. But I hope it was on the mountain.'

'Why?'

'Because I love the mountain, and I should like to spend my life there.'

'You will go back there in the spring when the cherry-trees are in flower and the swallows come and build their nests under the roof of your house. But why do you love the mountain so much?'

Rosina was silent for a few moments.

'I don't know. I am happy there. There are flowers in the grass which shine in the sun like stars; all day long I used to run about with Fido on the nice fresh moss under the pines and chestnuts, and in the evening I listened to the *stornelli* which the mountain shepherds sing. After a time I got, to know them all by heart; but I like those best which I made up myself, and which I used to sing to Fido.'

'Who is Fido? Your *damo*?'

'I have no *damo*, I am too young; and, besides, I never see any young men up on the mountain. Fido is my father's dog, and we loved each other so dearly!' She sighed sadly, and hid her pale little melancholy face in the pillow.

'You'll see him again soon, *poverina*; cheer up, darling. And when you are well you shall teach me all the *stornelli* you know. We, too, know some beautiful songs—wonderful stories that were written by a famous poet who was a great magician. He died thousands of years ago in a prison, where he had been shut up by a princess who wanted to have his magic inkstand for her own. Shall I say some of his poetry to you?'

And to a monotonous air with a dragging rhythm, like an Arab song, Gelsomina began to chant some strophes of *Jerusalem Delivered*. She went on from stanza to stanza with unflinching memory, for to the majority of Tuscan peasants this poem of Tasso's is as familiar as their catechism.

Rosina listened eagerly, sitting half up in her bed so as not to lose a single word. An altogether new world was being opened to her young imagination, which had hitherto received all its impressions directly from nature, without the medium of any foreign influence. It was a magic light, the enchantment of a mirage, which had suddenly begun to shine in the darkness of this uncultivated soul. Rosina gave a sigh of regret when the recital was interrupted by the arrival of the third sister, who had just come in from school—a strong chubby-faced girl who went by the name of *Teresona* (the big Theresa).

'Can you read?' she asked Rosina.

'No.'

'Would you like to learn?'

'What for? what good would it do me?'

'You would be able to read poetry, like what Gelsomina has been singing to you.'

'I like better hearing them sung, and when I have learnt them by heart I can sing them myself. On the mountain nobody knows how to read, but the shepherds sing songs from morning to night.'

When Rosina had gained sufficient strength to go out of doors again, she would roam about the whole day long silent and unoccupied, to the great annoyance of Morino, who could not bear to see idle hands about him.

'A bad lot, those shepherds,' he would say to his wife. 'You have brought an idle do-nothing under my roof.'

'It's only for a time,' was Giuditta's answer; 'and besides, poor little thing, the vagabond life she is destined to lead is hard enough in all conscience, and we need not grudge her a little happiness while she is with us, since the good Lord has seen fit to grant it her.'

To satisfy Morino, however, she put a distaff into her *protégée's* hands. In the evening it was empty, and the flax rolled up into a ball had caused the delight of a young kitten with which Rosina had amused herself all day.

One day Gelsomina made her sit down at her loom. The carefully-stretched threads needed only that the shuttle should skim through them to transform them into a material with red and blue checks. Rosina listened attentively to the instructions that were given her, and then thrust in the shuttle with such skill that at the first stroke the whole arrangement resolved itself into an inextricable tangle. Gelsomina threw up her hands in despair, called all the saints of paradise to her assistance, was on the point of bursting into tears, but finally ended in laughing; and Rosina did likewise.

'Confess that you did it on purpose, *cattiva*' (naughty), she said, holding up her finger with mock menace.

'Why, certainly,' exclaimed the little culprit, 'if I had done it well I should have had to remain shut up all day in this room, where you can only see a little bit of the sky through the window bars, and I prefer being out in the sunshine.'

'Well, then, you shall come and help me to pick up olives.'

This occupation suited her much better, and for a while all went well. Hunting for little black olives in the tufts of grass spangled with crocuses, lilacs, and golden anemones, was play rather than work. Gelsomina sang all the time at the top of her voice, after the fashion of Tuscan peasant women while at their work. Her heart, too, contained a little romance. She loved the son of a neighbouring *contadino* (peasant) who was too poor to be looked on with favour by Morino, but so good and steady that Giuditta could not do otherwise than

encourage him. According to the custom of the place they poured out their confidences to each other, not in the twilight in low whispers, and secluded lanes, but in the broad light of day, at two or three hundred yards' distance from each other, screaming at the top of their voices, entrusting the secret of their sufferings and their love to all the surrounding echoes. When Gelsomina began to sing, a highly-pitched male voice answered her from some way off. She listened, blushing with happiness, and forgot all about her companion. It was not till she had filled her basket with olives that she became aware that Rosina had disappeared. The discovery, however, did not cause her much anxiety, for she made sure that the child had returned to the house and that she should find her there. But nobody had seen Rosina, and she did not re-appear till the evening Ave Maria, when she came in with naked feet and tattered clothes—very much in the condition in which Giuditta had first found her.

'Where have you been?' Morino inquired harshly.

She pointed to the green hill which overlooks Vicopelago. 'Up there,' she said. 'I have seen the sea, and the road along which the flocks go to Maremma.'

'But you must have scrambled through the brushwood,' said Giuditta; 'there are no paths there, my child.'

'And why shouldn't I? I am accustomed to living with the sheep; I scramble about everywhere.'

Giuditta gazed at her for a moment in silence, struck for the first time with her singular beauty. It was no longer the sickly, languid invalid whom she saw before her; a bright fresh pink had succeeded the former pallor of her cheeks, and her slight and supple form seemed made to rival the grace and agility of the mountain gazelles. She was small and delicately organised, and her supple limbs were slender to lankness, as often happens in extreme youth. Her hair, of that warm fair colour with a touch of copper in it which belongs to southern races, was so thick and closely curled as almost to produce the effect of artificial crimping; it stood out in bold relief above her broad low forehead, and her projecting brows cast a strong shadow over the large deep-set eyes, whose sombre blue recalled the colour of unfathomable lakes; her small aquiline nose quivered like that of an Arab horse. The expression of her mouth was sad and somewhat disdainful. The line of her profile had that correctness which is not the severe beauty of the antique, but the elegant refinement of that admirable Florentine type which has been immortalised by Mantegna and Donatello. They took their models from the peasants and country people around them, and at the present day one is often struck by meeting with this lovely and perfect type amongst the inhabitants of the plains of Tuscany. Rosina was a specimen of the purest and most charming kind. The good Giuditta, who had seen no other pictures than those in the churches of Lucca, was naturally incapable of fully appreciating the perfection of the type before her,

but she was deeply impressed by it, and felt that the young shepherdesse belonged to a different race from her own daughters.

‘My girls,’ she said to herself, ‘are domestic hens meant to stay at home and be useful, but this child is an *ucellino*—a wild little bird, made to fly about and sing in the sunshine.’

She arrived at this conclusion after seeing the failure of all her own and her daughters’ attempts to initiate Rosina into the secret of their domestic occupations. She never refused a task that was set her to do, but she accomplished it in such a fashion as to take away all desire to give her another of the same kind. A cow, for instance, was once committed to her care, but was found soon after all by itself in the middle of a field of growing corn, treading down and destroying the young blades; and another time it was seen returning home alone at the risk of being stolen by the vagabonds who are never scarce in these parts.

There was, however, one errand which Rosina always acquitted herself of well, and that was fetching water from the little spring in the chestnut wood. The bed of a torrent, which was nearly always dry, was the only access to this spot. In places the road was almost impassable, but this only delighted Rosina the more. Her naked feet seemed barely to touch the blocks of red and white marble which the torrent had itself rolled down to obstruct its own course; she bounded like a young fawn through the green oaks and myrtles which clothed the steep sides of the ravine. In rainy seasons the waters from all the surrounding hills poured into this ravine, bearing down in their course huge balls of chestnuts stuck together in compact masses and prickly as a porcupines. Rosina here fancied herself back again in the mountains, and all the airs and rustic poems which are sung by the shepherds on the high peaks of the Apennines came back to her memory. Under the thin jet of water which issued from the rock she would set down her copper pitcher, bright with all those golden tints which painters of still nature delight in, and whilst it filled slowly she would sing to her heart’s content. The water gushed from a rock covered with delicate ferns and maiden-hair, amongst which bright green lizards darted to and fro. She would sit on and on oblivious of time, and often arrive at home with her pitcher only half full, so precipitate had been her return. The only punishment Giuditta inflicted was to send her back again to the fountain.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the peach-trees began to deck themselves with their pink blossoms, and tufts of violets to scent the olive woods, Rosina forsook the *strega’s* roof daily before dawn.

She would roam about all day on the road to Santa Maria watching for the return of the flocks. At the sight of the first that made its

appearance her heart beat violently. But the shepherd turned out to be a stranger. Afterwards came others whom she had seen before. She questioned them eagerly about her parents. One told her that her mother was dead; another that her father had sold his sheep and embarked for Corsica; another that he had gone down towards the Romagna. She believed none of them, but waited and waited, returning home evening after evening with an empty stomach and an aching heart. The pink peach-blossom faded and fell, the great blue and yellow irises bloomed out along the sides of the rivulets, the vines began to bud, and the full peals of the church bells announced the coming of Easter; there would be no more flocks passing now, no more hope!

'This is the day of the nut fair at San Lazaro,' Tonina said to Rosina one morning. 'Will you go to it with me? I daren't go alone, for mother wouldn't like it, and I've no one to take me. I'll lend you my beautiful yellow handkerchief with lilac roses, and a pair of red stockings, and my green apron. You'll see what fun it is. There'll be crowds of people; and,' she added, in a whisper, 'I shall meet Geppino.'

Rosina was not at all eager to go.

'And supposing any flocks should go by whilst we are away,' she said.

'It's just on their road,' answered Tonina.

So she consented with a half sigh.

A few stands, covered with nuts, and ranged round a church, constituted the whole traffic of the fair, but the attraction of the scene consisted in the loud and lively talk which was going on around these stands. The road was blocked up with conveyances of all sorts—waggons, drawn by white bullocks (*birrocini*), small carriages belonging to farmers and well-to-do planters, carts in which the men-cooks of the surrounding villas had come to do their marketing in town—for one and all stopped on their way at the fair to gossip and listen to the news. The crowd of people assembled on the road were playing at bowls, or at the *morra*, their pipes in their mouths, their hands in their pockets, never thinking of moving to make way for the horses. Lovers could meet in the crowd, and talk together unnoticed. Tonina and her *damo* soon found each other out, and Rosina was left alone. She felt out of her element, and frightened in the midst of this noisy throng, accustomed as she was to vast solitudes and lonely mountain summits. She stared about her with wild, wide-open eyes, but she heard nothing in the deafening babble around her. Why had she come here? she asked herself. Why did she stay? And she had just made up her mind to escape and go back to the *strega*, when a familiar sound caught her ear, and riveted her dumb and motionless to the ground. It was the well-known bark of a dog, mingling with the bleating of sheep and goats and the whistling

of shepherds. A shout went through the crowd, which divided on either side of the road, amidst loud exclamations and invectives. But Rosina no longer felt any fear. She threaded her way deftly through the throng of people, and precipitated herself in front of the flock.

'Fido, Fido!' she exclaimed.

An enormous animal, more like a bear than a dog, leaped upon her, and almost knocked her down. She threw her arms round the neck of her faithful friend, and sobbed with joy. But when the shepherd came up to her, she gave a cry of surprise and disappointment, for his face was unknown to her.

'Why is Fido with you, and not with my father?' she asked of the man.

'I don't know anything about your father,' answered the shepherd. 'I found this dog straying in the Maremma, and took possession of it for the sake of its fine fur. The creature's no use to me, and it costs something to feed, so I'm taking it to Lucca, where I shall have it killed and sell its skin. It'll bring me in five *lire* at least.'

'You're going to have him killed!' exclaimed Rosina. 'Oh, give him to me, or else take me with you.'

'No, thank you,' said the shepherd, 'I haven't money enough to feed either of you. But I'll give him to you with pleasure, my little lass, if you'll pay me for him.'

'Pay you! . . . But I haven't a *centime*, not even a *palanca*.'

'Then out of the way, and quickly too, for you see we're blocking up the road.'

Rosina paused for a moment in thought, and seemed to be measuring the distance; then, with a sudden bound, she was off like an arrow, shooting through the astonished crowd, springing over a rivulet, diving down a side path, and disappearing before any one had thought of stopping or pursuing her. The dog of course kept close to her heels.

The shepherd began to grumble and swear, but seeing that every one else was laughing, he thought best to do the same, and shrugging his shoulders, he called his flock together and went on his way.

That night Rosina slept on the top of a hill, on the soft thick moss which carpeted the ground, and under the shelter of a great pine, whose young shoots sent forth a rich resinous odour. She was snugly ensconced between Fido's paws, her head resting comfortably on the soft velvety neck of her faithful friend. For her dinner she had eaten nothing but a few rotten chestnuts picked up in a stream; and of these she had given the best to Fido. She awoke at dawn, and shook off the thick dew-drops with which she was covered. The blackbirds were singing gaily in the olive-trees; the tall white-blossomed heaths, fragrant of honey, were swinging to and fro like censers; the insects were buzzing round the dwarf irises and great red lilies which grow between the rocks. Fido, too, shook himself, stretched out first his fore-paws and then his hind paws, and ended by seating himself

in front of his mistress, and looking her gravely in the face, as if to ask what was to be done. It then occurred to Rosina that she was very hungry, and she communicated the fact to the dog.

'Here we are, my Fido, all alone in the world. The father and the mother have forsaken us—they left me on one road and you on the other. Well, then, we will live together, and we will never, never forsake each other. There will always be some kind soul to give us a slice of *polenta*, or a handful of chestnuts, won't there, old dog? And then we shall always find something to eat in the grass, like the little birds.'

She looked around her, and gave a cry of delight as she spied a bunch of ripe strawberries trembling on their stalk. Encouraged by this find, she proceeded to hunt about in the moss like a bird in search of its breakfast. A little further on she came upon some half-open fir-cones, from which the sweet almonds were on the point of bursting. She picked them up, and nibbled at them like a squirrel. Fido watched her intently, and now and then gave a yawn.

'What a selfish brute I am!' she suddenly exclaimed. 'You are as hungry as I am, poor old dog, and there's nothing for you to eat. Come, we'll go and look for something else.'

She got up and walked on at hazard. In her wild flight the day before she had taken no heed whatever of the way she was going, her one thought having been to put as great a distance as possible between Fido and the man who was bent on having him killed. When her aching feet had refused to carry her any longer, she had halted in the middle of a thick coppice of broom and heather. She now began to realise that she was completely ignorant of her whereabouts, and did not know in which direction she should find a road. Then, as a sudden thought struck her—

'Bah!' she exclaimed, 'I've only got to follow you, Fido. Show the way, old dog.'

Fido began scenting the ground, and after many circuits, brought her to a spot where vegetation ceased, and the ground became arid and stony. A road wound down the side of the hill, and in the distance a square church-tower was visible.

'Santa Maria del Giudice!' exclaimed Rosina, with a merry laugh. 'We shall get some food soon, my Fido, and find ourselves amongst friends.'

And, bursting into a sort of joyous warbling, she sang

'E questa strada la vo' mattonare
Di rose e fiori la vorre' coprire
D'acqua rosata la vorre' bagnare.'

(This road I would pave with roses, with flowers I would cover it, and I would water it with rose-water.)

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XIX.

INSIDE PARIS.

Annora's Narrative.

My sister has asked me to fill up the account of the days of the Fronde with what I saw within the city. She must permit me to do so in English, for I have taken care to forget my French; and if I write perilous stuff for French folk to read, she need not translate it.

I will begin with that Twelfth-day morning when we were wakened by more noise and racket than even Paris could generally produce. There had been a little tumult about once a week for the last six months, so we could endure a great deal, but this was plainly a much larger one. Some of the servants who went out brought word that the Queen had carried off the King, in order to be revenged on Paris; and that the people, in a rage, were breaking the carriages of her suite to pieces, plundering the waggons, and beating, if not killing, every one in them. We were of course mightily troubled for my sister, and being only two women, we could not go out in quest of her, while each rumour we heard was more terrible than the last. Some even said that the Louvre had been sacked and plundered; but old Sir Andrew Macniven, who had made his way through the mob like a brave old Scottish knight, brought us word that he could assure us that our own Queen was safe in her own apartments, and that there had been no attack on the palace.

Still he had himself seen carriages plundered and broken to pieces by the mob, and the gates were closely guarded. Seeing our distress, he was about to go with the Abbé to the Louvre, to learn whether my sister and her son were there, when one of the servants came up to tell us that M. Clément Darpent requested to see my mother, having brought us tidings of Madame la Vicomtesse.

My poor mother never could endure the name of M. Darpent, because she did not like my brother's friendship with any one not noble, but she was as glad to see him then as if he had been a Montmorency or a Coucy.

I always liked his manners, for they were even then more English

than French. Though going through all due form, he always seemed to respect himself too much to let any one be supercilious with him; and however she might begin at a vast distance, she always ended by talk to him just as if he were, as she called it, our equal. As if he were not infinitely the superior of the hundreds of trumpery little apes of nobles who strutted about the galleries of the Louvre, with nothing to do but mayhap to carry the Queen's fan, or curl her poodle's tail!

I see I have been writing just as I felt in those fervent days of my youth, when the quick blood would throb at my heart and burn in my cheek at any slight to the real manhood and worth I saw in him, and preference for the poor cringing courtiers I despised. The thought of those old days has brought me back to the story as all then seemed to me—the high-spirited, hot-tempered maiden, who had missed all her small chances of even being mild and meek in the troubles at home, and to whom Paris was a grievous place of banishment only tolerable by the aid of my dear brother and my poor Meg, when she was not too French, and too Popish for me. But that was not her fault, poor thing.

My mother, however, was grateful enough to Clément Darpent for the nonce, when he told how he had seen Meg safe beyond the gates. Moreover, he assured us that so far from 8,000 horse being ready to storm the city (I should like to have seen them! Who ever took a fortress with a charge of horse?) barely 200 had escorted their majesties. The Coadjutor had shown M. Blancmesnil a note from the Queen telling him so, and summoning him to St. Germain.

It was likely, M. Darpent said, that the city would be besieged, but he did not foresee any peril for us, and he promised to watch over us, as he would over his own mother, and that he would give us continual intelligence so that we might provide for our safety. It was amusing to see how eagerly my mother accepted this offer, though she had almost forbidden him the house when my brother left us.

I am sure my mother was as uneasy as any of us when he did not appear on the morning after he had gone with his father on the deputation to St. Germain. However, he did come later on in the afternoon, bringing a note from Meg. He had not seen her, only Nicole and little Gaspard, and he, like all the rest, was greatly incensed at the manner in which the magistrates had been treated. His father had, he said, caught a violent cold, and had been forced to go to bed at once. In fact it really was the poor old man's death-stroke, and he never quitted his chamber, hardly even his bed.

The parliament, in a rage, put forth a decree, declaring the Cardinal an enemy to the State, and ordering him to leave the court and kingdom on that very day, calling on all loyal subjects to fall on him, and forbidding any one to give him shelter.

We heard loud acclamations, which made us think something unusual was going on, and it was the publication of this precious edict. I

wondered who they thought was going to attend to it, when M. Darpent brought in a copy. And my mother began to cry and talk about Lord Strafford. I had to think of Eustace and bite my tongue to keep my patience at our noble 'thorough' Wentworth being likened to that base cringing Italian.

Clément Darpent said, however, that every one had passed it by acclamation, except Bernai, who was a mere cook, and gave fine dinners to such a set of low, loose creatures, that he was called '*le cabaretier de la cour.*' Moreover, they proceeded to give orders for levying 4,000 horse and 10,000 foot. This really did mean civil war.

'I knew it,' said my mother, 'it is the next step after denouncing the King's minister. We shall see you next armed *cap-à-pie*, like our young advocates at home, all for the King's behalf, according to them.'

Of course she was thinking of Harry Merrycourt, but she was surprised by the answer.

'No, madam, nothing shall induce me to bear arms against the King. So much have I learnt from the two living persons whom I esteem the most.'

'And they are?' asked my lady.

'My mother and *monsieur votre fils*,' he replied.

And I could not help crying out—

'Oh, sir, you are right. I know that Harry Merrycourt feels *now* that nothing can justify rebellion, and that he little knew whither he should be led.'

'And yet,' said he, clasping his hands together, with intensity of fervour, 'when all is rotten to the core, venal, unjust, tyrannical, how endure without an endeavour at a remedy? Yet it may be that an imposing attitude will prevail! Self-defence without a blow.'

It seemed as if such war as they were likely to wage could do no one much damage, for they actually chose as their generalissimo that ridiculous little sickly being, the Prince de Conty, who had quarrelled with the court about a cardinal's hat, and had run away from his mother's apron string at S. Germain to his sister's at Paris.

On recalling it, all was a mere farce together, and the people were always stringing together lampoons in rhyme, and singing them in the streets. One still rings in my head, about a dissolute impoverished Marquis d'Elbeuf, one of the house of Lorraine, whom the prospect of pay induced to offer his services to the parliament.

'Le pauvre Monseigneur d'Elbeuf,
Qui n'avait aucun ressource,
Et qui ne mangeait que du bœuf.
Le pauvre Monseigneur d'Elbeuf,
A maintenant un habit neuf
Et quelques justes dans sa bourse.
Le pauvre Monseigneur d'Elbeuf,
Qui n'avait aucun ressource.'

There was more sense in taking the Duke of Bouillon, though he was not his brother, M. de Turenne. These young men were in high spirits. You will find no traces of their feelings in the memoirs of the time, for of course nothing of the kind would be allowed to pass the censors of the press. But there was a wonderful sense of liberty of speech and tongue during that siege. The younger *gens de la robe*, as they were called, who, like Clément Darpent, had read their Livy and Plutarch, were full of ideas of public virtue, and had meetings among themselves where M. Darpent dwelt on what he had imbibed from my brother, of English notions of duty to God, the King, and the State. It may seem strange that a cavalier family like ourselves should have infused notions which were declared to smack of revolution, but the constitution we had loved and fought for was a very Utopia to these young French advocates. They, with the sanguine dreams of youth, hoped that the Fronde was the beginning of a better state of things, when all offices should be obtained by merit, never bought and sold, and many of them were inventions of the court for the express purpose of sale. The great cardinal had actually created forty offices for counsellors, merely in order to sell them and their reversions! The holders of these were universally laughed at, and not treated as on a level with the old hereditary office-bearers, who at least might think themselves of some use.

We smile sadly now to think of the grand aspirations, noble visions and brave words of those young advocates, each of whom thought himself a very Epaminondas, or Gracchus, though M. Darpent, on looking back, had to confess that his most enthusiastic supporters were among the younger brothers, or those with less fortunate fathers, for whom the Paulette had never been paid, or who felt it very hard to raise. He himself brought sincere ardour for his own part, and was full of soaring hope and self-devotion, though I suspect his father would soon have silenced him, if the poor man had been able to think of anything beyond his own sick-chamber.

The real absurdity, or rather the sadness of it was, as we two saw, that the fine folk in whom the parliament put its trust, merely wanted to spite the cardinal, and cared not a rush for the parliament, unlike my Lord Essex, and our other roundhead noblemen, who, right or wrong, were in honest earnest, and cared as much about the bill of rights and all the rest of their demands as Sir Harry Vane or General Cromwell himself, whereas these were traitors in heart to the cause they pretended to espouse. Even the Coadjutor, who was the prime mover of all, only wanted to be chief of a party.

One part of his comedy, which I should like to have seen, was the conducting the Duchesses of Longueville and Bouillon along the Grève to the Hotel de Ville, to ask protection, though I do not know what for.

However, there they were, exquisitely dressed, with Madame de

Longueville's beautiful hair daintily dishevelled, on foot, and each with a child in her arms. Crowds followed them with shouts of ecstasy, and the Condjutor further gratified the world by having a shower of pistoles thrown from the windows of the Hotel de Ville.

It was good sport to hear Sir Andrew Macniven discourse on the sight, declaring that the ladies looked next door to angels, and kenned it full well too, and that he marvelled what their gudemen would have said to see them mak' sic a raree show of themselves to all the loons in Paris!

The streets soon became as quiet as they ever were, and we could go about as usual, except when we had warning of any special cause for disturbance: We were anxious to know how poor little Madame d'Aubépine was getting on, and to our surprise, we found her tolerably cheerful. In truth, she had really tamed the Croquelebois! As she said afterwards in her little pathetic tone, so truly French, when they both so truly loved Monsieur le Comte (wretch that he was) how could they differ! You see he was not present to cause jealousies, and when Madame Croquelebois found that Cécile never blamed him or murmured, she began to be uneasy at his neglect and unkindness.

Though of course at that moment he was out of reach, being in the army that was blockading us. Not that we should ever have found out that we were blockaded if we could have got any letters from any one, except for the scarcity of firewood. My mother wanted much to get to our own Queen, but the approaches to the Louvre were watched lest she should communicate with the Regent; and we were cut off from her till M. Darpent gave his word for us, and obtained for us a pass. And oh! it was a sad sight to see the great courts and long galleries left all dreary and empty. It made me think of Whitehall and of Windsor, though we little knew that at that very time there was worse there than even desolation.

And when at last we reached our poor Queen's apartments, there was not a spark of fire in them. She was a guest there. She had no money, and all the wood had either been used up or pillaged, and there we found her, wrapped in a great fur cloak, sitting by the bed where was the little Lady Henrietta.

When my mother cried out with grief that the child should be ill, the poor Queen replied with that good-humoured laugh with which she met all the inconveniences that concerned herself alone, 'Oh no, madame, not ill, only cold! We cannot get any firewood, and so bed is the safest place for my little maid, who cares not if she can have her mother to play with her! Here is a new playfellow for thee, *ma mie*. Sweet Nan will sit by thee, and make thee sport, while I talk to her mother.'

So the child made the big four-post bed, all curtained round, into a fortress, and I besieged her there, till she screamed with glee, while the Queen took my mother's arm, and they paced the rooms together,

sadly discussing the times and the utter lack of news from home, when the last tidings had been most alarming. Poor lady, I think it was a comfort to her, for she loved my mother; but we could not but grieve to see her in such a plight. As we went home we planned that we would carry a faggot in the carriage the next day, and that I would take it up stairs to her. And so I actually did, but the sentry insisted on knowing what I was carrying hidden in a cloak, and when he saw it, the honest man actually burst into tears that the daughter of Henri IV. should be in such straits. The Queen kissed me for it, and said I was like the good girl in Madame d'Aulnoy's tales, and she would fain be the benevolent fairy to reward me. And then the little Princess insisted that I was Capuchon Rouge, and that she was my Grandmother Wolf, and after making her great eyes at me, she ate me up with kisses over and over again! Ah! how happy children can be. It was strange to remember that this was the way King Charles's little daughter spent that 30th of January!

We had told M. Darpent of the condition in which we found the Queen, and he told the Coadjutor, who went himself to see her, and then stirred up the Parliament to send her regular supplies both of firing and provisions, so that she never suffered again in the same way.

Each day increased our anxiety for his sacred Majesty. Lord Jermyn made his way into Paris and came to consult with my mother, telling her that he had little doubt that the iniquitous deed had been consummated, and between them, by way of preparing the unhappy Queen, they made up a story that the King had been led out to execution but had been rescued by the populace. I could not see that this would be of much use in softening the blow; in fact, I thought all these delicate falsehoods only made the suspense worse, but I was told that I was a mere downright English country lass, with no notion of the refinements such things required with persons of sensibility.

So I told them, if ever I were in trouble, all I asked of them was to let me know the worst at once. One great pleasure came to the Queen at this time in the arrival of the Duke of York, who made his way into Paris, and arriving in the midst of dinner, knelt before his mother. He knew no more of his father than we did, and the next day, Sir Andrew Macniven, at the Queen's urgent entreaty undertook to go to St. Germain with a letter from her, asking what Queen Anne had heard from England.

The siege was not so strait but that unsuspected persons could get in and out, but after all, the poor Queen's anxiety and suspense were such that Lord Jermyn was forced to disclose the truth to her before Sir Andrew came back with the letters. She stood like a statue, and could neither move nor speak till night, when the Duchess of Vendôme came, and caressed her until at last the tears broke

forth, and she sobbed and wept piteously all night. The next day she retired into the Carmelite convent in the Faubourg St. Jaques, taking my mother with her. As, according to French fashion, I was not to be left to keep house myself, my mother invited Sir Francis and Lady Ommaney to come and take charge of me, and a very good thing it was, for we at least had food enough, and my dear good friends had very little.

We were all stunned by the dreadful news from England. It was very sad to see old Sir Francis, who had borne without complaint the loss of land, honours, and home, nay, who had stood by to see his only son die at Naseby, sitting like one crushed and only able to mutter now and then, 'My master, my good master.' You might know an English exile in those days by the mourning scarf and sad countenance. I remember a poor wild cavalier whom my mother and Meg never liked to admit when Eustace was not at home, going down on his knees to Lady Ommaney for a bit of black silk, when he looked as if he was starving.

We could not of course have evening receptions for our poor hungry countrymen in the absence of my mother, and with such sorrow upon us all, but Lady Ommaney and I did contrive pies and pasties, and all sorts of food that could be sent as gifts without offence, to the families we thought most straitened.

The poor of Paris itself were not so very ill off, for there were continual distributions of money and flour to keep them in good humour, and there were songs about—

'Le bon tems que c'était
A Paris durant la famine,
Tout le monde s'entrebaisait
A Paris durant la famine,
La plus belle se contentait
D'un simple boisseau de farine.'

La plus belle was the Duchess of Longueville, who tried hard to persuade the people that she was one with them. Her second son had been born only a few days after her expedition to the Hôtel de Ville, and she asked the City of Paris to stand godmother to him in the person of the provosts and échevins. Afterwards she had a great reception, which Clément Darpent attended, and he told us the next morning that it had been the most wonderful mixture of black gowns and cassocks with blue scarves and sword knots, lawyers, ladies, warriors, and priests.

He continued to bring us tidings every day, and Sir Francis and Lady Ommaney really liked him, and said he was worthy to be an Englishman.

His father remained very ill, and day by day he told of the poor old man's pain and shortness of breath. Now Lady Ommaney had great skill in medicine, indeed there were those who said she had done the work of three surgeons in the war; and she had been of great service

to my dear brother, Lord Walwyn, when he first came to Paris. She thought little or nothing of the French doctors, and waxed eloquent in describing to Clément Darpent how she would make a poultice of bran or of linseed. Now he had learnt of my brother to read English easily, and to converse in it on all great matters of state and policy, but the household terms and idioms were still far beyond him, and dear good Lady Ommaney had never learnt more French than enabled her to say '*Combien*' when she made a purchase. Or if they had understood one another's tongue, I doubt me if any one could have learnt the compounding of a poultice through a third person, and that a man!

So while I was labouring to interpret, Lady Ommaney exclaimed, 'But why should I not come and show your mother?'

'Ah! if you would, madame, that would verily be goodness,' returned Clément in his best English.

Well, I knew Eustace and Meg would have called me self-willed, when my mother had once made such a noise about our taking shelter from Broussel's mob at the Maison Darpent; but this was a mere visit of charity and necessity, for it was quite certain that the two good ladies could never have understood one another without me to interpret for them. Moreover, when Clément Darpent had rescued my sister from the mob, and was always watching to protect us, we surely owed him some return of gratitude, and it would have been mere cruelty in me to have stayed away because they were bourgeois.

So I went with Lady Ommaney, and was refreshed by the sight of that calm face of Madame Darpent, which she always seemed to me to have borrowed from the angels, and which only grew the sweeter and more exalted the greater was her trouble, as if she imbibed more and more of heavenly grace, in proportion to her needs.

We did our best, Lady Ommaney and I, to show and explain, but I do not think it was to much purpose. The materials were not like our English ones, and though mother and son were both full of thanks and gratitude, Madame Darpent was clearly not half convinced that what was good for an Englishman was good for a Frenchman, and even if she had been more fully persuaded, I do not think her husband would have endured any foreign treatment.

When we took leave she said, '*Permettez moi, ma chère demoiselle,*' and would have kissed my hand, but I threw my arms round her neck and embraced her, for there was something in her face that won my heart more than it had ever gone out to any woman I ever saw; and I saw by Lady Ommaney's whole face and gesture that she thought a great sorrow was coming on the good woman. I believe she was rather shocked, for she was a Huguenot by birth, and a Jansenist by conviction, and thus she did not approve of any strong signs of affection and emotion; but nevertheless she was touched and very kind and good, and she returned my embrace by giving me her sweet and solemn blessing.

And as he put me into the carriage, Clément, that foolish Clément, must needs thank me, with tears in his eyes, for my goodness to her.

'What do you mean, sir,' said I, 'by thanking me for what I delight in and value as a daughter ?

Whereupon I equally foolish, knew what I had said, and felt my face and neck grow crimson all over, and what must he do, but kiss my hand in a rapture.

And all the way home I could hear old Lady Ommaney murmuring to herself, quite unconscious that she was speaking aloud, 'My stars ! I hope I have not done wrong ! What will my Lady Walwyn say ? Not that he would be altogether a bad match for her after our notions. Her father was only a baron, and theirs is a good old family of the citizen sort, but then my Lady Walwyn is a Frenchwoman, and thinks all that is not noble the dirt under her feet.'

My heart gave a great bound, and then seemed to swell and take away my breath, so that I could not at first speak to stop those uttered thoughts, which made me presently feel as if I were prying into a letter, so as soon as I could get my voice I said, as well as I could, 'My Lady, I hear you.'

'Hear me ! Bless me, was I talking to myself ! I only was thinking that the poor old gentleman there is not long for this world. But maybe your mother would not call him a gentleman. Ha ! What have they got written up there about the Cardinal ?'

I read her the placard, and let her lead me away from the subject. I could not talk about it to any one, and how I longed for Eustace !

However, I believe terror was what most ailed the old gentleman (not that the French would call him so.) He must always have been chickenhearted, for he had changed his religion out of fear. His wife was all sincerity, but the dear good woman was religious for both of them !

And as time went on, his alarms could not but increase. The parliament really might have prevailed if it had had any constancy, for all the provincial parliaments were quite ready to take part with it, and moreover the Duke of Bouillon had brought over his brother the Vicomte de Turenne to refuse to lead his army against them, or to keep back the Spaniards. The Queen Regent might really have been driven to dismiss the Cardinal and repeal the taxes, if the city had held out a little longer, but, in the midst, the First President Molé was seized with patriotic scrup'es. He would not owe his success to the foreign enemies of his country, and the desertion of the army, and he led with him most of his compeers. I suppose he was right, I know Clément thought so, but the populace were sorely disappointed when negotiations were opened with the Queen and Court, and it became evident that the city was to submit without any gain but some relaxation of the tax.

The deputies went and came, and were well mobbed everywhere.

The Coadjutor and Duke of Beaufort barely restrained the populace from flying at the throat of the First President, who they fancied, had been bribed to give them up. One wretch on the steps of the Palais de Justice threatened to kill the fine old man, who calmly replied, 'Well, friend, when I am dead, I shall want nothing but six feet of earth.'

The man fell back, daunted by his quietness, and by the majesty of his appearance in his full scarlet robes. These alarms, the continual shouting in the streets, and the growing terror lest on the arrival of the Court, all the prominent magistrates should be arrested and sent to the Bastille, infinitely aggravated President Darpent's disorder. We no longer saw his son every day, for he was wholly absorbed in watching by the sick-bed, and besides there was no further need, as he averred, of his watching over us. However, Sir Francis went daily to inquire at the house, and almost always saw Clément, who could by this time speak English enough to make himself quite intelligible, but who could only say that in spite of constantly being let blood, the poor old man grew weaker and weaker; and on the very day the treaty was signed, he was to receive the last rites of the Church.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON CALIFORNIA.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

SAN RAFAEL,

April 26, 1882.

I HAVE been for some days in this pretty town of pleasant villas and gardens, surrounded by very green grassy hills. It is one of the numerous suburbs of San Francisco, each of which is, in itself, a large and important town. San Rafael, San Pablo, Sancelito, Oakland, Brooklyn, Alameda, San Leandro, San Lorenzo, San Mateo, San Bruno, San Miguel, and Redwood City, are a few of the flourishing young children of this wonderfully prolific young mother.

Those I have named all lie within about an hour by steam-boat or rail, and are the homes of a multitude of men whose business requires their daily presence in the crowded city, but whose wealth enables them to create most luxurious semi-country homes, in a more genial climate than that of San Francisco, which is exceptionally disagreeable, as compared with that of California in general. There are few days which do not ring the changes on pleasant, enticing sunshine, and treacherous, chilling sea-fogs.

These are driven down the coast by the trade-winds, but as they rarely rise above a thousand feet, the Coast Range acts as an effectual barrier for their exclusion, till they reach the Golden Gate, through which they sweep as through a funnel, and the heated air in the bay suddenly becomes clammy and chill, and the rash stranger who had been enticed by the brilliant morning to go out without warm wraps is conscious of piercing damp, and shivers involuntarily. The old inhabitants tell you that it is rarely safe to sit for long at an open window, and that there are few days in the year when it is not desirable to have a fire, morning and evening, though there is ample warmth while the sun shines. They say, too, that neuralgia and rheumatism, in all their painful phases, are only too common.

I dare say you are as much astonished as I am at the multitude of saintly names in this part of the world. They are all reminders of the old Spanish Mission, which seems to have dedicated some corner to every saint in the Calendar, lest any should feel neglected! The members of the mission do not seem to have penetrated beyond the Sierra Nevada; at least I can only hear of one inland town having been canonised, namely, San Carlos. Even in the great fertile San Joaquin valley there are very few names which suggest a Spanish origin.

But all down the coast, from San Francisco to Mexico, the strip of country between the sea and the low Coast Range is entirely given up to the saints, and you pass from Santa Clara to San José (which is pronounced Hozay), Santa Cruz, St. Paul, St. Vincent, San Benito,

San Lorenzo, Santa Lucia, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, San Maueililo, Santa Reese, San Inez, Point Conception, Point Purissima, Jesu Maria, Santa Maria, Santa Barbara, San Sisquac, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Monte, San Pedro, San Diego, San Dieguito, San Bernardino, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

All the isles are similarly dedicated to Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, Santa Catalina, Santa Rosa, Santa Ana, Santa Clara, San Miguel, San Nicolas, San Clemente, &c., &c.

However, to return to San Rafael. I came here on a visit to a most hospitable Scot, whose charming home is only about an hour's journey from San Francisco, but it involved travelling by tram, steamer, railway, and carriage; or, to express myself correctly, we had a ride in the street-car, a ride in the steam-ship, a ride in the steam-cars, and a ride in the carriage. If we had *really* had occasion to ride, we should talk of riding horse-back as a necessary distinction.

We exchanged the steamer for the train at St. Quentin. Yet another saint!

It was truly pleasant to be welcomed to this cosy, home-like nest, just like an English country house, except that the roses are here in such profusion as they rarely attain in the old country. They climb over tall shrubs, and droop in clustering masses of crimson and white—fragrant and most beautiful.

Gardening in this country must be a delight, and when I look at the almost spontaneous growth of everything here, my thoughts go back to our poor little garden in Fiji, and to all the pains expended on it for such small result in the way of blossom. Here, as in Australia, all manner of plants grow happily side by side, and make no difficulty about acclimatisation. The loquat, the grape-vine, and the lemon grow beside English ivy and oak, while the ground is carpeted with violets and lilies.

But I am told that to see gardens in their glory, I must go further south, where mother nature sets no limit to her boundless luxuriance. Imagine a fuchsia, which in less than three years completely covered a house seventy feet in length and three stories high, climbing right up to the roof and loaded with blossom—or a geranium bush, six feet high, and eighteen feet round, with perhaps a thousand heads in blossom at the same moment. Some geraniums grow so rankly that they are used as hedges, and grow to a height of twenty feet within a year. You can imagine the blaze of colour produced by a long belt of these. Our humble clipped hedges are indeed unattractive compared with such glories!

I have just been told of a rose-bush which produces from 15,000 to 25,000 roses yearly. There is a famous rose-tree at Santa Rosa which is 27 feet in height and 22 in diameter. Its stem measures 24 inches in circumference at the base, and rises 12 feet before throwing out a single branch. It is called *La Marque*, and is a pure white rose,

which sometimes has from 4,000 to 5,000 blossoms in full beauty at the same moment, with twice as many buds coming on. But most fascinating of all, I hear of one rose-tree measuring 100 feet in circumference, in the very heart of which is hidden a romantic cottage 30 feet square, altogether concealed by the curtains of fragrant pink blossoms.

I have been talking to some friends from Southern California, who tell me I need not imagine I know anything about flowers or fruit till I have visited Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Bernardino, delightful semi-tropical districts where all things pleasant to the eye and good for food grow in such profusion as sounds almost incredible. They tell me of farms of 30,000 acres, vast wheat fields, and vineyards of 100,000 vines!

Some settlers have thirty or forty acres of oranges besides separate orchards for lemons, limes, citrons, walnuts, nectarines, apricots, peaches, pomegranates, pears, apples, figs, almonds, olives, and Spanish chestnuts—the latter especially telling of the early Spanish settlers who brought these memorials of their own land, and planted them at the missions, which they dedicated to San Gabriel and San Diego.

There is some pleasure in cultivating such a soil. Imagine planting a hedge of sycamore, cotton-wood, or eucalyptus, which in the second year furnishes ample fuel for the kitchen, and none other is required. Settlers sow eucalyptus seed round their houses, and it grows at the rate of twenty feet in a year, so that about the third year they sit beneath the shadow of trees sixty feet in height!

All this, however, refers to the region south of San Francisco, and the town from which I write is to the north.

Yesterday, my kind hosts had arranged a cheery picnic party to a very pretty artificial lake at the foot of Mount Tamal Pais, which, though barely 2,600 feet in height, is the great landmark hereabouts. It lies six miles south-west of San Rafael, a very beautiful drive through hilly country, all spurs of the Coast Range, dotted with gardens and orchards pink and white with blossom.

In the freshness of this early spring, all the bare slopes are of the most vivid green—just the colour of young rice-fields—while the canyons are clothed with fine timber and low shrubs, many of which are to me unfamiliar. Of the latter, one of the most abundant is the madrona, which is peculiar to the Coast Range, and literally found nowhere else. It is a kind of arbutus, with dark wax-like foliage, and rich clusters of white blossom-like tiny bells. Its stem is of a glossy dark red.

The manzanita* is another relation of the arbutus, but it is found throughout the State. It also has a smooth bark of a rich claret colour, but has waxy pink blossoms. It is one of the most characteristic shrubs of California; it flourishes on the bleakest exposures,

* *Arctostaphylos glauca*.

where soil is scantiest—works its way through cracks, and splits the solid rock as silently, but as surely, as the frost.

Next comes the ceanothus, or California lilac, with thick clusters of fragrant pale-blue blossoms, or rather brush-like clusters of stamens, with an almost imperceptible calyx; also the buck-eye and the dog-wood, with large white starry flowers about four inches in diameter, lighting up the shade of the forest.

This Coast Range has also a monopoly of the stately redwood cedar,* which belongs exclusively to the forest belt lying within the influence of the Pacific sea-fogs. One man's meat is said to be his neighbour's poison, and I think the proverb applies to the beautiful trees which are nourished by the dark, chilling sea-mists.

Formerly many of the hills near San Francisco, were clothed with the beautiful redwood, but it was found so valuable for building purposes that the primeval forests have now entirely disappeared from the neighbourhood. One advantage is, that it burns very slowly, so its use somewhat lessens the danger of fire. No other tree splits so true to the grain, or is so much prized by the lumberer; none better resists the action of damp and decay. Naturally therefore, it is a favourite wood with the builders, so the forests near San Francisco now exist only in the form of houses or railway timber.

And still the work of destruction goes on, and north and south the lumberers are busy felling the beautiful growth of centuries to be turned to common uses.

I am told that these redwood forests are perhaps the most stately in the world, almost more beautiful than the Big Tree groves, and not very far behind them in size. Many individual trees measure from sixty to eighty feet in circumference. Some are found ranging from ninety to a hundred! In height they run from two to three hundred feet. One has been proved to be upwards of 344 feet high, a glorious spire.

Much of the characteristic beauty of a redwood forest is attributed to the fact that it generally grows alone, not mixed with other trees, so that thousands of these beautiful stems are grouped like so many pillars, averaging from eight to twelve feet in diameter and marvellously straight and tall. These grand cinnamon-coloured shafts lose themselves in a canopy of rich deep green which almost hides the sky. And no sound breaks the solemn silence, but the distant muffled roar of the surf beating on the sands.

A very small number of redwoods have been found in Oregon, otherwise the *Sequoia Sempervirens* (like its big brother, the majestic *Sequoia Gigantea*, which English people so obstinately and unreasonably persist in calling *Wellingtonia*, to the just annoyance of the Americans) is essentially and exclusively Californian. The former refusing to live anywhere save on the Coast Range, the latter equally

rigid in its allegiance to the Sierra Nevada. Of course I allude to the natural habit of these trees. The multitude of flourishing young specimens, now growing in Britain and elsewhere, prove their willingness to live in other lands, but many a long century will elapse ere these young generations can attain even to the same character as their noble ancestors.

I do not know whether it is merely an ingenious derivation, or a fact, that California owes its name to the pine forests which form so marked a characteristic both of its shores and mountains. The theory rests on the Spanish word for resin being *Colofonia*, and the idea is that the state may have been so named by the early Spanish missionaries. Another suggestion is that the name was derived from *Caliente fornalo* 'a heated furnace' in allusion to the blazing heat of its summer.

It really is pathetic to hear of the wholesale destruction of these grand forests, which, year by year, are mowed down by the lumberers—men whose one thought in connection with trees is how many feet of timber they will yield. One large tree, eighteen feet in diameter, will give 180,000 feet.

Some years ago, a tremendous storm flooded the rivers in Northern California, and a vast number of huge logs were carried out to sea for a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, greatly to the peril of the ships, as you can imagine, seeing that they averaged from 120 to 210 feet in length, and some were ten feet in diameter. Many of these poor battered logs drifted back to the shores of the forests whence they were hewn, on the Klamath and Redwood rivers.

I am strongly advised not to leave this coast till I have seen some of these northern forests, in Mendocino and Humboldt countries, and still further north, in Oregon where there is a warm, damp tract of country, favourable to a most luxuriant growth of all green things, from ferns to forest trees. Damp it may well be, as the saying goes that it rains there for thirteen months in the year.

I am told that if I care for beautiful scenery, I must at least sail up the great Columbia River, which divides Oregon from Washington territory, and (passing by Portland and Fort Vancouver) stay a while at the Dalles, a dry and dusty region, where the broad beautiful river crosses the Cascade Range, a chain which, though green and pleasant to the eye, is one great mass of lava and basalt, on which are built up a series of grand volcanic cones, one of which, Mount Hood, lies close to the Dalles. It is upwards of 12,000 feet in height—a perfect cone, generally robed in snow, a thing of glittering light appearing like a vision far above the clouds.

On the other side of the river, stretching away to the north, towards Puget Sound, stand a whole regiment of these great cones, like sentinels, guarding the range. Of these, the principal are Mount Rainier, St. Helen's, Mount Baker, and Mount Jackson. To the

south lie Mount Jefferson, Diamond Peak, Black Butte, and southernmost and grandest of all, Mount Shasta, a lonely, majestic mount, crowned with eternal snow, and towering from a broad base of dark pine forest to a height upward of 14,000 feet.

Certainly this expedition up the Columbia River sounds tempting, and would be a very simple one, all straight sailing, or rather straight steaming, as regular steamers are constantly plying along the coast. However, for the present my face is steadfastly turned towards the granite crags of the Yo Semite and to the neighbouring groves of the Giant Cedar.

The redwoods have led me into a long digression. I meant to tell you of the amazing profusion of wild flowers, which make this country like a dream of fairy-land. Nowhere have I seen anything approaching to it, though from my brother's description of the plains of Morocco I think they must be of much the same character in their spring glory. He spoke of riding across great prairies where for miles he passed through masses of flowers, always knee-deep, sometimes breast-high.

Here the meadows and the hills alike are literally a blaze of scarlet, gold and deep blue, from the sheets of what we only know as garden flowers. In the deepest canyons, flames of vivid colour shine through the gloom, lighting up every dark chasm with bright-hued blossoms, such as we cultivate with care. Here they grow spontaneously and look comfortable and quite at their ease. Some are on a magnified scale, as compared with their garden cousins; others, again, are somewhat stunted, but have a wild charm of their own, which, to me, seems ever lacking in artificially cultivated plants.

Yesterday's expedition was one long succession of delightful surprises, as each step revealed some dear old friend, snugly at home. We collected treasures till we could carry no more. I gathered specimens of fully a hundred different kinds, though as to giving you their names, that is quite beyond me. I am told that in the course of a Californian summer six hundred different flowers can be collected.

But just to give you a general idea of the sort of thing. There are first of all, the various lupines, which I mentioned in writing from San Francisco, as covering the sand hills for miles, with a dense carpet of delicate colour, pink, white and blue, lemon, and gold. Next come the larkspurs, deep blue or pure scarlet; the pale blue nemophila, and the large white variety with purple spots; scarlet columbine, purple columbine, sweet musk, yellow borage, scarlet lychnis, yellow tulip, blue and scarlet pentstemons, Indian pink, hearts'-ease, blue forget-me-not, crimson and scarlet 'painted cup,' dwarf sunflower, saxifrage, southernwood, white ranunculus, and a most graceful kind of fritillaria, bearing a cluster of six or eight bells on one stem.

I saw some blossoms of the lovely *Trilium album* with its three snowy petals, also a kind of starry clematis trailing over the brushwood. In the open glades, the *eschscholtzia* lies in broad patches of

glowing orange on the park-like slopes. Of the humbler blossoms, one new to me, is a lovely little yellow flower with a brown heart rather like a pansy. It is called the Californian violet, and is, I suppose, a variety of the dog-tooth.

Never before have I seen Tennyson's words so well illustrated, for truly 'you scarce could see the grass for flowers.' Along the sedgy water-courses, I found bright-blue dwarf iris, and delicate yellow mimulus, golden ranunculus and myosotis. In short, lovely darlings without number. Here, as elsewhere, wild honeysuckle excelled all else in fragrance, its trails mingling with those of perfumed wild roses, which festooned the scrub, and sometimes tempted us into danger.

For even in this floral Paradise, mischief lurks, under the guise of a very innocent-looking prickly oak, whose young leaves are attractive enough to tempt the unwary hand to pluck them—a rash deed, of which only a new comer could be guilty, for all Californians shrink instinctively from the treacherous Poison Oak * which, with good reason, they regard with the utmost horror. It is the Upas tree of this region. Many people are utterly prostrated by merely breathing too near it. I suppose it gives forth some subtle exhalation which, to sensitive constitutions really is poisonous. Certainly some people must be more readily affected than others, for whereas with many the slightest scratch from one of its prickly leaves produces boils and sores very difficult to cure; others, finding themselves in a thicket of the dreaded plant, have come home in fear and trembling, supposing they must assuredly be poisoned, and yet have felt no harm.

One thing certain is, that it is most poisonous in spring, when the sap is rising, and that if it comes in contact with broken skin—any bruise or cut—mischief is almost inevitable. Every one seems inspired with a charitable wish to save the new-comer from risking this agonising discovery for himself, and many a kind warning has already been given me on this subject. This dangerous little shrub is a scraggy bush of parasitic habit, inclined to cling, like ivy, to rocks and trees. It is a member of the Sumach family, and bears a leaf something between a bramble and a holly, but in nowise resembling an oak.

I noticed that the common oak is loaded with larger gall apples than I have ever supposed to exist, the size of large real apples.

The number of woodpeckers in these forests must be something amazing, for all day long I heard these noisy birds at work, drilling deep holes all over the pine-trees, with their hard, sharp beaks. Sometimes there were so many of them all tap-tap-tapping—that I almost fancied there must be carpenters working in the forest.

I saw some trees which literally had hundreds of holes in them, pierced to a depth of a couple of inches, till they were literally honeycombed, each hole bored as neatly as if it had been made by a joiner's auger.

* *Rhus Toxicodendron*.

As fast as they are made, the woodpeckers, and their partners the blue-jays, carefully deposit an acorn in each hole, as their winter store, always with the point turned inwards, and the flat base just closing the opening. The careful woodpecker always selects one which exactly fits the hole, while the less tidy blue-jay drops in the first he finds, whether it fits or not.

Some of these acorns breed worms and some do not, so then the two birds divide the store, the woodpeckers eating the worms, while their friends get the sound acorns. Here you have a true co-operative society in the forest!

While I was sitting quietly by myself to get a sketch, a pair of woodpeckers came and hunted a dead tree beside me. First Mrs. Woodpecker walked up, closely followed by her husband, with his dandy scarlet cap. She went on very quickly, tapping the bark, where I could see nothing. But every minute she pulled out a fat, white maggot, of which she swallowed half and gave her husband half, like a dutiful wife. Then when she was tired he went first, and shared his bag with her in the same way.

This maggot is a worse foe to the timber-merchant than the woodpeckers, for it bores holes right through large trees, piercing them to the very heart. It never attacks healthy trees, or indeed living ones, but so soon as the tree falls or dies then this fat ugly grub scents it out, lays its eggs beneath the bark, and in due time a large family of young borers * begin their busy lives of mischief, and if left to work undisturbed, soon riddle the finest timber in the forest. The only way to check their depredations is to bark a tree as soon as it falls or dies, that these destructive foes may find no tempting nest of soft, warm bark wherein to breed.

The woodpeckers were not my only visitors. Merry little squirrels, full of fun and frolic, played on the grass and leapt from bough to bough. The whole country swarms with them. There are large, grey, ground squirrels, which the Indians hunt and eat as they do rabbits, but those which so delight me are the chipmunks—the sauciest little creatures imaginable.

One couple came and took up their quarters on a tree close to me. I sat very still for fear of frightening them, but I need not have taken that precaution, for they did not mind me a bit. In fact, they were very angry at my staying there, and one of them sat on the side of the tree chattering at me, whistling and dancing, till I got tired of its noise, and threw a cone at it. It merely dodged round the tree and fetched its wife, and then the two together sat and scolded me furiously.

They made such a noise that it became very tiresome indeed, so I threw several cones at them, but they were always too quick for me, and I had to put up with their chatter for more than an hour, after which they got tired and went away, much to my satisfaction.

* *Pissodes Strobi*.

They are most provident little people, and while enjoying their full share of good things in the present, do not fail to lay by abundant stores for the wintry days. They establish subterranean granaries, in which they conceal all manner of nuts, acorns, and seeds of different sorts, and as they are always busy either eating or storing, they contrive, in the course of the autumn, to conceal ten times more material than they can ever consume.

So these carefully buried seeds spring up and become the nurslings of the forest. Or, in the open country, they grow up singly, where they have room to expand, and there is no doubt that many of the noblest trees, which give beauty to the land, owe their existence to the provident instincts of these wise little folk.

When we had gathered flowers to our heart's content, and watched the blue jays and squirrels darting about, we were ready to enjoy a capital luncheon, spread under the trees, on the green turf, after which, some went fishing on the large artificial lake (which is, I believe, the reservoir for the use of San Rafael), and the others walked round it, still in search of new flowers. Then came the boiling of the kettle, and a cheery tea, followed by a delightful drive home and a pleasant evening.

CLARKE'S RANGE,

NEAR THE MARIPOSA BIG TREES,

April 28th.

When I stopped writing, we returned to San Francisco, to prepare for our start. Having an hour to spare, we devoted it to Woodward's gardens, which are a combination of zoological and botanical gardens, gymnasium, skating rink, museum, and anything else you can think of. To me, the chief point of interest lay in the aquarium, where there is a charming fish with eyes like large brass beads, and another with fleshy spikes all round his mouth. Several large tanks are occupied by sea-lions, captured at the Farallone Isles and bought by weight at the rate of three shillings (seventy-five cents) per lb.

The largest has spent seven years in the garden; captivity seems to agree with him, as he now weighs upwards of a ton. We watched him feeding, and felt convinced that he took a malicious pleasure in splashing the rudely staring multitude, including ourselves.

We left San Francisco in the afternoon. First we drove to the Oakland ferry, and a large steamer took us across the Bay of San Francisco to Oakland, which is one of the gigantic city's great babies—in itself a city of pleasant villas, which already numbers about fifty thousand inhabitants, ten thousand of whom are computed to cross the ferry daily, by the magnificent steamers which ply to and fro every half hour.

The steamer meets the Great Pacific Railway, and though it must be very inconvenient for the San Franciscans always to have this

break at the beginning or end of a journey, everything is arranged like clockwork to facilitate travel. For instance, a baggage transfer company took possession of our luggage in our own rooms at the hotel, and restored it safely on our leaving the train.

This was my first experience of an American railway, so of course everything was novel, beginning with the engines with their huge chimneys to allow of burning wood; and also the 'cow-catchers,' or projecting fence of iron bars, which is intended to sweep wandering cattle off the line—'Varra awkward for the cow!'

Instead of carriages divided into compartments, as in England, the cars are very long, like a miniature church aisle with about a dozen seats, just fitted for two persons, on each side of a middle passage, along which any one who chooses may wander from one end of the train to the other, a privilege of which so many persons take advantage that they seem to be for ever passing and repassing, slamming doors, &c. Ladies go to 'the fountain' to drink iced water, which is supplied freely in all carriages; gentlemen pass to and from the smoking carriage, and men selling cigars, books, newspapers, fruits, and sweetmeats endeavour to find customers among the passengers.

This extreme publicity doubtless has its advantages in preventing any possibility of danger from bad or mad companions, nevertheless I think a comfortable corner in the seclusion of a luxurious English carriage is preferable to even the much vaunted Pullman cars, in which, as in the ordinary cars, you must perforce sit up all day without any support for weary head and shoulders. The height of luxury is attained in the drawing-room car, where each passenger is provided with a comfortable arm-chair, which, though a fixture, is constructed so as to turn in every direction.

The railway carried up through the great San Joaquin Valley as far as Merced, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles. As this may not convey much to your mind, I may as well explain the lie of the land.

The grand State may be roughly described as a magnificent basin, encompassed on the right hand and on the left by mighty mountain barriers. On the west the low Coast Range runs parallel with the shores of the Pacific; while on the east tower the glorious Sierras, crowned with everlasting snow—a true Alpine range—in which upwards of a hundred peaks average 13,000 feet in height, while mount Whitney, one of the southernmost points, attains nearly 15,000 feet.

The Coast Range only averages about 4,000 feet, and its highest peaks are about 8,000. The two ranges run parallel for a distance of five hundred miles, then converge, both at the northern and southern extremities, thus inclosing the wide tract of level land which lies between these mountain ramparts, and forming one vast valley of extraordinary fertility. This is watered by two majestic rivers, which

rise among the blended spurs of the two ranges, the San Joaquin river in the south, and the Sacramento river, at the base of Mount Shasta, in the north. The San Joaquin flows northward and the Sacramento southward, each receiving a multitude of tributaries. These two grand streams meet half way in the great valley, and together flow into the Bay of San Francisco, and thence through the Golden Gates to the Pacific.

From these rivers the northern half of the valley receives its name of Sacramento, and the southern half that of San Joaquin. Each of these valleys is on so vast a scale that the eye receives only the impression of a vast plain bounded by distant hills. Each is about 250 miles long by 40 in width—an Elysium for farmers, where the fertile soil asks neither for water nor manure (here called 'fertilizers').

I am told that these valleys, or rather this one combined gigantic valley, contains about 15,000,000 acres of arable land, which never requires irrigation, and, even in the driest years, produces heavy crops. Of the southern part of the valley scarcely one-tenth is as yet under cultivation, though many vast farms are already established, and some men hold tracts of 100,000 acres on lease from the State, all laid out in wheat. Wheat-fields of from one to five thousand acres are common, but occasionally a man of large ideas determines to out-vie his fellows, so he makes one colossal field of many thousand acres. I have heard of one field of 40,000 acres! Of course this is considered rather speculative, as the failure of one such crop would probably involve ruin.

I only wonder that half our farmers do not emigrate here instead of struggling year after year with our fickle climate.

To return to our journey. The train halted at 7 P.M. to allow us time for a hurried dinner. It was called 'lunch,' and I observed that the word is applied here to all odd and end, irregular meals, even early in the morning. A man was carving some horribly underdone meat, and asked me whether I liked it 'rare.' This also struck me as a novel use of a word, but I am told that both are good old English, and that the Americans have merely retained these, and many others in the original sense, just as they keep the old Saxon termination in such words as gotten and waxen, which we only retain in the Bible. (On referring to Johnson's *Dictionary* I find that *lunch* means 'a handful of food,' and *rare* is interpreted to mean 'raw'.)

It was 10 P.M. ere we reached Merced, where we left the 'steam cars.' We slept at a good hotel, which was very full on account of a ball in the house, which was kept up most of the night and somewhat disturbed my slumber. At six the following morning a large open coach was ready to take passengers bound for the Sierras. It was fitted (said the proprietor) to hold twelve people and any amount of baggage. The fitness proved a tight fit, and supremely uncomfortable, but like good travellers we all made the best of it.

Seeing our baggage lying in the dust, my companion, with marked politeness, requested the conductor to have it stowed away, whereupon the latter, also most politely, turned to an exceedingly shady-looking hanger-on, saying, 'Mr. Brown, will you be so kind as to hand up *that man's* baggage!'

This called forth the reminiscences of another gentleman who had said to a ragged, wretched-looking man that he would give him two dollars (eight shillings) if he would carry his portmanteau. 'You will?' said the man. 'I will give you an ounce (gold dust) to see you do it yourself.' Which he immediately did.

With a team of six good horses we rattled over the ground, and tried to forget that we were being bumped and shaken, and to think only of the interests around us. When we escaped from the monotonous wheat-fields of civilization, California was herself again free, beautiful, wildly luxuriant. Broad natural meadows, and gently undulating hills all clothed in the fresh verdure of this early spring-time. The rich, tall grass is of a peculiarly light green, like reflected sunlight. You really envy the happy cattle which luxuriate in such pastures. And this exquisite groundwork blends in one harmonious glow the masses of brilliant scarlet and gold, crimson, purple and blue, which are freely scattered on every side, as one flower or another has gained the mastery.

Now you pass a broad patch of yellow and orange, where *eschscholzia* reigns alone; then a belt of richest blue marks a colony of larkspurs; then comes a tract where the quaint scarlet 'brush' divides the land with a daisy-like white flower; next a field of lupines, but all are embedded in the same delicate soft green, and to the eye appears smooth as a carefully tended lawn inlaid with flower beds, though in truth both grasses and blossoms are growing in rank luxuriance, and the cattle stand more than knee deep in these delightful dainties.

We halted for luncheon at Hornitos, and were thankful to rest our battered bones, ere starting again to complete our twelve hours of violent shaking and jolting over loose stones and roads not yet repaired after their winter's wear, with holes here and rocks there, and general bumping everywhere. We tried all possible devices to steady ourselves and to avoid concussion of the spine, which really sometimes appeared inevitable. As it is we have all escaped with moderate contusions and bruises.

The afternoon drive was altogether beautiful, uphill and down, yet ever gaining ground, winding round among the foothills, which in places are clothed with chaparral (the general name for dense brushwood, including many flowering shrubs) and elsewhere are park-like and grassy, adorned with scattered groups of noble live-oak and buck-eye, which, being interpreted, are ilex and Californian horse-chestnut. And far and near the grassy slopes are tinged with rain-

bow hues, purple and blue and yellow, deep gold and crimson and scarlet, where the bright sunlight played on banks of wild flowers.

My attention was called to a curious little pine, scarcely recognised as such,* which grows abundantly in the district, and which, though not ornamental, is valuable to the Indians on account of its bearing edible nuts, which they collect in autumn as part of their scanty winter store.

It was near sunset ere we reached Mariposa Valley, which, in the old mining days, was a large settlement, a real gold-digger's town, but now has dwindled down to a mere village. You can fancy nothing more dismal than a forsaken mining town, with its desolate, tumbled-down shanties, once crowded with a mixed multitude of all nations—keen, energetic men, whose whole longings centered in gold—the precious gold they hoped to extract from the Mariposa Quartz Mines, which to so many proved a snare and a delusion. This was one of the famous gold districts which passed through many vicissitudes, and the name of Mount Bullion still clings to the high summit which was pointed out to us as we came through Bear Valley.

So these now silent forests once teemed with life and passionate hopes and fears, and it all proved vanity and vexation of spirit. Then the miners forsook these diggings and went in search of more remunerative fields, and the wise among them turned their pickaxes into 'gang-ploughs' and reaped golden crops from the great wheat-fields, and grew richer and happier far than their fellows, who had 'happened' on big nuggets and then gambled them away till they were left empty handed to begin life afresh.

This morning we made a very early start from Mariposa, which, by the way, I am told is the Spanish for 'a butterfly.' There is nothing to suggest that gay insect now-a-days, save the forsaken chrysalis and the brief, vanished life of the ephemeral town. Whether the valley produces any peculiar butterfly I failed to learn. Our road all lay through beautiful scenery, and about noon we entered the true forest belt. Anything more beautiful you cannot conceive. We forgot our bumps and bruises in sheer delight. Oh! the loveliness of those pines and cedars, living or dead. For the dead trees are draped with the most exquisite golden green lichen, which hangs in festoons many yards in length, and is unlike any other moss or lichen I have ever seen. I can compare it to nothing but gleams of sunshine in the dark forest.

Then, too, how beautiful are the long arcades of stately columns, red, yellow, or brown, two hundred feet in height, and straight as an arrow, losing themselves in their own crown of misty green foliage! And some stand solitary, dead, and sun-bleached, telling of careless fires which burnt away their hearts but could not make them fall. There are so many different pines and firs and cedars that as yet I

* *Pinus Sabiniana*.

can scarcely tell one from another. The whole air is scented with the breath of the forests, the aromatic fragrance of resin and of dried cones and pine needles, baked by the hot sun (how it reminds me of Scotch firs!), and the atmosphere is clear and crystalised, a medium which softens nothing and reveals the furthest distance in sharpest detail. Here and there we crossed deep gulches, where streams, swollen to torrents by the melting snow on the upper hills, rushed down over great boulders and prostrate trees, the victims of the winter gales.

Then we came to quiet glades in the forest where the soft lawn-like turf was all jewelled with flowers, and the sunlight trickled through the drooping boughs of the feathery Douglas pines, and the merry little chipmunks played hide-and-seek among the great cedars, and chased one another to the very tops of the tall pitch-pines, which stand like clusters of dark spires, more than two hundred feet in height.

It was altogether lovely, but I think no one was sorry when we reached a turn in the road where we descended from the high forest belt, and crossing a picturesque stream which goes by the name of 'Big Creek,' we found ourselves in this comfortable Ranch, which stands on the banks of the South Merced River (the river of mercy, another pretty reminder of the old Spaniards).

It consists of a cosy group of one-storied houses, with separate cottages for bed-rooms, everything clean and pleasant, and occupied by kind people who make us feel at home—none of the stiffness and *insouciance* of a regular hotel.

Though we descended so far this afternoon we were still 6,000 feet above San Francisco, and are fairly on the Sierras, which close us in and look down upon us from the tree tops. Snow still lies on the high levels, and it is so chilly that we rejoice to see a blazing fire of good pitch-pine logs, which burn cheerily, especially when a resinous knot blazes up with a clear bright flame.

I have been watching a glorious sunset. The tall pines stood out clear against the golden light, like pyramids of burnished ebony, and long after the evening shadows had enfolded this peaceful homestead the snowy peaks caught the last rays of the vanished sun, and towered glittering, as if suspended in mid-air, far above the mellow mist.

Then a clattering of hoofs announced the approach of a troop of horses and mules, driven in from their forest pastures to their night quarters in the corral, to be ready for our use in the early morning, when we hope to ride to the Mariposa Groves and do homage to the imperial cedars—the *Sequoia Gigantea*.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXXVIII.

1595—1598.

DEATH OF PHILIP II.

THE great struggle between the old and the new faiths was nearly fought out for the time, and the two foremost leaders, Philip II. and Elizabeth, had grown old in the strife, while the moderate and tolerant Henri IV. had come to the front.

Archduke Ernest died at Brussels in February, 1595. Count Fuentes governed the Spanish Netherlands, and maintained the war with Maurice and with the French until the arrival of the next of the Austrian archdukes, Albert, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, who brought back with him Philip William, Prince of Orange, that eldest son of William the Silent, who had been a prisoner in Spain from sixteen years old to forty-two, and now seems to have been released in order to cause perplexities in the situation of his younger brother, Maurice.

Captured before his father's acceptance of Calvinism, he had in Spain been placed under Jesuit training, and was an undoubting Roman Catholic, though he retained a passionate veneration for his father, and had thrown a man out of window who had spoken lightly of the prince. On his father's death, the King offered to put him in possession of his estates, subject to an annuity to the relations of Gérard, the murderer; but the idea so shocked him that he nearly stabbed the person who carried him the proposal.

He had been permitted to ride and hunt, and enjoy manly exercises and Spanish society, and he had become a thorough Spaniard in habits and manners, though more like in countenance to his father than any of the younger ones of the family. Obediently he wrote to the States General, but when they declined to receive him he acquiesced. He was grave, silent, and reserved, and some thought him half-witted. He probably neither chose to be a tool to destroy his father's work nor to oppose his King, for he remained neutral.

Archduke Albert was thirty-six years old, a worthy and very able person. He had studied a good deal, and understood mathematics. Henri IV. used to say there were three facts true, though no one would believe them—that he himself was a good Catholic, that Queen Elizabeth was an unstained woman, and Cardinal Albert a good general. Albert, though he had been dispensed from his vows as an ecclesiastic in order that he might marry the Infanta Isabel, retained

the self-restrained habits he had learned as a bishop. He was very diligent and industrious, and while obedient to the Pope and King of Spain, had all his father's mercifulness of temper, so that if he could have appeared on the scene instead of Alva, the whole revolt might probably have been prevented. When he came, however, it was when almost all the greater men who had served Spain in the Netherlands were dead or superannuated, and he had few to depend upon. The ablest captain at his disposal was a Frenchman named Savigny de Rosne, who had once been a Leaguer, and who had a great hatred for Henri IV., together with a knowledge of his native land, and though very fat, was an active and experienced soldier.

There was a plan for a League between France, England, and Holland against Philip, and the Queen sent Sir Harry Winton over to Henri at Coucy in 1596. The Queen was now sixty-four, and it is amusing to find that in the midst of all their serious interests, the King and the Ambassador thought it needful to play out the old farce, so that Sir Harry might describe to Elizabeth how, after he had seen the lovely Gabrielle, then in the height of her charms (though he is too wary to acknowledge any), he told the King that he had about him the portrait of a far more excellent mistress; how Henri begged for a sight of it, and kissed it passionately, though the Ambassador would not let it out of his own hand till there was a struggle between the two, ending with the King wresting it from him, and vowing he would never give it up!

While these negotiations were in hand, Cardinal Albert had assembled an army of 18,000 men, and detached De Rosne with 4,000 to attack Calais. The Governor, De Gordan, had died two years previously, and his nephew, De Vidosan, who had succeeded to the government, had neglected the defences, especially those of the Risban, which commanded the harbour, and it was easily taken by De Rosne. The city surrendered, but Vidosan retired into the citadel, agreeing to surrender unless relieved within six days.

Henri IV., who was at Boulogne, had on the first alarm sent to England and Holland for aid, and Maurice was at hand with his fleet; but to enter the harbour with the Risban in the power of the enemy was impossible. He was one day too late. Elizabeth also ordered Essex with 4,000 men to Dover, but not to embark till she had obtained from Henri, to whom she sent Sir Robert Sidney, an engagement to make the city over to her. Henri thought this ungenerous, and flew into a passion most unusual with him, declaring that he had rather see the place in the hands of the Spaniards; but he cooled afterwards, and civilities passed about Henri's visiting the Queen at Dover, Sidney declaring that she said she should willingly die at once if she could only have two hours' conference with him.

But the delay had hindered Essex and his men too long. The six days were over. A body of 200 or 300 Frenchmen from Boulogne had

succeeded in getting into the citadel, and Vidosan therefore held himself to be relieved, and opened fire on the town. De Roane returned the cannonade, and then assaulted. On the second attack the place was carried, and every one within put to the sword.

The firing was heard at Greenwich, but Elizabeth was very angry with Henri. It is said that in his impatience he had said with a sneer that she could not spare Essex from her cotillon. The speech was reported to her, whereupon she wrote the King such a letter, that on reading it he raised his hand to strike the messenger. So runs the story, which is probably a garbled version of Henri's stormy interview with Sir Robert Sidney. At any rate, the loss of Calais was a most serious one to both sovereigns, who had in their dispute hardly estimated each other's feeling about it. For Henri to yield to England the conquest that had been the pride of Guise, would have been fatal to his perilous understanding with the Leaguers; while Elizabeth viewed the city as her own just right, the loss of which had been the final stroke that broke her sister's heart. When the fact was accomplished, the French consoled themselves by declaring that they had rather see Calais in Spanish than in English hands. Sancy, the ambassador, even told Elizabeth so, and Henri observed that he had rather be bitten by a lion than by a lioness.

In spite of these amiable outbreaks, necessity drew the two sovereigns together, and the Duke of Bouillon came twice to England, and on his second visit, on the 26th of August, 1596, a Protestant League was sworn to by Queen Elizabeth in a pavilion furnished as a chapel on the pier at Greenwich, and there was afterwards a great banquet at the palace, while all the bells of London were ringing, cannon firing, and bonfires blazing. The States acceded to the League; and indeed it was well, for Philip, aware perhaps that England had lost her three greatest sailors, was again preparing an armada for her destruction, and in the following summer Howard, Essex, and Raleigh succeeded in gaining permission to renew, with the aid of the Dutch, Drake's exploit of singeing the King of Spain's whiskers.

Raleigh worked hard to get men together, as the leader of a press-gang, hunting up runaway mariners from ale-house to ale-house, and trying to force them into unwilling service; but gentlemen volunteers, both from England and Holland, flocked in, and there were altogether 6,000 foot soldiers, whom Essex was to lead by land. There were fifty-seven ships of war, twenty-four of them Dutch, led by Admiral Warmond, and all under the command of Lord Howard.

They sailed from Plymouth on the 3rd of June, 1596, shaping their course for Cadiz, where lay a magnificent Spanish fleet, comprising four huge galleons, one of them the largest ship then in existence, called the *St. Philip*, twenty or thirty more men-of-war, and fifty-seven ships well armed, and laden with valuable stores for the Indies.

As the allied ships approached, 'a very fair dove' lighted on the

main-yard of the admiral's ship, and sat there undismayed for some hours, and this was hailed as a good omen.

The first proposal was that Essex should begin the attack by land ; but Raleigh's advice prevailed against this, and on the following morning the fleet dashed into the encounter. One Dutch ship was burnt early in the day, but this was all the loss. Every ship had its prize, though Raleigh was disappointed of making his *Warspite* shake hands, as he said, with the great *St. Philip*, in comparison of which all the other galleys looked like wasps. He never could get near her till her commander had driven her ashore and blown her up, when her state, and that of her crew of 1,200 men, was such that Raleigh wrote—'If any man had a desire to see Hell itself, it was there most lively figured.'

The battle was over in three hours ; the Indiamen driven into the harbour, where the English would have taken them all, but that some contrived to make their escape through a narrow passage supposed not to be deep enough for ships of their burthen. The land forces under Essex now were put ashore, and soon drove in 1,100 Spaniards sent out to oppose them, then rushed over the bulwarks, and in the general consternation gained the town with little loss, only twenty-five English and Dutch altogether being killed, and Raleigh hurt in the leg, so that he had to return on board, where he still took charge of the fleet.

Essex knighted fifty gentlemen, English and Dutch, in the chief square ; and the next day the citadel, with 6,000 men, capitulated, while the Duke of Medina Sidonia burnt the remains of the fleet to hinder it from falling into the hands of the English. The town was then given up to plunder, but not to cruelty. All witnesses agree that Essex's commands were obeyed, and that neither man, woman, nor child suffered personal violence. It is said that the old ballad—

'O would you hear of a Spanish lady
How she woo'd an Englishman ?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.'

is the veritable history of a gentleman in the band of Essex, and that the gifts that the Spanish lady sent to the wife of her gentle captor are still in possession of the family.

A soldier who was found stealing a woman's gown was sentenced by Essex to be hanged, and was only pardoned on the intercession of one of the canons of Cadiz. The Earl much desired to have held Cadiz, anticipating the possession of Gibraltar ; and it could have been done, with 3,000 men supplied by the fleet. The Moriscoes would gladly have aided from the interior. The Dutch Admiral Warmond was much in favour of the scheme, and offered supplies for 2,000 men for two months ; but Lord Howard knew his mistress's

parsimony too well to make such a venture, and as the city was not to be kept it was set on fire in four quarters, and the cathedral, churches, and convents destroyed, by way of reprisals for the cruelties inflicted upon Holland.

The wounded Raleigh, with the *Warspite* full of sick, brought the tidings to England. The rest of the fleet proceeded to Lisbon, plundering Faro by the way. Near Lisbon news was received of a great treasure fleet coming from the Azores, and Essex and Warmond were on fire to attack it, but again Howard's caution prevailed, and he insisted on returning home. Essex lingered, but could not attempt the assault with only the Dutch, and the prize was lost. The Queen sent her thanks to the Dutch Admiral, but would not receive a visit from him. In fact, the Cecils had had their way with her, and she was also very angry that the plunder had been shared among the soldiers instead of being reserved for her. She declared that if Essex had done his pleasure hitherto, now she should do hers! She would not see him in private, and caused an inquiry to be made on his conduct, which he felt to be so insulting that he turned on Burleigh, and declared that it was all the fault of his policy that the Spanish carracks, with 900,000,000 dollars, had escaped.

Tidings came that the treasure was safe in Spain, and this made the Queen rage at Burleigh so that he tried to secure Essex's favour by awarding to him the ransom paid by the people of Cadiz for their lives. Elizabeth, on this, called Burleigh a miscreant and coward, and said he was more afraid of Essex than herself! The person most in favour at this time was Raleigh, who was once more Captain of the Guard and admitted to the Privy Council. He tried to mediate between the contending parties, and had some partial success for the time, though the rapacity of all was most humiliating. Peace, however, was as far as ever from the thoughts of Philip II. He was collecting another fleet—the fourth he had brought together—at Ferrol, for the invasion, when, in July 1597, Essex and Raleigh set forth again to destroy the Armada in its harbour, as they hoped, but it was stormy weather, they were driven back to Plymouth, and their ships came in much disabled.

They could not sail again till the 15th of August, and the tempests again began, the wind being in their teeth when they tried to make for Ferrol. So then Essex betook himself to the Azores for the favourite sport of watching for the West Indian fleet, sending word to Raleigh to follow him. Sir Walter, who for ten nights had not ventured to go to bed, met him under lee of the Isle of Flores, and while waiting for the carracks, agreed to seize and spoil the islands. Raleigh reached Fayal first, and after waiting four days for Essex, mastered it himself, after a short combat. Essex arrived just as the victory was complete, and his friends persuaded him to resent Raleigh's conduct in making the attack before his coming. Some even declared

that he ought to try the knight by court-martial for disobedience to orders. 'So I should, if he were my friend,' said Essex. Lord Thomas Howard reconciled them in some degree, but Essex never quite forgave the slight.

Giving up the hope of catching the carracks, the two captains returned through a tremendous tempest. Raleigh had won all the praise and profit, and Essex found himself treated with displeasure, reproached for the ill success of the expedition, and actually banished from court.

However, the storm which had so distressed them, had, as before, been fatal to their enemies; 128 ships, with 14,000 men and 3,000 horse, had sailed under Count Santa Gadea for Ireland, or else for Milford Haven, where Philip believed many Roman Catholic families to exist. But no sooner had the fleet sailed than the storm began, and in the Bay of Biscay, forty ships went down with all on board, and the shattered remnants returned to Spain. No wonder the English thought that Heaven fought for them and guarded their shores.

While, however, Lord Howard was created Earl of Nottingham and High Admiral of England, reports were spread so injurious to Essex, and so much to his mortification, that he actually took to his bed. The Queen, however, talked him over with his friend, Sir Francis Vere, who defended his conduct valiantly, forced his detractors to confess their slanders, and thus brought the Queen to restore him to favour. She re-called him to court, and in December, 1597, made him Earl Marshal of England. There was less greed and more generosity about Essex than most of his fellows, but his valour was as much spoilt by pride and presumption as theirs by avarice and jealousy.

Lord Cumberland, in his great ship the *Scourge of Malice*, reported the best ever built and equipped by any subject, made his last and ninth voyage in 1598, accompanied by nineteen other vessels. For seven months he harassed the Spaniards in the Western isles, and did them infinite damage, but he lost two ships and a thousand men, and his prizes did not amount to a tenth part of his expenses; and, coming home, he left the Spanish main to adventurers of less mark, who made it a field of piracy for many subsequent years.

For the war was languishing, Philip was an old man by this time, in failing health, and the alliance was too strong for him. He was resolved on peace with one at least of his enemies, and France was the most exhausted and the most endangered. England could, it seemed, be safe from his armadas, but that long frontier could never be entirely guarded from his land armies. Moreover, Henri IV. and his country greatly needed time to recruit themselves after the wars which had lasted an entire generation. So he showed himself willing to accept the overtures of Spain, and Philip at last consented to acknowledge him as King of France.

So on the 2nd of May, 1598, at Vervins, was signed a treaty which gave France back all she had lost on the borders, even Calais, and thus broke up the formidable alliance, leaving only Elizabeth and the States to continue the war; and there was a strong party in England in favour of peace, but, as usual, Elizabeth would not decide, either on giving full aid to Holland, or making peace with her old foe.

This was, of course, no small blow to Elizabeth, but that summer she was greatly taken up with the failing state of her prime counsellor, Burleigh, the man on whom she had relied above all throughout the forty years of her reign. His hands were so swollen that he could neither write nor feed himself, and his appetite failed him. The Queen, who really loved him, sent Lady Arundel with daily inquiries for him, and when once sending him some cordial, sent word that 'she entreated Heaven for his longer life, else should she, her people, and her council need cordials also.' Nay, she often came in person to visit him in his sick room, and when the attendants brought in food, would administer it to him with her own hands.

He died on the 4th of August, 1598, in his seventy-seventh year, really and deeply beloved and regretted by his Queen, who for long after could not hear his name without turning aside in tears.

She herself, at sixty-six, was in full vigour, and insisted on going out in all weathers. Her ladies having once vainly tried to stop her, and made Archbishop Whitgift persuade her without success, set on the fool, Clod, who told her 'Heaven forbade her to go out through the Archbishop, earth by its tears, and if she would believe neither, let her listen to Dr. Perne, who hung between both,' he having changed his religion four times.

Burleigh had nerved Elizabeth to be Philip's consistent foe. Perhaps he may be taken as the real champion of the Reformation, for his Queen was only driven to be so by the necessities of the time, and by his influence, while he, though conforming under Mary, was at heart a Puritan. Or it may be that his sagacity saw that the Protestant cause was that which would most surely lead to English supremacy. His decay was simultaneous with that of his chief opponent, Philip II.

Philip decided on giving up the Netherlands to his daughter Isabel Clara Eugenia, who was at length to be married to the Archduke Albert. The King of Spain would remain feudal superior, but the sovereignty of the Roman Catholic provinces, known as the Spanish Netherlands, was secured to them and their heirs; and their claims were asserted over the Seven which they could little hope to gain.

The arrangement was only just made before the last illness of Philip II. set in. He reached the Escorial in June, 1598, never to leave it again. That strange form of living corruption which seems reserved for persecutors had set in upon him. For surely it cannot be only a strange coincidence which made it fall on Antiochus Epiphanes,

Herod the Great, and Galerius, and, as far as appears, on no one else save Philip II. And yet Philip did not regard his loathsome agonies as any peculiar visitation. It is one of the strange facts in history that his death-bed was a perfectly peaceful one—most edifying to those who believed him the faithful champion of the truth. Few men have been more deceitful, more cruel, more ungrateful, or have instigated and approved more private assassinations than Philip II. in his reign of forty-three years. Perhaps no one ever deliberately caused so much human suffering for conscience' sake. And these deeds of his were all done—'thinking that he did God service'—with a self-approving mind, and the admiring sanction, at every step, of the ministers of his Church, in whom he put implicit trust. Dare we judge him? Shall we simply hate him, or only pity him as we read his words?

'Having governed my kingdom for forty years, I now give it back, in the seventy-first year of my age, to God Almighty, to whom it belongs, recommending my soul into His blessed hands, that His Divine Majesty may do what He pleases therewith.'

He had had four wives, but only three children remained to him, the Infantas Isabel and Catalina, and the Prince, Philip, who was just twenty-one. Isabel was the daughter of Elizabeth of France, and was the creature he loved best. He recommended her to her brother, saying, 'She has been my mirror, the light of my eyes.'

For the benefit of his soul, 500 slaves were to be released from the galleys, 500 maidens were to receive marriage portions, and 30,000 masses were to be said. He caused his will to be read over in the presence of Isabel and of Philip, Catalina being married to the Duke of Savoy and absent; and then he sent for a casket, from which he took his chief treasures, a diamond ring of his wife Elizabeth's, which he gave to her daughter, the scourge used by his father, still tinged with blood, and a roll of papers, which he told his son contained his last words of advice.

He twice received Extreme Unction, and declared that he thence derived the utmost joy and consolation. He then put away all worldly thoughts and heard no more about public affairs, but for the thirteen days that he continued to live, constantly had religious books read to him, always observing when the reader's voice grew weary, and causing him to be relieved.

'Father Confessor, you are in the place of God,' he said; 'and I protest thus before His Presence that I will do all that you declare necessary for my salvation. Thus upon you will be the responsibility for my omissions, because I am ready to do all.'

'Father Confessor, you are in the place of God.' Is this the keynote of the iniquities which this king was led to commit in what he held to be faithful service? He had been taught to set up a system which had become a cruel idol in the place of God, and he thought to

save himself by implicit obedience to its dictates. Of the Christian trust in the Saviour we find such traces as the calling for the crucifix his father had grasped at the last, and the begging to have the words of our blessed Lord on the cross repeated to him that he might remember them. At the last, also, his murmured words were of the Magdalen, the prodigal son, and the paralytic.

His final words were, 'I die like a good Catholic, in faith and obedience to the Holy Roman Church.'

Faintness seized him, and they thought him dead, and covered his face with a cloth, but he suddenly started, opened his eyes, grasped the crucifix with great energy, kissed it and fell back; nor did he show any return of consciousness. He finally expired at 5 A.M., on the 13th of September, 1598.

Young Philip III. was a man of less energy of character, though of more taste and intellect, than his father. He was content to leave the machinery of government to take its course, interfering with it himself as little as possible; and his minister, the Duke of Lerma, was for many years the real monarch of Spain.

Archduke Albert arrived in the course of the winter, and so did his niece Margarita, the chosen wife of the young king; and in April, 1599, the double marriage took place at Valencia, after which the 'Archdukes,' as Albert and Isabel were always called, set out for Brussels. He was thirty-nine, she thirty-three. They were deeply and fondly attached to each other, and were faithful, pious, well-meaning people, but they were not possessed of any remarkable abilities. They endeavoured to make peace with England and Holland, but failed, and the war went smouldering on.

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Spider. To go on with the list of books on English history. What is there for the reign of Henry III.?

Arachne. The *Life of Simon de Montfort*, in Creighton's series; or his wife Eleanor, as she appears in Mrs. Everett Green's *Princesses*, will give a good notion of the character of the greatest man in England at that period. You must go for Edward's Crusade to Michaud's *Croisades* if you want anything beyond the regular history.

Spider. And for Edward himself?

Arachne. You may learn what he really was best in *The Greatest of the Plantagenets*.

Spider. But is not that dreadfully hard upon the Welsh and Scots, especially William Wallace?

Arachne. I doubt whether it is harder than the Welsh deserved. I am afraid they were a very faithless set of savages, and that Llewellyn and David both deserved their fate after long forbearance. Three little books, called *Welsh Sketches*, published by James Darling in 1853, now, I fear, out of print, quite explained their treason, and likewise traced how the libel arose of the slaughter of the bards.

Spider. But Wallace and Bruce! I can't bear to think them mere ferocious ruffians! You—who fed us all upon *Tales of a Grandfather*—you would not have us give them up?

Arachne. I own that I would still wish every child to get its first impressions from *Tales of a Grandfather*, because I think high-minded appreciation of patriotism, and enthusiasm for nobleness and bravery, are among the best things, if not quite the best, one gets by reading history.

Spider. I am so glad you say so. They are better than tiresome accuracy!

Arachne. No, no; I did not say so. That would be putting edification above truth, like the Roman Catholic legends. But what I do think is that there are two sides to everything, and that on *one side* of his character Wallace was a gallant patriot, though on the other, I fear he was something of a savage. Patriotic outlaws are very fine fellows at a distance, but seen near at hand by the light of modern humanity——

Spider. The guerilla and the gorilla are not so very different. You know old nurse never can remember which is which.

Arachne. I think there is no doubt that Wallace, and still more his

followers, did horrible deeds, though their resistance was a grand one; but we have always to remember, in judging the men of those times, that cruelty and bloodshed were the rule, and could only be prevented by a very exceptional person.

Spider. You mean that horrid as they were it is not proved that the man who permitted them was unusually cruel?

Arachne. Therefore I think we may still admire Wallace as a national hero. Bruce's adventures come out of old Barbour's poem, and though they lack historical evidence, there is nothing to show them to be impossible, so that I think they may be accepted. As to our own great Edward, I think we ought to study him in Professor Stubbs's *Early Plantagenets* of the *Epochs of History* series, and there too we find poor Edward II.'s sad story.

Spider. And then we come to the region of Froissart! How delightful!

Arachne. Yet Froissart, dear old canon that he is, wants to be tempered by a good deal of sober prose if we are to have a real notion of the bearings of the reign. Canon Warburton's *Life of Edward III.*, in Longmans' *Epochs of History*, gives a very good survey of it.

Spider. And James's *Life of the Black Prince*.

Arachne. That is Froissart in a modern dress. Dean Stanley's *Memorials of Canterbury* contains a most admirable description of the Black Prince's latter years and death bed. In Burton's *Lives of English Merchants*, too, you will find some curious facts as to the way the money was raised for his war. Miss Guest's *Lecture*, in the book I before mentioned, is specially good on the Canterbury pilgrimage.

Arachne. There is an old-fashioned book, Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*.

Spider. And there are the Wicliffite times.

Arachne. For which I have found Massingberd's *English Reformation*, an old book now, a good guide. So also are Dean Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops* of the period, for neither of these assume, as some books do, that the Lollards were necessarily sound Protestants.

Spider. Is it not said that Richard II. is badly off for original historians?

Arachne. Mr. Gairdner, in his *York and Lancaster*—one of the epochs of history—has made the most of the authorities about that very perplexing reign and character.

Spider. Tyler's *Life of Henry V.* is very pleasant reading, though I cannot quite give up my belief in the madcap prince.

Arachne. Bezant's *Life of Whittington* in the *English Plutarch* comes in here for home life. Then though Monstrelet is not equal to Froissart, he carries us on well through the war in France, and there is a good translation of him. The worst of him is that, being a Burgundian, he is as unjust as Shakespeare to the Maid of Orleans.

Spider. There is a Life of her in the *English Plutarch*.

Arachne. Not such a good one as that by Holme Lee, or rather Miss Parr, who made me for the first time understand her strength and her weakness, showing her as no Britomart who could lead and rule the knights and nobles, but as really and truly an inspired peasant girl, too simple and too pure for them to understand; only tolerated when successful, and cast aside heartlessly when failure set in.

Spider. Does Professor Stubbs carry us through the Roses?

Arachne. Yes; and Sharon Turner is very interesting there, quite at his best. If you ever meet with it, Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.* is well worth reading, if only for his illustration of Shakespeare; and as he knew Archbishop Morton personally, it is good evidence.

Spider. You don't whitewash Richard III., then.

Arachne. No; I have read the two volumes which are meant to do so, and I cannot agree with them, except that I think it quite gratuitous to charge him with murdering poor Henry VI.

Spider. That was only as the family butcher.

Arachne. I think too that if he had come rightly to the throne, he would have shown himself a very able king.

Spider. Ought one to read the Paston letters?

Arachne. A good article on them, such as I have seen (I think) in Knight's second series of the *Penny Magazine*, tells us more of the drift of them than it is easy to find for ourselves.

Spider. Now for Tudor times!

Arachne. Begin them with Dean Hook's introduction to the second series of his *Lives*. It is an excellent account of the state of the Church just before the Reformation. Follow that up with *The Oxford Reformers*, and you will have an excellent account of More, Colet and Erasmus, thoroughly living and vivid, and showing how they prepared the way for the Reformation. *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, in Bohn's library, takes you through the best part of the reign of Henry VIII.

Spider. And shall I read Froude?

Arachne. Allowing for his partiality to, and special pleading for, Henry VIII., there is much well worth reading in him.

Spider. Let me read you a sentence I met with in Evan Daniel's *Outlines of English History*. Whose character do you think this is? 'He was brave, accomplished, forgiving, and generous. In his administration he ever sought to protect the poor against the oppression of the rich, and he never spared a criminal, however exalted might be his position. He was a skilful warrior and politician; and in spite of enemies abroad and at home, succeeded in maintaining the honour of his country. He was unfortunate in his domestic relations, but even his enemies admitted the general purity of his life.'

Arachne. Henry VIII. à la Froude of course! But I will tell you where Froude does excel. In his pictures of Somerset the Protector,

and for the most part in his reign of Queen Mary. He brings out Bishop Gardiner in a much truer light than he had been seen in before. But for the really religious side of the history you must go for sound teaching to Dean Hook, or to Perry's *Student's Church History*, or if you want racy description, to dear old Fuller. And that book of the last generation, Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biographies*, gives almost contemporaneous lives, though they need correction from more modern research.

Spider. What about Foxe's *Martyrs*?

Arachne. It is proved to be untrustworthy and sensational.

Spider. There are so many books on the days of Queen Elizabeth that it seems vain to go through them.

Arachne. I can only tell you of what I have liked best. Froude estimates her tolerably well, though his animosity against Mary of Scotland distorts his picture of the reign as much as Miss Strickland's partisanship draws her the other way. Miss Aikin had not access to what has, since her time, come to light; and I think Burton, in his *History of Scotland*, really deals more fairly with those two queens than any one else does.

Spider. Do you see that in Miss Strickland's *Life of Mary of Scotland*, she mentions the confession of a man named Harrison, that he had forged Queen Elizabeth's signature to Mary's death warrant for Davison and Walsingham?

Arachne. If that were so, a great deal of pity is wasted upon Davison! But as neither Burton nor Hosack, writing since Miss Strickland, mention the confession, I suppose they do not think it worthy of credit. On the whole, I think, though it is not meant to be exactly history, Kingsley's sketch of the devotion inspired by Elizabeth in her soldiers and sailors gives the truest notion of what she must have been.

Spider. And her people?

Arachne. They must be studied in single biographies. Dean Hook's *Life of Archbishop Parker* is to me the gem of all his biographies. It has so much of himself in it.

Spider. And the great sailors?

Arachne. Hakluyt's *Voyages* for them if you ever meet with it. Also Burton's *English Merchants* again, and the *Life of Martin Frobiisher*.

Spider. There is much that is curious in Burke's *Romance of the Peerage*, all about Leicester and the two Essexes, and Sir Philip Sidney.

Arachne. Also the *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh* in Creighton's series, and Dean Church's *Spenser* in Macmillan's series of literary men.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

SOPHOCLES (*continued*).

ŒDIPUS AT COLONOS.

ALTHOUGH Sophocles did not, like Æschylus, write trilogies, there are three of his plays which are connected by their subject, though each of them was written at considerable intervals and intended to be complete in itself. With this limitation, *Œdipus the King*, *Œdipus at Colonos*, and *Antigonê* may be properly referred to as the *Theban Trilogy*.

Of the *Antigonê* we shall have to speak presently. The *Œdipus at Colonos*, apart from its artistic beauty of composition and meditative depth of thought, is also interesting for its moral significance. It is a drama of reconciliation, showing how even such a one as Œdipus, who has sinned against the eternal laws, may expiate his deed by suffering and find peace at the last.

Our illustrative passages must be but brief, and equally brief our outline of the story in which they are set. Œdipus, after long living peacefully at Thebes, is thrust forth by his undutiful sons, Eteocles and Polynices, and becomes a wanderer on the face of the earth, tended only by his loving daughter Antigônê. At the opening of the play, they have arrived at the little village of Colonos, within sight of Athens, and Œdipus, presently discovering that the grove in which they have unwittingly taken shelter is sacred to the awful *Eumenides*, recognises that his end is at hand. The people, on hearing who he is, would fain drive him away, but Theseus, King of Athens, being summoned, extends to him his protection.

Meanwhile Eteocles and Polynices have quarrelled, and the latter, in alliance with the King of Argos, is seeking to wrest the throne of Thebes from Eteocles. In these circumstances Creon, their uncle, hastens to find Œdipus, whose presence an oracle had declared to be necessary to the safety of Thebes—only, however, to be repulsed with scorn. He is followed by Polynices, who entreats his father's assistance, but Œdipus drives him too away, with curses for his undutiful conduct.

A sudden storm of thunder and lightning now announces to Œdipus that his end is near, and bidding none follow him, save Theseus only, he slowly disappears among the trees of the sacred grove. What follows is shortly after related to the rest by a messenger, who has followed at a distance.

Sophocles' treatment of this story is such as we might expect. Both subject and treatment seem to interact upon one another so as to contribute to the general effect. The intensity of tragic passion which ebbed and flowed throughout *Œdipus the King* has died away into calm. Through the whole play there breathes a wonderful serenity and harmony, which the few stormier scenes only enhance. Each separate element too which blends so naturally to form the whole, is also in itself deeply beautiful. The filial piety of Antigone, the chastened dignity of Œdipus, the very loveliness of the place in which he passes away, insensibly touch and soothe us in their turn. The description of the mysterious passing of Œdipus is of unsurpassed suggestive power. It must be felt, not criticised.

COLONOS CHORUS.*

STROPHE I.

Friend, in this land of noble steeds,
Press thy feet earth's fairest meads ;
White Colonos, where her wail—
Cadenced clear, as close she sits,
Or down among the green glades flits,
Warbles ever the nightingale.
In the dark-leaved ivy she
Makes her haunt incessantly,
And the leafy bower untrod
Of any save the roving god ; †
Myriad-fruited ; no sun there peeps,
Unstirred, in a windless calm it sleeps,
And Bacchant Dionysus there
On his nymph-nurses tends with care.

ANTISTROPHE I.

There too, with lovely clusters spread
To the dews of heaven o'er it shed,
Blooms from day to day renewed,
The narcissus, crown that wore
The great goddesses of yore, ‡
And the crocus golden-hued.
And the founts, unsleeping still,
That Cephissus' streams up-fill,
Dwindle not nor waste away ;
But with quickening, day by day,
On his stainless waves he leads
O'er earth's bosom ;—nor these meads
Ever the Muse-choirs disdain,
Nor Aphrodité with golden rein.§

* This chorus is especially remarkable as a description of natural scenery—a feature unusual in Greek poetry. Colonos, it should also be noted, was the birthplace of the poet.

† Dionysus, the wine-god, who is mentioned by name a few lines further on.

‡ The Erinnyes, or Eumenides.

§ Aphrodité was often represented in a chariot drawn by doves.

STROPHE II.

There too is a thing I ween mighty Asia hath not seen,*
 Nor in the great Dorian isle of Pelops bath it birth;
 Growth inviolate, boon of the spontaneous earth—
 The olive grey, whose nurturing leaf
 Fairest in our land doth blow,
 Terror of the spear-armed foe;
 It, nor young nor hoary chief
 Shall with spoiling hand lay low.
 For the eye of Zeus that loves to behold his sacred groves,
 Ever watcheth it beside,
 And Athena flashing-eyed.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Yet another theme shall fame our dear natal city's name
 Gift of the great god whereby she proudly boasts to be
 Famed for horses, famed for foals, famous on sea,
 Oh son of Cronos,† thine this need.
 King Poseidon, thou didst raise
 Her to this great height of praise,
 Who didst first the tameless steed
 Bridle in our city's ways.
 And the flashing oar, quick-plied, furrows lightly the sea-tide,
 Following with wondrous beat
 The myriad-glancing Nereids' feet.‡

THE PASSING OF ŒDIPUS.

(Related by a Messenger.)

MESSENGER.

'Tis e'en a theme for wonder and amaze.
 For how he went from hence, I think thou knowest,
 Since thou wert there; no friend guiding his steps,
 But he went first as guide before us all.
 But when he came to where the steep path dips
 Downward, by brazen steps clamped fast i' the earth,
 He paused at one of those wide-branching ways,
 The hollow bowl anear, where lie inurned
 The gifts by Theseus and Peirithôus pledged.§
 Midway 'twixt which and the Thorician stone
 And hollow pear-tree hole and rock-hewn tomb,
 He stayed and sat; there doffed his squalor's garb.
 Anon he called his girls and bade them bring
 Water from some clear stream to wash withal,
 And pour out to the gods; now full in sight
 A hill there was, Demeter's named, whose care
 Is over the young corn; thither they went,

* The chorus now pass to praises of the mother-city, Athens. The olive was held in peculiar veneration as the gift of Athena.

† *I.e.*, Poseidon, who is directly afterwards mentioned, and who, with Athena, was the tutelary deity of Athens. He was fabled to have invented the horse, and as king of the sea is here connected with the maritime glory of Athens.

‡ The Nereids were sea-nymphs.

§ Theseus and Peirithôus were supposed to have descended by this rocky opening to Hades, on occasion of their attempt to carry off Persephone, the queen of the infernal regions. Of the landmarks mentioned in the following lines nothing is known.

And quickly did their father's heat, and washed
 And robed him in such raiment as besseems.
 But when in all his pleasure was fulfilled,
 And nought of his desire remained undone,
 Zeus thundered 'neath the earth, so that the girls
 Shuddered as they did hear, and fell and clung
 Weeping about their father's knees, and beat
 Unceasingly their breasts and wailed aloud.
 But when that bitter cry he heard, he stooped,
 And wrapped them suddenly in his arms and spake :
 Oh ! children, fatherless ye are this day,
 For all I was is perished, and your task,
 With pain to tend the old man's life, is o'er.
 Nay but, my children, hard it was, I know,
 And, yet, doth not one little word make light
 Of those so many toils ? for greater love
 Could no man give you than from me ye had,
 Of whom bereft your days must now be spent.
 So folded in each others' arms they clung,
 And mixed their sobs together ; but when grief
 Had sobbed itself away, and no cry rose
 To break the silence, suddenly there came
 The voice of one who called him, that for fear,
 The locks of each upstood as suddenly.
 For oft, from every side at once, the god
 Called him : ho thou, thou, *Œdipus* ! why halt
 So long our steps ? o'er much dost thou delay.
 But when he knew the god had summoned him,
 He called King *Theseus* near ; so the king came.
 Then said he : ' Oh my friend, give now, I pray,
 Thy hand once more in pledge to these my girls,
 (And children, give him yours), and swear thou wilt
 Ne'er willingly betray them, and whate'er
 Thy kindness shall in good to them intend,
 This ever to perform ; and he, his grief
 Duly constrained, as noble natures use,
 Swore to his friend, and promised all he would.
 So this being ended, straightway *Œdipus*
 With sightless hands felt for his girls and spoke :
 My children, ye must nobly nerve your hearts
 To depart hence, nor seek to see those things
 Ye may not see, nor hear those voices' speech.
 Go quickly ; none save *Theseus*' self, the king,
 May stay to look on what shall come to pass.
 So much we all did hear him say, then went,
 Moaning and weeping sore, with the two maids ;
 Yet turning in short space, looked back and saw
 The man no longer there ; only the king
 Stood with his hand uplifted to his brow,
 Shielding his eyes, as though some visioned fear
 They met, too dread for man to look upon,
 But no long while, and we beheld him greet
 Earth and the gods' *Olympus* in one prayer.
 But how death came on *Œdipus* none knows,
 Save *Theseus* only ; for no bolt from Zeus
 Rapt him in flame away ; no rushing blast,
 Called, in a moment, from the surging deep.
 But there was some celestial messenger,
 Or it may be the Kindly Deities,*

* The *Eumenides*, to whom the grove was sacred.

Bade earth a painless passage ope for him.
 For not with tears, nor racked by mortal throes,
 The man did pass from life, but wondrously,
 If ever mortal did ; and if my words
 Do seem to stray from wit, I care not, I,
 To gain his ear who deems my wits astray.

ANTIGONE.

The *Antigonê*, although actually written before either of the preceding plays, is in subject a continuation of them. The sorrows of the royal house of Thebes have not culminated in the death of Œdipus, and they are now to entangle in their fatal mesh the most innocent member of it—the daughter who had so faithfully tended her exiled father's steps to the very last.

The situation had been indicated in the concluding scene of the *Seven against Thebes* of Æschylus.* In the contest for the throne of Thebes, the invaders have been driven back, but Eteocles and Polynices have fallen by each other's hand. The throne thus devolves on Creon, and his first edict is that while the corpse of Eteocles shall receive all the honours due to a patriot, that of Polynices shall be cast forth unburied, and that none shall perform for it the rites of burial on pain of death. But earthly laws have no force for the sisterly affection of Antigonê. She deliberately transgresses the edict, and is condemned by Creon, although the betrothed bride of his own son Hæmon, to be immured alive. The deed is scarcely done when, at the warnings of the prophet Tiresias, he repents ; but it is too late, for on the cavern being opened, Antigonê is discovered to have hanged herself.

Sophocles, while accepting the general situation, has treated it quite in his peculiar manner, and Antigonê is the creation of his sole genius. In all literature there is no nobler figure. Antigonê is essentially a Greek maiden, but her character is moulded of those larger traits which belong to no special time, but must re-appear, under similar circumstances, in any age. Her character must be read in this larger light, or its full proportions are missed. Antigonê is the Virgin Martyr of antiquity, and, by virtue of priority, the type of the steadfast Martyr for all time. The importance attached to burial, which led directly to Antigonê's transgression, was a peculiarly Greek notion ; but the idea for which she died—the recognition of a higher law abrogating a lower—is one that can never die. The true pathos of her fate lies in the cruel inevitableness of this conflict—the sense of the assured martyrdom which awaits a nature like hers when confronted by such circumstances ; for although Antigonê is right, Creon, as an earthly ruler, is not wholly in the wrong. Nor is Ismene merely hard and selfish. Some concession must be allowed to her natural prudence,

* See *Monthly Packet* for June, 1881.

for she has not the fuller light of Antigônê. For Antigônê, the purpose which has 'struck across her brain' and flushed her heart, becomes, as she meditates upon it, a revelation from heaven, making the duty overwhelming and renunciation easy. Hence her mood varies, her resolve never. Her maiden lamentations when actually led to the tomb, detract not for a moment from the nobility of her character, but give it the completing charm of womanliness.

ANTIGONE BEFORE CREON.*

CREON.

Thee, thee, I mean, who hang'st thy head so low,
Speak ; dar'st thou say thou didst not do the deed ?

ANTIGONE.

The deed I do confess nor would deny.

CREON.

For thee, betake thee wheresoe'er thou wilt,
Free and absolved from any grievous blame. [*To the Messenger.*
But tell me, thou, in brief—no long-drawn tale—
Didst know the edict that forbade this act ?

ANTIGONE.

I did ; 'twere marvel else ; 'twas very plain.

CREON.

And yet this law thou dared'st to transgress ?

ANTIGONE.

Oh yes, for 'twas not Zeus who uttered it,
Nor Justice—she who dwells with gods below ;—
They did not bind these laws upon men's hearts.
Nor deemed I that thine edicts had such force,
That thou, being a mere mortal, couldst transgress
The gods' unwritten and abiding laws.
They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But they stand fast for ever, and none knows
Whence their beginning ; was I then, through fear
Of aught proposed by man, to suffer loss
For their transgression at the bar of heaven ?
I knew, full well I knew, that I must die,
Though thy decree had ne'er gone forth ; and if
Before my time I die, I count it gain.
For who that lived, as I, compassed with ills,
But would find death a gain ? and so for me,
To meet this doom is as a passing grief.
But had I 'dured to leave my mother's son
A corpse unburied, how then had I grieved !
But herein I grieve not ; and if to thee
My act seem one with folly, 'twere all one
I were arraigned of folly by a fool.

CHORUS.

How sternly in the daughter's mood looks out
Her sire's stern soul ; she scorns to yield to ills.

* Antigone is led in by a watchman, who has just discovered her in the very act of sprinkling earth over the body of Polynices.

CREON.

Yet, mark me, natures cast in o'er-hard mould
 Are apt the first to fall, and strongest iron,
 Thou know'st when extreme heat hath made it stubborn
 Most easily, being brittle, then is snapped.
 And I have known the fieriest-mettled steeds
 Curbed by a tiny bit ; in vain his thought
 Soars high, who is a slave, with masters near.
 This girl first learnt the ways of insolence,
 When she did overstep the law's decree ;
 Nor yet content, this second insult adds,
 To boast and make a mock of it, being done.
 Now verily, she is the man, not I,
 If this affront in her go scatheless ; nay
 My sister's child were she, or sprung from one
 More near and dear than all my hearth protects,
 She should not 'scape, no, nor her sister too
 A doom most dire ; for her no less I charge
 With full connivance of this burial.
 Go, call her too. Within, but now, I marked her
 Frantic and quite distract ; for where men plot
 Some secret treason in their hearts, the mien
 Doth oft prove traitor to the laggard guilt.
 Yet he no less my anger moves who seeks,
 Overtaken in his guilt, to gloss it o'er.

ANTIGONE.

Wouldst thou aught more than this—to take and slay me ?

CREON.

No whit more, I ; that having, I have all,

ANTIGONE.

Why then delay ? since nought that thou canst utter
 Pleaseth my ear—nor may it ever please ;
 And all my words as harsh must seem to thee.
 Yet how could I have reaped more fair renown,
 Than laying mine own brother in the tomb ?
 Which should be said a thing pleasing to all,
 Did fear not shut their mouths ; but herein too,
 As in much else, is tyranny most blest,
 That it can say and do the thing it would.*

CREON.

Alone of all in Thebes thou see'st it thus.†

ANTIGONE.

Their eyes too see, but thou dost stop their mouths.

CREON.

Feel'st thou no shame to think not as they do ?

ANTIGONE.

Shame there is none in pitying our own blood.

* She speaks ironically.

† In the following part of the dialogue the narrow justice of Creon is contrasted with the sympathy of Antigone. Creon says in effect : 'Polynices was a traitor ; to honour him is to dishonour the patriot Eteocles.' To this the one reply of Antigone is, that both were her *brothers*, and as such shall equally have her love.

CREON.

And was not he too kin, who died a foe ?

ANTIGONE.

One mother and one father bare us both.

CREON.

Why tend the one then to the other's shame.

ANTIGONE.

He that lies dead will not so deem of it.

CREON.

Ay, if they scant his honour to a traitor's.

ANTIGONE.

Not so ; he died his brother, not his slave ;

CREON.

And this land's scourge, for which his brother fought.

ANTIGONE.

Still, Hades does demand the law I serve.

CREON.

Yet merits not the good the wicked's lot.

ANTIGONE.

Who knows if this be piety below.

CREON.

Not even death can turn a foe to friend.

ANTIGONE.

My heart must love with love not hate with hate.

CREON.

If love thou must, e'en go below and love
The dead ; but while I live no woman rules.

[To Ismene who enters weeping.]

Thou too ! who viper-like didst steal beneath
My roof, and drain me secretly, whiles I
Knew not two pests, my kingdom's bane, I reared,
Come tell me, wilt thou own that thou didst help
This burial on, or swear thou nothing know'st ?

ISMENE.

I did the deed, so she admits it too,
And bear my part and burden in its guilt.

ANTIGONE.

Nay this were more than justice lets thee claim,
Who wouldst not aid, and I would none of thee.

ISMENE.

Nay, in thine hour of need, I will not shrink
From weathering out the peril at thy side.

ANTIGONE.

Whose the deed was the dead and Hades know ;
Who loves in words her love I little reck.

ISMENE.

My sister, never scorn my prayer, to die
Beside thee, and with thee revere the dead.

ANTIGONE.

Never die thou with me, nor claim thy share
In that thou didst not touch. My death pays all.

ISMENE.

And what hath life to charm me without thee ?

ANTIGONE.

Ask Creon ; for thy care on him is set.

ISMENE.

Why hurt me thus when it avails thee nought ?

ANTIGONE.

If mock of thee I make 'tis bitter glee.

ISMENE.

How may I, even now, help thee in aught ?

ANTIGONE.

Save thine ownself ; I grudge not thou shouldst scape.

ISMENE.

Woe's me ! I am shut out then from thy fate ?

ANTIGONE.

Ah yes ! thou didst choose life, but I to die.

ISMENE.

But not ere I had said what I could say.

ANTIGONE.

Thou didst to one seem wise, I to the other.*

ISMENE.

Indeed, indeed we stand in equal fault.

ANTIGONE.

Courage ! thou liv'st, but this long time my soul
Dwells with the dead, to whom its care is vowed.

THE LAMENT OF ANTIGONE.

Oh tomb, oh bridal-chamber, prison-house
Of earth, my grave for aye ! whither I pass
Unto mine own, of whom the greater part
Are with the dead in Persephassa's † realm.
And I, more piteous than they all, go down
The last into the grave, or e'er my life
Hath measured its brief span, yet as I go
My heart doth eager feed upon this hope,
That dear unto my sire his child shall come,
And unto thee, my mother, dear, and dear,

* *I.e.* Thou to Creon, I to Polynices.

† Another name for Persephone, queen of the dead.

Sweet brother, unto thee, seeing this hand,
When ye were dead, washed you and robed you fair,
And last libations poured ; yet now, because
I tended, Polynices, thy dear corpse,
This, this is my reward ; and yet the wise
Shall say that I did well to honour thee.
For had I been a mother—had my child
Or my dead husband mouldered there, this deed
I had not ventured in the state's despite.
And if thou ask'st what law did teach me this,
'Twere easy, should a husband die, to find
Another spouse ; or, if no son I had,
Son by another mate ; but since they lie,
Father and mother both, in Hades dead,
I never could have brother more ; and yet
Because by such a law I put thee first,
My brother ! I but sinned in Creon's sight
And did abominably, and with rude hands
He hales me thus away, never to taste
Of wedded bliss, to hear no bridal lay,
Nor ever know a wife's, a mother's joys.
But friendless quite, ill-fated maid, I go
Alive to the dark mansions of the dead.
And yet what law of heaven have I transgressed
Why in my anguish look I still to heaven ?
Or seek for aid of man ? since 'tis most sure
My pious act is deemed impiety.
But if these things seem good in the gods' sight,
Let sufferance meekly borne my fault attest.
But if theirs be the fault, be theirs a doom
No worse than they unjustly lay on me.

GERARD W. SMITH.

WORKHOUSE ORPHANS.

THERE is, I am sure, much real sympathy and true interest felt, as well as expressed, for our workhouse orphan children ; but yet there is one way of very materially helping some of them (and helping ourselves as well, I think) which is very seldom resorted to ; and that is adopting them into our households, to be brought up to housework by our servants.

I think it is this very word 'adopting' which frightens people ; the bare idea of adding to the anxieties of our lives is not to be thought of.

Now, I want to show in this little paper that perhaps imagination is more terrible than reality, and that by fearlessly taking upon ourselves a little anxiety, we may in the end be the gainers.

Every one, almost without exception, complains of the lack of servants, and certainly good servants are the exception rather than the rule ; for by good servants I do not necessarily mean servants who know their work, so much as servants who make your interests their own.

Now if, in the first place, as an act of charity, we take a child of thirteen or fourteen years of age into our household, and it grows up to know our ways and see all the work of the house, I think we run a good chance of having a useful servant, and one whose interests are in a greater measure bound up in the family than is generally the case. It is said that a good mistress makes a good servant, and no doubt this is true ; and those who are fortunate enough to have servants who have been with them some years, would really not find this most charitable of acts either troublesome or expensive, or an annoyance to their servants.

Let us look the difficulties in the face ; the advantages to ourselves, if any, should speak for themselves.

If we will not take the trouble to train servants, I do not see why we should complain of the dearth of the article ; industrial schools, though excellent in their way, are not good nurseries for housework. I believe there is no way of training a servant so good as in our own households ; for from the very beginning they learn the right way of doing things, and therefore all instruction is a forward movement instead of that retrograde business of having to unlearn what has been learned in rough establishments.

At present there are some 33,000 orphan children in our workhouses, and as many as 261,386 of pauper children in England and Wales, under sixteen, including the orphans, deserted children, and the children of parents receiving out-door relief. I do not venture to say

how far it would be possible to adopt the town pauper children, because I know so little about them ; but I am sure numbers of those from the country workhouses would turn into good and valuable servants for the days to come, if only ladies and gentlemen would take this matter up. For years I have had an adopted workhouse child in my house, and I therefore speak from experience. At present most of these children from country workhouses go into farm service, and the girls, alas, too often return to the Union after a few years to become mothers, having been ruined often by those who should have been their protectors, or because their mistresses have taken no trouble to teach them either morals or prudence, or to keep the poor drudge out of harm's way. Now of rough untrained servant-girls I do not think there is a lack, and yet most of this youthful army of pauper children is going to swell these ranks, instead of becoming the class of servant we want. And why should it be so? Why should we sit down and wring our hands and worry our friends about our want of servants? Our friends cannot help us, for they are doing just the same, when perhaps the remedy is close at home all the time.

Suppose, instead of trying to find what is not to be had, we accepted the necessity of patience, and went to the nearest workhouse and asked the master if he could recommend a girl from the school. He would most likely send for the schoolmistress or matron, and consult her, and by their united account of the girl recommended we could learn so much of her antecedents as would reduce our feared experiment to a fairly likely venture.

I strongly advise consulting the workhouse officials ; some are sure to have been sufficiently long in their posts to know the character borne by the belongings of the child. Beware of letting yourself be too much governed by appearance at first sight.

There is a curious Cornish word which just explains my meaning. 'Get a servant of a good *havage*,' a lady once said to me. 'A what?' I exclaimed ; 'a *havage*, what is that?' 'A good stock,' she said, 'a respectably connected family.'

Now, we often know very little of our servants when first we engage them ; we have to take very much on trust, and often run great risks ; indeed it is no wonder our difficulties are what they are. But in this case we take our pick of boy or girl ; we learn all about them ; we find out if the child is an orphan, or deserted, or illegitimate ; how long it has been in the Union. We know it has been baptized, and we know what amount of teaching it has had. (A child may not leave the Union for service until it has passed the third standard, and is in the fourth ; and those I have had have generally been in the fifth.) Then we can inquire what character the parents bore, and we can tell what faults will most likely need checking, and what virtues strengthening ; and if, after all our inquiries and care, the child should prove really troublesome, we can but return it to the workhouse and try another.

I have only done this once, and that under peculiar circumstances, because I have a great regard for my own character in the eyes of the Guardians; and on this occasion I had deliberately taken a girl with a bad character. She was just upon sixteen, when I knew she would become her own mistress, and certainly leave the workhouse; and I wanted to see if the comforts of a respectable household would have any charm in keeping her straight. I cannot go into her history now, further than to say that I was not successful; but I sometimes hope that the lessons which fell on her unwilling ears then, may some day, through God's good providence, bear fruit.

Then before applying to the Board for the child, I recommend consulting one's servants, and enlisting their sympathies; for after all it is they who will have most of the trouble. I find that the servants are nearly always glad to help one in this matter, if it be properly put before them, and it makes a bond of union in one's household. Of course there is sometimes the fear that too much will get put upon the child, and that when anything is badly done, or left undone, she will be made the scapegoat; but this I prevent by writing out a distinct list of the child's house duties, and adding to it as he or she becomes more and more capable; for if we undertake to train, we cannot venture to look for success unless we take some of the trouble.

I am a clergyman's wife, and when first I began this plan my husband rather objected to an extra individual in the house, thinking it would add to expense and make the servants idle; but I promised to do all in my power to prevent this; and I am convinced it rests almost entirely with oneself to make it answer, or the reverse. The child must have constant occupation; and sometimes I have sent them across into the village school for the afternoon to add something to their stock of learning, and be taught such needlework as I desired, and also that I might *know* they were employed. And I have always made them do their own washing, so as not to add to the generally quite sufficient weekly bill. They all know how to wash, and do wash for themselves at the Union; therefore, it can be no hardship to require this work of them, and indeed it is a pity to let drop so useful a knowledge. Also I have never at first allowed *quite* the same freedom of appetite as one must permit in one's kitchen, explaining my wishes and reasons to the cook, who I think has always helped me to prevent feeling the household orphan an addition to expense; and we have generally given bread and milk for supper, and insisted on bed before the usual time for the servants of the house.

Until a child is sixteen you are not required to give wages, and you are liable to a call from the relieving officer once in three months; also you are bound to report to the relieving officer should the child run away; and should you leave the neighbourhood yourself and wish to take the child with you, you are also bound to ask permission of the Guardians to do so; for up to sixteen a child is a ward of the Guardians

of its own parish; and in case of death they would be at the expense of the funeral, if required to do so.

Practically I have only received two visits from the relieving officer in four or five years; and I take this laxity of visits as a compliment, believing my character beyond the need of inquiry.

I will here mention the result of one of these visits of inspection, as it will show the amount of reliable information the relieving officer obtained.

On his arrival he requested to see me, and asked if I was satisfied with the girl I had, 'Mary Anne Jones,' or if I wished to make any complaint. I said 'No, I was not going to lodge any complaint; she was not very satisfactory, but her faults were idleness and naughty childishness, rather than viciousness, and I hoped in time to improve her.' He made some polite remark about the girl being in a fortunate place, and then said, 'Might he see her, as it was his duty to question her also, and by herself.' I sent for her, and left him. When I heard the door open, and Mary Anne rattle down again into the kitchen, I went back and said, 'I hope she gives us a good character. Would you tell me the sort of questions you put to her?' He said, 'Certainly,' and opened his notebook. Then he said, 'I asked her if she slept in this house?' to which she replied, 'Yes, sir.' 'And have you a bed to yourself?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And a room to yourself?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And are you well fed and kindly treated?' 'Yes, sir.' Here I interrupted with, 'I don't know whose word you will consider most reliable, but Mary Anne does not sleep in this house, nor has she a room to herself, or a bed to herself.' 'Indeed,' he said; 'but it is irregular.' 'Oh,' I said, 'the Guardians know all about it. I explained to them when applying for Mary Anne, that the vicarage was so small, I should be unable to have a girl unless she might sleep with Sarah Jane Smith, the schoolmistress.' This contented him, for he knew about Sarah Jane, and I should like any readers of this article to know about her too some day, for she is an instance of what good things may come out of Union schools.

I have been told that many years ago it was a very common custom to have an orphan or pauper child brought up in one's household. I do not know if the term 'pauper' was used in those days; I rather think the child was called the 'parish apprentice,' and that every householder was liable to have such a child assigned to his care, though he might if he chose buy himself off, as it were, for the sum of 25*l.*; or, in other words, he might persuade some farmer or tradesman to take the child for the sum above stated. My mother tells me she distinctly remembers that when a child they always had one of these parish apprentices in her father's house, and how she was dressed, and that she always came every morning with the children of the house to read a chapter in the Bible, and on Sundays to say the Catechism, thus fulfilling, at least in spirit, the rubric at the end of

the Catechism; and she remembers how once they all got punished for giggling when the apprentice began her verse with, 'When Herod the Trenchard,' &c.

Why this custom has been given up I do not know; perhaps it was that the poor-laws provided for the apprentices about this time, for I think an Act was passed in 1844, by which persons were no longer compelled to take these apprentices, who previously might have fallen to their share as householders, in the same way as one may now be required to serve on a jury; for I believe in each case such householders were drawn by lot. Any way, may it not account for the lack of servants whose interests are ours? Why should we expect our present servants to be wrapped up in our family and its concerns? They have their own people, and nowadays the distracting influence of cheap literature and cheap trips, not to mention cheap finery, which is, alas! so much the fashion; and it must occupy no little time and ingenuity to keep pace with their mistress in dress.

How many good, careful mistresses there are who will try to lay down rules about their servants' dressing, in vain endeavours to keep them tidy and respectable-looking. My rule has been for many years to so dress myself that I am thankful when they do imitate me, for I think it is only education that is at fault, and that if a girl up to sixteen were dressed in good plain suitable clothes, she would get a taste for such dressing, and rarely be contented with cheap flimsiness afterwards. Depend upon it, a large proportion of those poor children brought up to service in the wealthy man's house and taught their Scripture lessons with their young masters and mistresses, turned out at last the faithful friends and servants whose deaths we see from time to time recorded. I often wonder whether 'Elizabeth Gay,' whose body lies not a stone's throw from me as I write, was one of these. She has been in her quiet resting place nearly a hundred years now; but her quaint epitaph, though it may raise a smile on account of its grand words, still tells the story of her faithful loving life, a witness and a lesson still to masters and servants. Here it is, written by the children whom she nursed—

Here
Lye the Remains of
ELIZABETH GAY

Who after a Service of
Forty Years

finding her Strength diminished with unparalleled
disinterestedness Requested that her Wages
might be proportionably lessened.

She died July 7th, 1789.

As a testimony of their Gratitude for the care she
took of them in their tender Years this Stone is
Erected by the Surviving Daughters of her late
Master and Mistress

CHRISTOPHER AND ELIZABETH WARRICK
of Park in this Pariah.

Human nature will be the same always, and we shall find that to have good servants we must not spare ourselves the trouble of making them, and that to have loving servants we must give love, and deserve it in return.

If only I had the power of writing on this subject as earnestly as I feel, surely I should make my readers see the advantage to themselves and their children, not to mention the doing work for God in the immediate present.

Does not the Bible tell us to help the fatherless? Does not our Lord Himself say that kindness done to one of the least of His brethren He reckons as done to Himself? If only we could realize this, we should not be so fearful of taking trouble that may prove useless after all, for may not that trouble which seemed without fruit be laying up treasure for ourselves in Heaven?

If those words are ever said to us, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,' and we, amazed and trembling at our undeserved welcome say, 'Lord, when saw we Thee an hungred and fed Thee, or naked and clothed Thee, or a stranger, and took Thee in'—if by any means we could hear addressed to us the answer, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me;'—what will it matter then if our labours in this world have been thrown away? what matter if our poor little brothers and sisters from the workhouse have proved too rough material to make finished servants, so long as we have earnestly done our best to help them to gain Heaven, and in helping them have helped ourselves?

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT.

DE JUDICIO EXTREMO.

'Cum revolve diligenter
Quid post mortem sit sequenter;' &c.

THE hymn, a paraphrastic rendering of which I venture with some diffidence to give, forms a portion of a sacred poem which Du Meril first published from a manuscript of the twelfth century. The hopeful and bright spirit which pervades it offers a refreshing contrast to the terrible picture of wrath and gloom which the *Diss Iræ* presents to us.

I.

WHEN in thought I deeply ponder
On that which after death shall be,
Then my soul, in awe and wonder,
Doth rejoice unceasingly ;
When the just, in faith abiding,
Round the throne shall stand confiding.

II.

For behold the day appearing
When the just shall rest in peace,
Now no persecution fearing,
For the wicked troubling cease ;
And they that suffered grief and pain
Evermore with Christ shall reign.

III.

That day ! the day of life eternal,
Of light unheard-of breaks on high,
When night is lost in light supernal,
And when Death itself shall die,
When the sting of Death is gone
And victory o'er the Grave is won.

IV.

Lo ! Desire of every nation,
See at last the King appears,
Waited for with expectation
By the righteous through long years.
He speeds, to many a prayer replying,
Comes to save the lost and dying.

V.

Yes, he speeds, the King celestial,
He our judge and witness too,
Soon shall every eye terrestrial
Christ in all His glory view.
They that pierced Him, too, shall see
The King in all His majesty.

VI.

He will come, He will not tarry ;
He will come, the world to show
The weight of glory they shall carry
Who have suffered here below
Persecution, tribulation
For the faith, in every nation.

VII.

Oh ! how grateful ; oh ! how holy ;
Oh ! how blest, how sweet 'twill be
For those saints who loved Him solely
In His glory Christ to see.
Yea, to see their Saviour Lord,
And to hear the Incarnate Word.

VIII.

Then shall Christ in regal splendour,
And with face serene and sweet,
Graciously in accents tender
With these words His people greet—
(All flesh shall see, and every ear
What the Saviour saith shall hear):

IX.

'Ye who still with faith unshaken,
Though assailed, in Me believed,
Who your Lord have ne'er forsaken,
Who unto your Master cleaved :
Who suffering for me endured,
Lo ! the bliss ye have secured.

X.

'See the kingdom great and glorious
Where I promised ye should come,
Which I left—and now, victorious
Over death and sin, resume :
See it—take it—enter in—
In joy with Me for aye to reign.'

XI.

Then shall the elect ones wonder,
And while wondering rejoice—
Exultation loud as thunder
Pealing forth with myriad voice
A hymn of praises manifold
For all the glories they behold.

XII.

'Thanks to Thee, O God Almighty,
Render we with one accord—
Thanks to Thee, O God Almighty,
And we bless Thee, Christ the Lord.
Now we see and know at last
What we hoped for in the past.'

XIII.

Oh ! how sweet the recollection,
A vain world to have despised.
Oh ! how bitter the reflection,
A world so worthless to have prized
And know how profitless and vain
To lose our Lord the world to gain.

XIV.

Blessèd they who then in sadness
For their Lord affliction bore :
Now their grief is turned to gladness,
Now—Time's tribulation o'er—
In realms eternal they shall be
With Christ in immortality.

XV.

There the peace of God for ever
All those realms serene shall fill,
And the voice of joy shall never
In their blissful courts be still.
Youth's flower and beauty there shall be
And perfect health unfailingly.

XVI.

None can tell the exultation—
To conceive the joy is vain
Of those saints whose habitation
Is heaven—with angels there to reign,
Casting their golden crowns before
The Lord and King whom they adore.

XVII.

Just Judge, vouchsafe, I do implore Thee,
To call me to this kingdom blest ;
That I may stand redeemed before Thee,
With Thee evermore to rest—
Thou whom I seek, whom I desire,
To whom my anxious prayers aspire.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

Spider Subjects.

It would take too much room to give specimen lives of the six Johns. They are answered by seven Spiders. Sintram and Water Wagtail note the two *SS. John of Scripture*. Water Wagtail and Jaqueline chose *S. John Chrysostom*; Sintram, Water Wagtail, Cirro Cumulus, *John Wickliffe*; Sintram, Clover, Jaqueline, *John Knox*; Sintram, Water Wagtail, Clover, Bubbles, Ignoramus, Jaqueline, *John Milton*; Clover, Ignoramus and Jaqueline, *John Sobieski*; Bubbles, Nightingale, Clover, *Don John of Austria*; Clover, John Duke of Bedford; Bubbles and Ignoramus, Duke of Marlborough; and Sintram has also chosen Prester John, John Eliot, John Keble, John Coleridge Patteson, John of Gaunt; Bubbles, Nightingale, Ignoramus, and Cirro Cumulus has *Ziska and Huss*; Ignoramus, *Fra Angelico, La Fontaine, Kepler, Mozart, and Calvin*; Bubbles and Ignoramus, *Locke*; Jaqueline, *Oberlin*; Nightingale, *John of Salisbury, John Comnenus, John of France, John I. of Portugal*. Arachne rather objects to taking persons, who, like Fra Angelico, Wolfgang Mozart, and Coleridge Patteson, never used the name of John. Gray Squirrel, Wandering Jew, and Perseverando answer Mrs. Grundy.

MRS. GRUNDY.

If Arachne had asked me this question some years ago in my young days, my answer would have been very simple and unhesitating, "Not at all;" but now I am really a *gray* squirrel, I am not quite sure there may not be *some* good even in Mrs. Grundy.

Of course it depends on what subjects you consult the important old lady. It must never be on that of right and wrong, though of course there is no subject that has not a right or wrong, still there are many questions which it is easier to class as suitable or unsuitable, usual or unusual, and on some of these Mrs. Grundy, *i.e.* the general public opinion and custom, is a fairly safe guide.

It must be a clear matter of principle to make it ever right for a woman to make herself conspicuous. All honour to pioneers; they earn the everlasting gratitude of their sex, but they are by nature quite out of the pale of Mrs. Grundy. It is on the little every-day matters of society and etiquette that Mrs. Grundy is to be consulted. 'It's too absurd,' says Miss Lily, 'to be as particular as mamma is about leaving cards the very right day, when I want to do so and so. I hate Mrs. Grundy.' Now, very often these unwritten laws of society are the concentrated experience of several generations, and are a code of signals that often save manners, if not the more important Christian charity.

Miss Lily would no doubt announce to the proposed new acquaintances to their faces even, or certainly within hearing of common

friends, that they are, in her opinion, bores or Philistines, and so effectually prevent further overtures of acquaintance. Mamma follows Mrs. Grundy's behests, leaves her cards on the third day without going in, and preserving her own character of a courteous lady as effectually bars any intercourse she may not approve of for herself or daughters.

The swing of the pendulum is going as far the other way. Mrs. Grundy may have been the misery and terror of the past generation, but I greatly doubt if Arachne will find that her *young Spiders* entertain very much respect for her, except as an historical character.

GRAY SQUIRREL.

HOW MUCH OR HOW LITTLE ATTENTION SHOULD BE PAID TO MRS.
GRUNDY.

Violet. To begin with, Who was Mrs. Grundy? There is no necessity to ask who she is, horrid old woman! All the multitude of people, with prying eyes and sharp disagreeable tongues, who gossip about other folks' affairs which are no concern of theirs.

Mary (consulting her *Reader's Handbook*). 'The original Mrs. Grundy was a farmer's wife in Morton's old comedy of *Speed the Plough*. It does not appear that she was a great talker; but the point seems to be the concern which her neighbour, Dame Ashfield, had for her opinion. This is evidently the speech which has made her name a proverb, "If our Nelly were to marry a great baronet, I wonder what Mrs. Grundy would say."'

Violet (looking over her shoulder). To which her husband answers, 'Why don't thee letten Mrs. Grundy alone?' Sensible man! I wish he would come and talk to mamma.

Mary. Something has put you out, dear; what is it?

Violet. You know that Mr. Delisle was going to take us out on the river this evening, and Mrs. Blake had promised to chaperone us; and now she cannot come, so we can't go. It does seem such nonsense! There is her sister ever so much older and more staid than she, but of no use, simply because she isn't married. The Misses Primmings would look out from between their curtains, I suppose, and say, 'Look, there are the Misses Browne going off with young Delisle!' Let people talk, I say; what *does* it matter so long as one isn't doing anything wrong?

Mary. I acknowledge that Mrs. Grundy is sometimes rather a tyrant.

Violet. The question is, Why should we obey her? Half our pleasure is spoilt, innocent amusements interfered with, and poor mamma dragged to dances where she has nothing to do but watch us at a distance and yawn, only because we are such slaves to that conventional old dame. There is no use your smiling, Mary; I am very cross, and will have it out. Now you may tell me what you have to say on your side.

Mary. To a certain extent I agree with you. It is quite absurd the way some people are afraid to do anything out of the beaten track, even to have an opinion of their own, for fear of what the neighbours will say. Still I think Aunt Caroline is right in being particular about what she lets you do. A girl does lower herself in the eyes of other people by disregard of conventionalities. You remember Miss Goodwin, 'lively Polly,' as she used to be called, and the way

gentlemen used to talk about her, and to her. One would not care for a young man to treat one in that free-and-easy way certainly.

Violet. Oh no. But then it was her own fault; she was so fast.

Mary. That was exactly the point of my remark. There was no harm in the girl, but her 'fastness' consisted in setting Mrs. Grundy altogether at defiance.

Violet. By which she got more fun, but less respect; you think one has to make one's choice between the two?

Mary. I do, and the latter affects our influence on others, our servants, for instance, and our Sunday scholars—in fact any one who from age or position is likely to look up to us for an example. They are apt to misunderstand us if we do not, as S. Paul says, 'Abstain from all appearance of evil,' and 'provide things honest in the sight of all men.'

Violet. After all it is Mrs. Grundy who is to blame though. Those objections would cease to exist if it were an understood thing that everybody should judge for himself, and do what he (or she) thought right.

Mary. And then you think society would be in a perfect state? I cannot say that I do. Of course things are drifting in that direction, but I am old-fashioned enough in my notions to think it is not improving people. It seems to me that the removing of walls and fences is rather dangerous work. It is all very well at first, when only a few peaceable sheep and lambs walk over and graze quietly on the other side, but a herd of wild cattle may come by and by.

Violet. Oh, Mary, you are so fond of metaphor! Who are the wild cattle that you expect to come rushing in when Mrs. Grundy is killed, or rather when we leave off minding what she says?

Mary. A great many people who are kept in check by her now will go to all kinds of extremes, and it will be impossible for people who are nice to know whom they ought to associate with. Popular opinion is a very powerful deterrent agent, and such is certainly required to keep society in good order.

Violet. Dear old Socrates! You do not always respect Mrs. Grundy though yourself. You shocked her terribly the other evening when you went out after dark to sit up with poor old Mrs. Jarvis, to say nothing of the time when you walked down the High Street in the middle of the afternoon with those two dirty little tramps by the hand. I shall never forget the faces of the Boytons and Mr. Dunlop!

Mary. In both those instances it was quite unavoidable. I could not let Mrs. Jarvis die, and those children lose their chance of leaving their drunken old father for a comfortable home, for the sake of appearances.

Violet. Mrs. Grundy, then, must not be allowed to interfere with an act of real kindness for others.

Mary. Certainly not; that is an instance where *Vox Populi* and *Vox Dei* differ, and in such cases there is no question which is the one to be followed. I think Gertrude behaved not only rightly, but nobly, when she had poor Edith Blackwell to stay with her, though everybody talked about it so, and some people actually cut her.

Violet. Yes. Now we are talking the matter over seriously, I suppose it comes to this. In any case of real importance, especially if

it be one of right and wrong, we must not mind what people may say about us, but where only one's own pleasure is concerned (with an air of resignation) we ought to regard conventionalities for the sake of others, and also from self-respect.

Mary. It seems so to me; but of course it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line; so much depends upon a person's circumstances, that after all each can only decide what Mrs. Grundy's claims upon him are for himself.

WANDERING JEW.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Fumaria, Sagina, Moenchia, the subject for April, brought about half our members into the field. In the exercises it is a consolation to have to report that quality in some measure compensates for quantity. But it is rather disheartening to find so many, month after month, continuing inert. The May subject—certain families of the *Leguminosae*—must surely be sufficiently tempting to attract the least enthusiastic student of botany. The packets that have already come to hand are, indeed, very promising. Will members take notice that it is always allowable to introduce specimens of any allied families in addition to those assigned to the month, provided that they have not been previously given as subjects.

VERTUMNUS.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

The history of the conquest of Ireland under Henry II.
Tell the story of Evangeline.

Notices to Correspondents.

May 22nd, 1882.

MADAM,—Your last number gave a short account of an occasional outing given by a lady to some old women from a neighbouring country workhouse.

You would be doing a great kindness to many poor old creatures if you would very briefly draw attention to the fact that the London workhouses contain many old women to whom it would be very easy to show the same sort of friendly attention. Many of the permanent inmates have outlived, or have out-wearied, all their friends; they feel their lives are failures, and they fear others think so too; they simply remain in the workhouse waiting for the end.

They may go out on Sundays at times if they please, but nobody cares to receive their visits, and it is mournful to see them moping aimlessly about the streets and gardens. Perhaps some of your London readers might not object to invite four or five to come to their house for an hour on a Sunday afternoon. They are easily entertained; a little tea and cake and a kind welcome fully content them. If any one can sing, so much the better. The master of any workhouse would gladly deliver any lady's invitation, and would select, if asked, the well-behaved and utterly friendless. The poor old souls go away partially reconciled to the human race and talk and think of the feast for weeks.

Yours faithfully,

A LONDON GUARDIAN.

Saccharissa will be very grateful to any one who will kindly write out for her Porson's *Sonnet on Nonsense*. She also would like to know the remaining lines of the short poem by N. P. Willis, beginning—

'The perfect world that Adam trod
Was the first temple built by God.'

Haya.—*Key Notes of the First Lessons* is out of print. The S.P.C.K. did not think it worth while to have it adapted to the new lectionary.

S.P.P.C.—It seems to me that I have always heard the lid of a book spoken of as 'the lid of that book is loose,' certainly by educated people in the south of England as meaning what the Scots call boards, not the whole binding, but the sides, which shut like the top of a box. I should call the whole cover the binding.

Declined with thanks 'Sunday Evening Thoughts.'

In Memoriam, 5*l.*; a Friend and an anonymous donation, both 5*s.*; for the school at Tamatave, are acknowledged with thanks.

Perseverando informs *Meta* that 'Billy's Rose' is to be found in a book called the *Dagonet Ballads*, by G. R. Sims, and which are principally taken from the *Referee*. The book is published by John P. Fuller, Wine Office Court, London, E.C.

Cedar thinks that the accompanying is a copy of the poem for which *S. D.* asks, by the Rev. Charles Wolfe. It is not on the decease of his wife, but is his conception of the words that are appropriate to the Irish air 'Gramachree.' He was asked whether he had any real incident in view, or had witnessed any immediate occurrence which might have prompted these lines. His reply was 'He had not; but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words.'

I.

'If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should smile no more!

II.

'And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

III.

'If thou would stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

IV.

'I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee :
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore !'

Ams would be grateful to any reader of the *Monthly Packet* who would supply her with the poem, of which the following verses form a part ; also with the name of the author :—

'But none of the ransomed ever knew,
 How deep were the waters crossed ;
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro'
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless and ready to die.
 'And all thro' the mountains thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of Heaven,
 "Rejoice ! I have found My sheep !"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."'

Ams.—The poem is in Moody and Sankey's collection of hymns. It was written by a lady now deceased, and copies were handed about among her friends, and thus one seems to have come in the collection. We have no copy of the poem, but no doubt some correspondent can kindly supply it.

MADAM,—We are desirous of enlisting the sympathy of your readers in our efforts to obtain funds in order to be able to open a class-room and a club-room of our own for the Lambeth Branch, G.F.S. A branch, including the three parishes of S. Mary, All Saints, and Trinity, has just been started. Our appeal for help in teaching has been most generously answered by eleven ladies ; but, for want of proper accommodation we cannot freely invite members to join. The room we occupy is in a coffee tavern, and the access to it is through the public bar. We are doing our best to interest the employers of labour in Lambeth, but inasmuch as there are no resident gentlefolks, we turn to the West End, and to your readers, to help on the good work among their Lambeth sisters.

Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Miss Grey, 1, The Grove, South Lambeth Road, and by Mrs. Simmonds, 132, York Road, Lambeth.

I am, yours faithfully,

F. J. SIMMONDS,

Branch Secretary, G.F.S., Lambeth Branch.

AN INCIDENT IN WORKHOUSE LIFE.

IN the workhouse at Devonport, in 1873, a sparrow came down the chimney into the old women's ward ; it was conjectured that her nest, made under the eave of the house, had been by an accident destroyed. There was the bird—small, strange pauper. Mrs. (or may be Mr.) Sparrow was made welcome, and seems to have set to work at once, and made a nest on the shoulder of one of the old women. She, poor creature, could not move in her bed, but, being able to read, was

looked up to as the head of the ward. She had been there nearly twenty years, suffering from rheumatic gout. The bird's instinct led her, or rather she was guided by a higher power, to this inmate instead of either of the others in the room. As the sparrow evidently intended to remain in such comfortable quarters, one of the nurses made a cardboard nest, lined it with flannel, and, about the time birds go to their nests, this manufactured one was put on the old woman's neck, where she could lay her head to keep the bird warm; and, if the nurse omitted putting the bed in its place at the proper time, the sparrow would go and peck her ear, thereby reminding her of one of her daily, though self-imposed duties. Did one of the old women in the ward die, the sparrow would fly round the room and perch on each bed in turn, trying to comfort them, they thought. When strangers visited the old people the bird would fly out at the window, not returning until they had left. This was evidently a shy sparrow. In 1880 we were taken to see this feathered inmate of the workhouse, and, to all appearance, the bird was as happy as a bird could be.

Communications concerning the Lending Library to be addressed to the *Rebecca Hussey Book Charity, John M'Clabon, Esq., 21, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.*

A FLOWER SERVICE IN THE NEW FOREST.

VERY pleasant is the New Forest in the spring-time of the year. Thither I turned my steps in April to spend Easter. The meadows were as green and full of fresh flowers as Dante's vision which he gives us of the earthly paradise with the 'dense and living green forest' around them.

Stately golden ring-cups, faint-scented daffodils, wood anemones, violets, and primroses, making the air one fragrance, were all to be found there, and rising over them were the pear-trees, blackthorn and service-trees, with their pure white blossoms. The old trees of the forest only showed glimpses of their summer glory, the chestnuts were in great bursting buds, the beeches red with young growth, like the sky at sun-setting.

There is a little hamlet here, just out of the beaten tracks of the tourist and pleasure-seeker, nestling among the glades, with a simple population of bracken-burners and forest labourers, a race akin to the gipsies, with dark black eyes and hair, and rich brown complexions and rosy cheeks; wandering rarely from the old haunts of their forefathers, handing down the old names, and intermarrying the one with the other. Still they observe the old English customs of May-day and mummers; not a few are poachers and deer-stealers; some enjoy forest rights and privileges and hand down forest traditions. In their midst is the little country church, standing on higher ground, with a view such as makes one dream long day-dreams, of swelling forest for miles and miles on every side, unbroken save by the blue misty horizon. Pretty was the small churchyard at Easter-tide, with nearly every grave adorned with white flowers; and pretty, too, the church itself, though decorated with no rare, costly hot-house plants, but merely with simple wild-flowers, for you can count the rich there by ones and twos only. But the service which I wish to write a few words about was on Easter Tuesday, the first flower-service for children which has

ever been held there. The children for days before had been in a great state of excitement longing for the morning to come, and busy in getting as many wild or cottage garden-flowers as they could, and arranging them as prettily as possible. The daily morning service was earlier than usual that day, in order that the flowers might be sent off by the mid-day train and get to London in good time, so that they might be unpacked and distributed to the sick and poor that very day—the sick and poor of S. Alphege, Southwark—one of the most squalid and wretched parts of London.

Before nine o'clock the children came pouring in, and quite filled all the front part of the church, holding their nosegays, or large country baskets of flowers, in their hands. A shortened form of service was used, and one lesson, that from the Song of Solomon, which tells of the winter past and the flowers appearing, and the voice of the turtle and the tender green putting forth. Then the vicar, going up to the altar, spoke a few simple words, explaining to them how their flowers were offerings of love to the All Father who made both the flowers and them, and telling them where they were going to be sent—to wretched courts and dingy alleys, with little children like themselves living there who had never seen a green meadow, and but rarely a wild-flower, and how glad they would make their hearts and how smiling their faces. And then he told them to come up quietly and reverently to the altar steps, beginning with the choir-boys, and lay their flowers down there. It was a touching and pathetic sight to watch them—some so small that they could hardly climb the chancel steps—laying down their fair offerings, till the steps were hidden with them; coming back with such glad and smiling faces—many with a wondering look as if they did but half understand it all. After the blessing they came down the aisle hand-in-hand with their healthy, rosy faces and strong limbs and happy looks, and I could but think sadly and reverently of the poor little wan faces of the children to whom their flowers were going, and the sunless, dirty courts, their homes—children with souls tender as any floweret, and spirits pure as the wild anemone, to grow up how?—what? And I remembered to have seen them running after the sisters or visitors, if they saw flowers of any kind in their hands, begging for just one. They were offerings of the poor to the poor, not, as in our London churches, children of rich parents presenting dainty baskets with rarest hot-house treasures, but poor to poor—simple meadow nosegays sparkling with God's dew, and telling of His love for all that is simple, tender, loving, childlike, and pure. We packed two large hampers full, so many flowers had the children gathered; primroses, daisies, anemones, celandines, wild hyacinth, blackthorn, ring-cups, cuckoo flowers, and many others, and we heard that when they were unpacked they were still moist and perfectly fresh. The children longed to know how the flowers were liked, and were gladdened by being told that this was to be the first of a yearly Easter flower service to which the poor London children might look forward.

The Mission of S. Alphege is stretching its nets far and wide, even down to the quiet haunts of the New Forest, and the simple flower service there was poetry of the deepest kind to those who had eyes to see and hearts to love and ponder.

M. E. H.

The Monthly Packet.

AUGUST, 1882.

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER IV.

IN EASTMARSH.

'Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes.'
—R. CRASHAW.

MORE than three months went by before Alding Rectory was ready for its new inmates. When they settled themselves there the people at the Place were already gone to town, so that Tom and his mother made all their arrangements, and became acquainted with their people, without the help and advice of Miss Ethelston. She and Mrs. Landor had not met. They had called on each other in London, but both were out. Then, at Herbert's wish, and moved by a certain faint curiosity of her own, Miss Ethelston asked Mrs. Landor and her son to dine with them. But the invitation was declined, for they were going down to Alding on that very day. Miss Ethelston, who went a great deal into society, more for her sister's sake than her own, did not trouble herself any more about the Rector's mother; a good sort of woman no doubt, but hardly in their set. There would be plenty of time to be civil to her when they went home in the summer.

Meanwhile Herbert ran down every now and then to look after his farms, and generally called at the Rectory. Mrs. Landor treated him with the same good-nature that she would have shown to any other young man, Tom's friend, but without the slightest shade of deference. His presence seemed to affect her in no way at all. This was such an odd experience to a man accustomed to be worshipped and considered, that Herbert felt rather angry with Mrs. Landor. He did not understand what she meant by it. She could not have taken less notice of a tax-collector, and she was much more attentive to the

old farmer, Tom's churchwarden, who hobbled in one afternoon when the squire was there. Herbert kept his feelings to himself, however; perhaps he was ashamed to complain, even to his sisters. He only told them that Mrs. Landor was a rather handsome woman, with no particular manners.

In the end of May, Mrs. Lydiard brought her girls back from the south of France, and began to live in the little house with the jutting windows, half way down Eastmarsh street. It was one of those old-fashioned towns that one finds in the east of England. Its chief street ran along a ridge; there were the largest church, and the town-hall, and all the best shops. Then another very steep street went winding down, part of it with good houses on one side, and gardens on the other, till it reached the broad stone bridge over the tidal river, where there were boat-building yards and a smell of tar and wood, and another smell too when the wind was in the east. Then, blowing up from the marshes, from the salt-water reaches, from the open sea ten or twelve miles away, there came the fresh salt breath of life and strength, as sweet as an Atlantic breeze, though its cradle was the muddy German Ocean.

Mrs. Bell's house, splendid in new red brick and stone facings, stood more than a mile from the town, on a ridge of high ground that ran nearly parallel with the town ridge. Between them were the railway and the river, the station being on Mrs. Bell's side of the bridge. Thus every day, for she was fond of shopping, her horses had to go down one steep hill and up another, before she could buy so much as a yard of ribbon; and this was her daily trial, for she never drove into Eastmarsh without expecting an accident. She had another attraction there, now that Mrs. Lydiard had taken the house she recommended. Being really a hospitable woman, she had been anxious that Conny and her relations should come and live with her at the Villa, but they had all preferred a freer life, though in much smaller rooms. Mrs. Lydiard, whose strong point was her liveliness, had even doubted whether it would be possible to live in such a dull neighbourhood at all; but then Mrs. Bell was so rich and so friendly, that her favourite nephew was an excellent match for Conny. As for Hetty Stewart, her aunt and cousin agreed together that her prospects were much too brilliant to be thrown away. They said nothing to Hetty herself, who was sensitive on these points, but they knew that she was anxious to get back to England, and their last misgivings vanished one lovely day in June.

Mrs. Lydiard, with good taste and clever fingers, had done wonders with the hired furniture. It was all hidden in loose covers of pretty pale cretonne. There was a tablecloth of a quiet Turkish pattern, with new books and flowers on it. All the ugly ornaments had disappeared, and had been replaced by artistic gimcracks from abroad. A row of ferns stood in the fireplace, and a scarlet creeper was trained

up a wicker screen behind them. The odd little oriel windows of the drawing-room and dining-room, of which one was over the other, overflowed with flowers; long green tendrils went trailing down the red brick wall outside.

Hetty was standing at the open drawing-room window in the evening, looking out at a sunset which turned all the sky to rose and gold, and thinking that this was almost as lovely as the skies of the south. She leaned out over the flowers, dressed in white, with that rose glow upon her face, and thought how long it was since a wet afternoon in November when one of her friends had hoped she would not be spoilt by going abroad. It seemed long ago, and yet yesterday. The soft, cheerful winter by that blue sea had passed like a dream of sunshine and nightingales, though its calm days had been long enough sometimes as they went by. Hetty liked better, after all, to look out on the hilly street of Eastmarsh, with Alding Place not three miles away. She wondered when Miss Ethelston would come back, and hoped she would not find her altered. Then suddenly a dog-cart came dashing up the hill, and the young man who was driving it caught sight of the girl behind her flowers. He took off his hat and pulled up by the uneven pavement. Hetty watched him from the window with rising colour and a delighted smile; certainly no one so handsome as Herbert Ethelston had crossed her path abroad. Mrs. Lydiard popped into the room; a little black-eyed woman, full of energy.

‘Why, Hetty, did you know they were come back?’

Hetty shook her head. Herbert’s coming up stairs was a moment of great excitement. Mrs. Lydiard really felt, as he entered the room, that she ought to have taken a larger house. All ordinary doors must be too low for him, and none of the chairs seemed at all adapted to his length of limb.

‘You have left town very early, Mr. Ethelston!’ said Mrs. Lydiard, as the two young people, having shaken hands gravely, sat down at some distance from each other.

‘Well, we are not exactly come yet,’ said Herbert, and then he looked at Hetty. ‘I was fairly astonished to see you looking out of the window. I didn’t know you were settled here already. You have no idea what the effect was—the flowers, and you all in white—I thought it was a vision.’

‘No—I am not a ghost yet,’ said Hetty, smiling.

‘Well, a vision is nicer than a ghost,’ said Mr. Ethelston. ‘I have just come down, and the others are coming to-morrow. It is so hot, you see, in Grosvenor Square, and my sister can’t stand the heat. We often come down as soon as this. You must be very glad to be back in England.’

‘For some things,’ said Hetty. ‘But we have had a most lovely winter.’

'Hot weather, I suppose, all the time. I don't care for that. I like frost and snow in their right place.'

'You are a thorough Englishman,' said Mrs. Lydiard, laughing.

Herbert looked at her for a moment; he did not much like Mrs. Lydiard.

'After all,' he said, 'that is no reproach. Where would England be if one was not? I hope *you* have not come back liking France better than England?' turning again to Hetty.

'No,' she said. 'I don't think I have.'

Constance Lydiard now came in, quite ready to renew her acquaintance with the handsome squire, whom she admired, though she laughed at his size and importance. He remembered to inquire for Captain Bell, whose absence did not seem to affect Conny's spirits at all. There was a certain amount of dulness and commonplace in the talk, perhaps, though Conny and her mother did their best. Hetty found herself, she hardly knew why, a little uncomfortable, and was more silent than usual. Herbert was not a very sympathetic visitor. He evidently did not care in the least to hear any of their adventures; he was not posted up in the gossip of his own neighbourhood; he talked about a cricket-match, and about some improvements that he meant to make at Alding Place.

'We shall have a garden party before long,' he said. 'I hope you will come to it, Mrs. Lydiard, if you care for such things. This is not such a bad neighbourhood in summer, do you know. There's our archery affair—but that is not till August. I shall send you an invitation to that, so don't accept one from anybody else. It's rather jolly, if it doesn't rain. We have a good club, you know. We shoot all day, and dance in the evening.'

'The girls don't shoot, unfortunately,' said Mrs. Lydiard.

'Oh, well, it is quite as amusing if you don't. Some people think it a bore to shoot. I like it rather.'

'Mrs. Bell said you generally won the first prize,' said Constance. 'So of course you like it.'

'Mrs. Bell is very kind—not quite that,' said Herbert. 'And the other thing doesn't follow, Miss Lydiard, I'm sorry to say. When you have taken the first prize once, you cease to care for it. You only shoot for something to do.'

'It must be very sad to be so *blasé*. You only care for a thing before you have got it—really, Mr. Ethelston!' said Conny, making an odd little face.

'Miss Stewart understands me,' said Herbert. 'I was talking of an archery prize, don't you know.'

When he was gone, Conny looked at her mother and laughed. Hetty had returned to her place at the window, and was gazing out dreamily at the fading sky.

'Making yourself a vision again, Hetty dear?' said Mrs. Lydiard. 'That will be your pet place in future, I suppose.'

Hetty turned away from the window, blushing and smiling.

'Come and kiss me,' said her aunt. 'Our summer at Eastmarsh won't be a dull one, I think, if he can make it lively. Now, Conny, don't be ill-natured. Every one can't chatter, like you and somebody else.'

'It's a bad arrangement,' said Conny, shaking her head.

'Nonsense. Hetty can talk fast enough, and very sweetly too. She sha'n't tease you, my dear.'

'I don't know what there is to tease me about,' said Hetty.

'Nothing, to be sure,' said Mrs. Lydiard. 'But I must say that if Mr. Ethelston comes here much, my rooms will be most alarmingly small.'

'Never mind. Every one can't be expected to live in marble halls,' said her daughter. 'And it is a comfort to remember that if people visit a little house like this, it must be because they like it. That is the right thing, isn't it, Hetty? To be valued for one's self.'

She left the room, but Hetty remained, standing thoughtfully still. Her aunt sat down and looked at her. She had a certain affection for her, though she thought her the oddest, and in some things the silliest, of girls. Here she was twenty-one years old, for she had come of age in the winter. Since she was seventeen, and had begun to go about to watering-places with her aunt and cousin, she had had plenty of admiration; but when this approached anything serious, she had always made her admirers understand her indifference to them. Mrs. Lydiard was beginning to be really angry with Hetty, when Constance's engagement restored her to content and good humour; and now she felt a good deal of respect for the girl who had waited apparently to such good purpose. Perhaps Hetty did not respect her aunt much. But her home affections were very strong and faithful, and she was fond of her, fonder than of Conny, though she would not for the world have let 'poor dear little Conny' know that. It was possible to speak in earnest to Mrs. Lydiard, and to have her best attention in return. Hetty rather wanted to say something now, but her aunt saved her the trouble of beginning.

'Well, Hetty, why do you look so grave? Not satisfied, you unreasonable girl? What can you want more?'

'Why do you say that, Aunt Eva?' said Hetty, rather impatiently. 'There is no real reason for it.'

'Oh, none at all, dear, of course,' said Mrs. Lydiard. 'If I were asked for my real opinion, I should say that Mr. Ethelston disliked your society.'

'No, I'm in earnest. I don't want to joke about it. He likes me, I know—but—I can't think what makes you say these things. Look at the difference—look at some people—Charley Bell, for instance.'

'Oh—dear Charley—' said Mrs. Lydiard, smiling. 'But who would dream of comparing the two! Never were two men more entirely

different. Charley, so enthusiastic and demonstrative, falling in love on the spot, without stopping to think of prudence or anything else. I'm very fond of him. But I admire Mr. Ethelston immensely, and so must every one. He is a sort of person to be proud of, a grand specimen, you know. Admiration from him is a tremendous compliment to you and your quiet ways, Hetty.'

Mrs. Lydiard was going on to say that Mr. Ethelston would never do anything foolish; he had all his wits about him, and was not likely to be carried away by romance; but she checked herself, perhaps thinking that these truths would not add to Hetty's satisfaction.

'But I wish you and Conny would not say any more about it,' said Hetty, ungratefully. 'I have been wanting to tell you that, Aunt Eva. Please don't give any more hints; they only make me uncomfortable, and inclined to dislike him.'

'Very well, dear. I would follow up that feeling, if I were you,' said Mrs. Lydiard. 'Some classical person says it is best to begin with a little aversion.'

Hetty turned away with an impatient movement, and forgetful of visions, went back to her place by the window. Mrs. Lydiard watched her for a minute or two, and then went softly up and laid her hand on her shoulder.

'I'm sorry, Hetty,' she said. 'Your odd way of putting things is such a temptation—one's tongue runs away with one. Of course neither Conny nor I would say a word to vex you.'

Mrs. Lydiard, without any real understanding of Hetty, knew exactly what to expect from her. The girl's anger was gone in a moment; she turned to her aunt and kissed her with a smile.

'I was silly,' she said. 'I might have known you were only joking.'

It seemed as if the master of Alding Place had been more influenced by that visit of his than any one would have imagined. His sisters came home the next day, and in the evening Margaret was sitting at one of the drawing-room windows alone.

These quiet days at the end of June, before other people thought of leaving town, were to her among the pleasantest of the year. She was tired, though she would not confess it. Neither Herbert nor Gertrude knew how really weak she was, or with what weary exhaustion and longing for fresh air and stillness she left London every year.

The first evening was always especially happy; it was generally cloudless, like this one. She knew where the roses were blooming, though she did not go out to see them. She sat at the window and let her eyes wander down into the depths of the park, where the long shadows lay, and the trees stood up against the deep glowing sky in the same old form and line. This evening Herbert sauntered along the terrace, and sat down at her feet on the stone step of the

window. Margaret brought her eyes back from the profile of the park, and admired his instead.

'Do you know that Mrs. Lydiard is living in Eastmarsh?' he said in a low voice.

'Yes, I had heard it,' replied his sister.

'I was driving up the hill yesterday evening, and I saw Miss Stewart looking out of the window. So I went in to see them.'

'Is it a nice house?' asked Miss Ethelston, after a pause.

'Not at all; no. A little three-cornered sort of hole. Can't think how they manage to fit into it. Don't you think they are very disagreeable, though?—Mrs. and Miss Lydiard?'

'Why, no, Herbert, I never found them so. They are harmless, and I really think Mrs. Lydiard has done her duty by the girls. Is Miss Stewart altered at all?'

'No; not in the least. When I say that, though, I mean that she is immensely improved—or would be, if there had been room for improvement, which there was not.'

Miss Ethelston smiled, looking interested.

'You can say that, after all the girls you have seen lately?'

'Not one of them is better styled than Henrietta Stewart,' he said, lingering a little on the name, as if it were a pleasure to pronounce it. 'I wonder how she can live with her aunt and cousin, and be so unlike them. They are always trying to catch one up, and bother one with sharp speeches. She is always gentle and like a lady. There are very few girls like her.'

'I thought so, in the autumn,' said Margaret. 'I am glad you agree with me. Still, Herbert, take care.'

'That is just what I mean to do,' he said. 'You and I understand each other about that, and we shall not easily be taken in. It's profanation, though, to suggest such a thing, when we are talking about *her*.'

'Perhaps so; but still, I hope you will be very sure of yourself.'

'You need not be afraid. Now look here—I want you to make a great deal more acquaintance with her. For instance, couldn't you go to Eastmarsh to-morrow and take her out for a drive? She must be stifled in that house.'

Miss Ethelston was tired, and had been thinking over many things that must be done to-morrow. But one secret of her influence with Herbert was; that she always entered into his plans and helped him to carry them out, silently and invariably putting his affairs before her own. This devotion had lasted since she was twenty, and he ten years old. The result was that she bore complete rule over everything at Alding, its master included. Nothing could be done without her help and advice, which really meant her permission.

So she said without a moment's hesitation—

'Certainly. I ought to call at the Rectory to-morrow. But Miss Stewart would not mind going there with me.'

'Oh no,' said Herbert, 'she'll help you to confront Mrs. Landor. And I should like to know what you both think of the alterations there.'

'At present I don't like to think of them at all.'

CHAPTER V.

MRS. LANDOR.

'—Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools ;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fix'd principles with fancy ever new ;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.'

—POPE.

If Gertrude Ethelston's interest in her old home was not so sentimental as her sister's, it was more practical. They both took an equal interest in Herbert's plans and improvements, but it was Gertrude who marched about with him over the farms, inspected the crops and the stock and the buildings, scolded the people, and stood by her brother on all outside occasions. If Margaret was the ruling head, she was the active right hand of the household. Herbert and she walked and rode and shot and played tennis together. When I talk of shooting, I mean archery, for though Gertrude might be very capable of firing a gun, a Miss Ethelston was sure to avoid any such unfeminine sports as shooting or hunting. Even if she had wished it, her brother could never have permitted such a thing.

So Gertrude and Herbert had plenty to do at home that summer afternoon, and Margaret alone got into the low basket carriage with the pair of ponies, and drove away to Eastmarsh. She was the very picture of a lady in the country, with her light summer dress, and her large hat with the pale refined face under it. It was a still, cloudless day ; she drove along under the shade of the great branching trees that bordered the road. Under the hot blue sky the birds were almost silent, but there was a noise of insects in the air, and gaily-coloured moths flitted here and there, lighting on the tops of the hedges, where the long trailing sprays of wild roses flung themselves abroad, and then floating away in the sunlight over the broad green fields of corn. In some of the upland fields there was a lovely sight to ordinary eyes, though hardly so to those of a farmer—a blaze of scarlet poppies, flowering all together like a garden. Near Alding Church the air was full of the delicate scent of lime-blossom.

The ponies trotted merrily on till their mistress stopped them on Eastmarsh hill, before the little house with the steps and the flowery

windows. Mrs. and Miss Lydiard were out, but Miss Stewart was at home. Her visitor waited for her a minute or two in the drawing-room, looking round with a tinge of sadness; it seemed about the size of the Alding Place billiard-table. Then Henrietta came in, and the room was forgotten. Herbert was right; she *was* improved, though it was impossible to say how. Perhaps it was something in her dress, in the arrangement of her hair. Miss Ethelston did not know what it was, but she held both the girl's hands, and looked into her face with eyes which expressed admiration. Hetty looked up at her with something like enthusiasm. She was enthusiastic in those days, poor dear, and gave herself heart and soul to her friends.

'I am very glad to see you again,' said Margaret, with gentle emphasis; and then she bent her head a little, drawing Hetty closer, and kissed her on the forehead.

It was the first time that she had done this, and Hetty felt the honour as it was meant: Miss Ethelston accepted her. Thinking of this, she blushed deeply, and Margaret changed colour a little too, but she did not feel inclined to draw back. She told Hetty why she had come, and asked as a favour that she would take a little drive with her.

'I shall be most delighted,' Hetty said. 'My aunt and Conny are gone to see Mrs. Bell. I had a letter to write, so I stayed at home. I'm so glad I did.'

'So am I,' said Margaret, 'but I must not interfere with the letter.'

'Oh, it is done long ago,' said Hetty, joyfully.

'Then will you put on your hat at once, and we can talk as we drive along.'

Hetty was in a sort of vague dream of happiness: the deep content in her eyes was wonderful to Margaret, who found a strange attraction in it. This girl in her trustfulness, and her faith in the happiness of life, seemed to appeal to all that was best in other natures. To her, life ran on smoothly, like the little carriage in which she sat beside its gentle driver.

Down the hill they went, across the bridge, where the black masts of the fishing boats stood up against the sky. Then the road ran along a broad flat causeway, with deep ditches on each side, and flat marshy-looking meadows lying level with the river. A long line of pollard willows marked its course here; for half a mile the country might have been Holland. But then came trees and rising ground; a steep hill to the right, from which the Villa and other houses looked down upon the plain; the pretty civilised road, with its pathway and bordering corn-fields, that led on towards Alding.

'I want to call at the Rectory,' said Margaret Ethelston, as they approached it. 'You won't mind going with me? Do you know Mrs. Landon?'

Hetty said she did not.

'You saw her son, I think? You were at Alding one day last autumn, when he came to see us for the first time.'

'Yes—and he was in the carriage the next day, when Mr. Ethelston stopped to speak to us,' said Hetty. 'But I hardly remember him.'

'I dare say you can understand how trying it is to have strangers at the Rectory. Mr. Vernon had been there since we were children, and everything had gone on so peacefully. We don't know what changes there may be now.'

'Do you think you will like Mrs. Landor?' asked Hetty, struck by the hopeless tone in Margaret's voice.

'I cannot really say. There are several great drawbacks. She is half foreign, and you know my dislike to anything of that kind. Herbert has seen her several times lately, and he seems to think she has a want of manner which is rather curious. But it is a very bad habit to judge people before one sees them, so I won't say any more. We will compare our impressions afterwards.'

Hetty did not feel inclined to trouble herself much about Mrs. Landor. But she tried to reassure her friend by saying that foreign people generally had good manners.

'French politeness is not what I call good manners,' said Miss Ethelston. 'But as far as I can understand, Mrs. Landor has no manners of any kind.'

A minute afterwards they turned in at the Rectory gate, to pay their visit to this uncivilised woman.

'They have been cutting the shrubs,' said Margaret, resignedly, as they drove round to the door.

The house which Tom had rejoiced in, that flowerless autumn day, wore a very different aspect now. There was not a weed on the gravel; the borders all about were bright with a wonderful mixture of flowers. The front of the house itself was almost covered with a pale yellow rose, large, and hanging in clusters, while a purple clematis climbed up to meet it, veiling one or two windows, on one side, and jessamine clustered on the other. The bright-leaved myrtles were full of little hard buds. The rose hung down over the porch, long wild sprays running and twisting as they chose. Further off there were other roses in bloom, and a row of tall white lilies, and beyond them the green smooth lawn spread away evenly in the shade of the great trees.

In the porch the mistress of the house was standing, tying up a branch heavy with blossoms to a wire twisted round the pillar. She had evidently been working in the garden. Her gown had earthy marks upon it, her long tan gloves were the worse for wear, and her cheeks were slightly sunburnt, in spite of her shady hat. When the ponies' heads appeared round the evergreens, she gave them one glance and went on with her work, which was finished just as they drew up

at the door. Then she pulled off her gloves, hung them on a twig, and came forward gravely, with a slight bow to Miss Ethelston.

Now Margaret, with all her prejudices, was a woman of correct instincts, and she knew at that moment that her treatment of Mrs. Landor had been all wrong from the beginning. She also knew that Herbert had given her a totally wrong impression. These facts did not make her any more inclined to like Mrs. Landor, and as the past could not be retrieved, she began to forget them as soon as she could, or rather to bury them under a new set of prejudices. There was no stiffness in Mrs. Landor's manner; it was perfectly natural, and yet with its dignity was mingled a faint shade of haughtiness. Margaret introduced herself and Hetty Stewart very gracefully, and they got out of the carriage.

'There are chairs on the lawn; shall we go and sit there?' said Mrs. Landor. 'I must have one more, though.'

She turned back into the hall and took up a light garden-chair that was standing there. Miss Ethelston and Hetty waited for her at the entrance of the porch, and when she joined them, Hetty offered to carry the chair. Mrs. Landor looked at her with a sudden softening of her blue eyes and a charming smile.

'Oh no, thank you,' she said.

They walked across the lawn, past the lilies and roses, towards the oak-tree under which the chairs were standing. Miss Ethelston lingered to admire the flowers, her old friends, which seemed to blossom this summer with a new glory.

'The house and garden are equally delightful,' said Mrs. Landor. 'I never lived in a place I liked so much. I suppose you know it very well.'

'Better than any, except our own,' said Margaret. 'You don't seem to have altered the garden at all.'

'No. Alterations are not always improvements, are they? I'll show you the house presently, if you like. My son has a good many books, so that you will hardly miss Mr. Vernon's library. But, of course, I can't expect you to like it as well as you did when he was here. He must have been a very charming old man.'

The ready tears were in Margaret's eyes as she replied to this; nothing more was needed to make her talk for some time of Mr. Vernon. Mrs. Landor listened with what seemed to Hetty, who was watching her, the oddest mixture of interest and indifference. She looked indifferent enough, but when she spoke, her voice was full of feeling. Presently, when there was a little pause in Margaret's talk, she turned to Hetty and began asking her about the south of France. It was very pleasant to meet with any one who knew it well, and could be enthusiastic about it.

'Ah, dear Cannes!' said Mrs. Landor, 'what colouring it is! I should like to end my days there, if there was not so much to keep one

in England. I do think it is delightful, the life one can lead abroad if one chooses. I'm trying to keep it up a little—hours, for instance. We never have breakfast till eleven.'

'Does that answer in England?' said Hetty; and she could not help glancing at Margaret Ethelston, to see the effect of this information on her.

She was gazing at Mrs. Landor with an air of grave astonishment.

'Eleven!' she murmured, half to herself.

'Does it shock you?' said Mrs. Landor. 'I know many people can't understand it. But in a French house, don't you know the freedom it gives one?'

'I have never been abroad,' said Margaret. 'Isn't it very demoralising to an English household?'

'Not a bit of it. You get up as early as you please, have your cup of coffee, attend to your business till eleven, and then have a delightful long day, without that tiresome break at one o'clock. Dinner at six: two meals instead of three. I find it a first-rate institution.'

'Surely it must interfere with Mr. Landor's work?'

'On the contrary, he is the person who likes it best. It gives him two or three extra working hours in the day.'

'And your servants accommodate themselves to it?'

'Perfectly well.'

While they sat and talked there under the trees, Hetty's eyes and ears had been alive to all the ways of the place. She could not help being struck by its cheerfulness, and the sunshine and the flowers had not the whole merit of that. Many noises of life came over from the garden and the yard; they seemed to be stocked with cocks and hens and children, such a crowing and cackling and laughing found its way to the lawn.

'What a noise those children make!' said Mrs. Landor. 'Will you come and look at them, Miss Ethelston? I dare say you know them very well.'

'Who are they?' said Margaret.

'Those little Danes, whose mother died in the winter. And now their eldest sister is dying, poor girl. So I have them here in the garden after school, and on Saturdays. They are dear little things, though they do laugh as if they had no hearts. It is a lucky thing for them, perhaps, that grief should be a passing shadow. One little boy is charming. I should like to adopt him, only it is not so easy to take a child out of one's own village.'

'But are you aware,' said Miss Ethelston, looking at her, 'that all the Danes are poachers? They are hardly a family to be patronised, I'm afraid.'

'Patronise! Oh no, I should not think of doing that,' said Mrs. Landor. 'Harry Dane may be a poacher—I hope he isn't—I really

don't know. He told me he was night-watchman at the Eastmarsh factory.'

'I am afraid he spends a good many nights in watching my brother's covers,' said Margaret. 'There is a clan of them. Their father was quite a terrible poacher, and was in prison several times. That Harry you speak of is the eldest son; a man between forty and fifty now, I dare say. A very disrespectful man, and without any sort of right feeling. It really does not answer to believe these people's account of themselves.'

Margaret spoke very earnestly, with heightened colour.

'I have not, myself, found anything to dislike in Harry Dane,' replied Mrs. Landor. 'He is very fond of his poor daughter, and very anxious about her; in his spare time he nurses her as tenderly as a woman. However, no doubt a man's being a poacher need not blunt his natural affections. He has a roughish manner, but not at all unfriendly. He probably knows that you disapprove of him, Miss Ethelston, and you may mistake his awkwardness for disrespect. I should not have said that he was at all beyond being touched by kindness.'

'Possibly not,' said Miss Ethelston. 'But if you consider the disloyalty of character that makes a poacher, the communist doctrine, the rebellion against law and order, the spirit of disobedience, as well as dishonesty, you will see how it is that he comes to be looked upon as a hopeless person. His whole life is that of a man risen up against his master.'

'All that may be very true,' said Mrs. Landor. 'Still there are certain excuses for poachers—I've always thought so. There is the love of sport and adventure—they have so little fun in their lives, poor fellows. Now, I'll tell you how Mr. Ethelston might cure Harry Dane at once—by making a keeper of him. Don't you remember what Kingsley says, "that a keeper is only a poacher turned outside in, and a poacher a keeper turned inside out!"'

'I cannot agree with you; the difference is something very much greater than that,' answered Miss Ethelston. 'My brother would never employ a man who had not always borne a good character.'

'That rule may act well, perhaps, in discouraging the sinners,' said Mrs. Landor. 'But it makes it useless trouble for an Alding man to repent.'

Miss Ethelston thought this such alarming nonsense that she did not trouble herself to reply. They walked round into the kitchen-garden, where three curly-headed children were busy weeding a path close to a strawberry-bed, on which they made forays now and then with shrieks of laughter.

'Don't eat all the strawberries, children,' Mrs. Landor called out to them, 'only one now and then, remember.'

'Yes, ma'am!' cried the little Danes in chorus.

Miss Ethelston did not look at the children. She gazed thoughtfully away across the garden, towards the grey old apple trees in the orchard beyond. Mrs. Landor turned to Hetty with an odd expression in her eyes, but looking perfectly grave all the time, and asked her if she was fond of children. Hetty said 'yes,' with some slight uneasiness, half afraid of being sent to talk to the little Danes in spite of Miss Ethelston.

'So am I,' said Mrs. Landor. 'And when they are poor little motherless creatures like these, one can't help loving them all the more.' She avoided the children, however, and took her visitors round by a flowery path beside a pond to the other side of the garden, where they suddenly came upon Tom Landor without his coat, lying on the grass under an apple-tree surrounded with books. He had just time to jump up and put his coat on before they reached him, but Miss Ethelston felt sorrowfully that this was hardly the guise in which she would have hoped to find her clergyman. Any sins of Tom's, however, were at present so much lighter than those of his mother, that she was very glad to meet him, even thus at his ease.

'Don't you like my study?' said Tom, shaking hands with her and Hetty in a slightly confused manner.

'You have a much nicer one in the house, I think,' said Margaret, glancing round.

'For bad weather; but I can always do my serious work best in the open air.'

'Do you mean that this is where you write your sermons?'

'I am not much given to writing them at all, but I think them out here.'

'With the help of Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Montaigne, and Matthew Arnold,' said Mrs. Landor, glancing at the heap of books.

Hetty at first thought she was joking, but looked at her, and believed she meant it.

'But really, you know,' said Tom, as he walked on with Miss Ethelston, 'this is the place to be free from interruptions. Things out here understand that one wants to be quiet; things in the house don't. Nature is so good, if one only trusts her.'

'But nature is never really still, even on a summer afternoon,' said Miss Ethelston. 'There are all sorts of noises going on, insects and birds, and animals and rustling leaves. You can shut your study door and have a real silence, if you want it.'

'Very true; but those sounds are all natural; you are in the midst of them; you take them in and they do you good, as Cowper says. But in one's study one hears a door bang, or somebody run upstairs, or a housemaid sweeping, most maddening of all. I'm glad you are come down. I have been groping my way in the parish, working half in the dark—though old Tiffen is a capital fellow; and

there were your brother's flying visits now and then. But, of course, you are the best directory. Every one refers to you.'

'Do they?' said Margaret. 'Well, I am sorry about one thing. I might have warned you to have nothing to do with the Danes—a clan of confirmed poachers. Mrs. Landor does not seem to have been aware of their character in the place.'

'I dare say she was not,' said Tom. 'But I was. Tiffen told me that Harry Dane was a poacher. I mean to cure him of it.'

'That is rather hopeless, I am afraid,' said Margaret, with a faint smile and a sigh.

'I don't see that, if you'll let me say so,' replied Tom eagerly. 'No one is really hopeless—certainly not Dane. And I've begun upon him with enormous advantages. Mr. Vernon might have found him a tough morsel, very likely. But a young man like me, and a stranger, can begin by making friends with him, without a long course of prejudice to get over on both sides. His wife died, don't you see! Here he is with these children, the eldest dying, poor girl. Fortunately my mother has taken a fancy to the children, and doesn't care what she does for them. She has sat up several nights with Annie Dane, and she has the children here as much as possible in the day. Dane is as grateful as a fellow can be. Isn't that a good beginning? By and by I shall have a talk with him. I shall be down upon the poaching, and I shall try and get him some more satisfactory work than he has now. Perhaps the Squire will help him.'

'I am sorry to say you must not expect that,' said Margaret, half carried away by the young man's enthusiasm. 'Mrs. Landor suggested it to me just now, and I told her the same. It would be against our rule to employ a man who has not always borne a good character.'

'Does that always answer? Hasn't it a tendency to make prigs of them?' said Tom. 'However, that is a great question. I shall argue it out with your brother some day. One thing is certain, that if I check Dane's poaching propensities, I must find him a good place, so as to put him beyond the reach of temptation. He is fit for anything—an active, intelligent fellow; and when the world is civil to him, he will be civil to the world.'

'I hope you are right, and will be successful,' said Margaret doubtfully. 'But I must say that Mrs. Landor could not have chosen a more unfortunate subject for her kindness.'

'In one sense of unfortunate, that is just why she did it,' said Tom. He smiled pleasantly, and the look in his eyes was almost joyous.

Miss Ethelston saw that it was no use arguing with him, no use hoping that either he or his mother would look at things in the light of common sense and experience. And yet she could not help liking the young fellow, so happy in his garden, so eager and hopeful. Absurd, of course! but Tom's note of romance, as long as it did not

lead him on to too foolish actions, found an answering note in Margaret Ethelston's mind. He was fantastic, but he had thoughts and ideas. Margaret liked thoughts, and was fond of reading books that suggested them to her; but they must be orderly and reasonable; their sentiment must be bounded by prudence. She built a high wall at a certain distance round her mind, and disported herself within it; but any glimpse of the world outside this wall filled her with grave disapproval.

Hetty followed these two with Mrs. Landor, who talked to her in the kindest, easiest way. Hetty thought her very pleasant, and quite unlike anybody she had ever met before. She was not at all repelled by her, though she half felt this to be wrong; but neither did they become great friends on this first afternoon of their acquaintance. When their wanderings brought them back to the house, they found that Tom had taken Miss Ethelston into his study; their voices came out of the window half covered with jessamine. Hetty stood a moment to wait for them in the square hall with its flowers. She thought it all pretty and homelike, especially the low rooms with the old-fashioned roomy bow-windows, half darkened from the sun; but at this time she felt no particular interest in any but large and stately houses.

Going over the old house, shown everything freely and without reserve, yet with a quietness which was a homage to her recollections and regrets, Miss Ethelston recovered herself with regard to Mrs. Landor. She said the furniture was in good taste, the colouring pretty, the rooms comfortable: these inside changes were less painful than she had expected. She might have said more, being accustomed to give her judgment on these subjects, but with all the composure of Mrs. Landor's listening face, there was a look in it that told her she had gone far enough. Rather abruptly she held out her hand to Mrs. Landor.

'Good-bye,' she said. 'Thank you for showing me so much. And—if there is anything wanted in the place, Mr. Landor knows that he must come to us.'

She was rather silent after they left the Rectory, and when she did begin to talk, driving among the lanes, she seemed to have forgotten that Hetty and she were to compare impressions; for she took Hetty finally back to Eastmarsh without mentioning Mrs. Landor's name.

But she told Herbert and Gertrude that evening that Mrs. Landor's peculiarities were greater than she had expected.

'Peculiar, is she?' said Herbert. 'I should have called her commonplace. A downright, indifferent sort of woman—that's all.'

'I should be very sorry if that sort of manner was commonplace,' said his sister. 'No, Herbert. Commonplace is ordinary and inoffensive. Mrs. Landor is—indescribable. Do you call that sort of thing

indifferent! I call it, giving one's self the airs of a duchess. And imagine her sitting up at night with that Dane girl—just to do something remarkable—or to curry popularity with the least respectable people in the parish. It is quite improper. Mr. Landor might put a stop to it—but he, poor man, has no influence at all. A weak man, I am afraid, Herbert. I am very sorry, as he is your friend.'

'Tied to his mother's apron-string, poor boy! What an amusing Rector for us!' said Gertrude.

Herbert looked rather put out, and threw himself back in his chair.

'You might say something to him—it would be only kind,' Margaret began to suggest.

'I shall do nothing of the sort. I can't manage the parish for him. If he and his mother choose to make fools of themselves, let them! They will find their level in time. Did Miss Stewart enjoy her drive? You took her somewhere else, I hope. Not only to the Rectory?'

'That's right, Herbert. I hate disagreeable subjects,' said Gertrude. 'You have a peculiarity, my dear Margaret: shall I tell you what it is? To expect too much from people, and be injured if they don't satisfy you. I dare say these clergy mean well, if they do begin by making friends with poachers. If you don't take care, Herbert and I will have a fine for mentioning the name of Landor, at least as long as we are alone. When James Harvey comes, you can tell your troubles to him.'

'He is very good, though rather wild sometimes,' said Margaret. She smiled, and went on to answer Herbert's questions. Hetty Stewart was a very pleasant subject. They talked of her in an easy sort of way, as if she was already one of themselves, and therefore faultless, being their equal.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE EVENING.

'And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.'

—WORDSWORTH.

AFTER Miss Ethelston had driven away, Tom Landor stood in the porch, listening to her departing wheels; listening so long, that at last his mother came out of the house and put her hand in his arm. She saw that his face was very sad, full of the wistful melancholy that had haunted many of his young days, and which she had often fought with, sometimes successfully, sometimes in vain. She was all the more earnest in setting herself against it, because it came from her side of Tom's family, from the race of varying spirits, of poetry and

sensitiveness; and she felt the faults of this character all the more keenly because she loved it.

'That was the girl you told me about?' she said.

'Yes,' said Tom. 'The girl that Ethelston admires so much.'

'I remember. She is a pretty, innocent creature. They have not spoilt her yet, but I suppose she has not been with them very much. What is all this about the Danes, Tom?'

'These country parishes!' said Tom with an impatient sigh.

'These silly women! I think you might say. You and I must use our own judgment, even if we do disappoint our patrons. She won't interfere too much, when she once finds that you are an independent being. She can't surely expect another Mr. Vernon!'

Tom burst out laughing.

'It is laughable,' said his mother. 'The poor old man must have sacrificed everything for a quiet life. You are not old enough to do that just yet. Depend upon it, that is the one sure way to get on with people like these—give in on all points. They won't manage things badly—they mean to be very high-minded and just and benevolent. They carry out their own theories, and what more can you expect? There's something to be said for Mr. Vernon.'

'If one was seventy, with the temperament of a fish, one might copy him. But I shall never be either of those things,' said Tom.

'No, my poor wild Irishman, you won't,' said his mother. 'I wish you had some Dutch in you though, for your own sake—a good thick skin to keep out these fearful troubles of a country parish.'

'Well, if it is a misery to be thin-skinned, I'd rather have the misery than the thickness.'

'I dare say you would. Don't be soured, that's all. I couldn't live with you if you were soured.'

'It would take a dozen thunder-storms rolled into one to sour me, if you were in the house,' answered Tom, laughing.

He turned round suddenly and kissed her, and then walked out into the garden, shaking himself.

'I say, mother, isn't it time those mites of yours had their tea?'

'I had almost forgotten the darlings, wasting my time with you,' said Mrs. Landor. 'They shall have some extra cake, just to make up to them for their father being a poacher who mustn't be reformed. Compensation is a right doctrine, isn't it?'

'But he shall be reformed!' exclaimed Tom.

'To be sure! and he will!'

Bessie Landor left her boy pacing up and down in front of the house, and walked deliberately round into the kitchen garden, calling out in a loud melodious voice, 'Little ones! little ones! come to tea!'

'It's all the parish, is it, dear old boy?' she thought to herself as she went. 'Haven't I known him long enough to see through his little troubles? However, there's nothing for it but silence. I hoped

he might have forgotten. She is a nice, sweet girl, but I don't know that she has much character. It is dormant, at least, and the Ethelstons won't wake it up.'

The curly-headed Danes came scampering at her call, and she brought them back to the house, crowding round her, the two smallest holding her hands, and the elder one hanging on to her gown, and staining it with rosy fingers. This garden, with its fruit and flowers, was a garden of Eden to them, and Mrs. Landor the kind angel in charge of it.

Tom had quite recovered himself by dinner-time, and afterwards his mother sat on the lawn with him, and listened to some pages of a manuscript essay on the poetry of different races. They were not troubled by any suspicion of the harsh judgment that was being passed upon them at Alding Place. A Scotch deer-hound came out and laid his slender length at their feet, or poked his long, sharp nose affectionately into their hands. Tom marked down his mother's criticisms while a red and gold sunset flamed in the west. Then they watered the garden, and had hardly finished their work when the stars began to look on from the blue depth overhead.

The children had gone home long ago. About ten o'clock Mrs. Landor put on a hat and shawl, and she and Tom walked together up the dim, shadowy road to the village. There, in a poor little cottage near the church, half buried at the end of an overgrown garden, a sick girl was wearily waiting for the tender hand that sometimes came to smooth her pillows, and to make that long, terrible, sleepless night less hard to bear. Every movement, every sound, was a misery to this poor dying creature, but there was one firm, light step that she loved through all her pain, one voice softening itself for her, that was better than the most beautiful music. The 'parson,' in the shape of a young man, and not old Mr. Vernon, was rather beyond poor Annie's understanding, kindly and gently as he talked to her; it was 'the lady' to whom her sad heart clung. Several worthy village people, among them old Farmer Tiffen, had remonstrated, either with Mrs. Landor or her son, on her often giving up nights to Annie Dane; but Mrs. Landor said she was stronger than most people, and a very good nurse. The Rector told Tiffen that his mother would have her own way.

'She's a woman, and no mistake,' said the old man.

Bessie Landor took this as the highest compliment that could have been paid her, and said Tiffen ought to have been a Frenchman, or at least Irish, to hit so neatly on the right thing to say.

In this fashion, through the first months of their life at Alding, Tom and his mother had been winning something better than the people's respect—their love, to an extent quite wonderful in the sleepy, old-world village. Before they came, gentlefolks had been distributors of many good things, it was true. Mr. Ethelston was

an excellent landlord; his estate was in the best possible order; steady people were encouraged, ill-doers and idlers sternly repressed. Everybody who curtsied, touched hats, and went to church, found the benefit of so doing. When any respectable person was ill, a laden basket came from the Place, and Miss Ethelston, who managed somehow to know everybody, came herself to see what was the matter. Miss Gertrude looked in sometimes to give her orders about one thing or another. Mr. Ethelston had a pleasant though peremptory manner with the men. The *régime* was old-fashioned, and good in its way; only one or two unreasonable spirits in the parish, who spent too much of their time at Eastmarsh, and picked up wild ideas there, ever wished for anything better.

But Tom Lander and his mother came, and brought their new element—sympathy. Just at first it was almost too strange to make its way; people did not know what was expected of them by these new friends. They were not long in learning, as a rule, for the great old laws of nature have a way of teaching and explaining themselves. So Mrs. Lander spent the night in Annie Dane's little raftered room, and Tom walked back as far as the Rectory with Harry Dane, on his way to his work at Eastmarsh.

(To be continued.)

POVERINA.

(Translated from the French of the Princess Olga Cantacuzène.)

CHAPTER III.

SANTA MARIA is a picturesque cluster of houses clinging to the side of a hill, from the top of which one looks down on the great plain of Pisa, with its three fantastic monuments—the dome, the baptistery, and the leaning tower. Seen from this point of view, these monuments appear to be disproportionately large, and to overshadow the whole town. Beyond, the blue sea sparkles in the sunshine. The *Locanda*—the hotel of Santa Maria—is situated on an open space which separates it from the church. This inn is much frequented by the shepherds, who never fail to stop there when they pass Santa Maria, which is twice in the year. In front of it there are always a number of *biroccini* and bullock waggons, for beyond this point the road becomes impassable to vehicles of any kind, and the remainder of the journey is made on foot or mule-back. The hotel of Santa Maria is thus an important rendezvous, and the host makes a pretty good thing of it. At this early hour in the morning, however, there was no sign of life outside the *Locanda*, and the benches ranged along the wall under the vaulted arcade were empty. But through the open door of the parlour a bright fire of olive-branches was seen blazing on the hearth, and a pleasant smell of hot coffee caused Rosina a momentary feeling of covetousness. She crept noiselessly into the room, which she thought was empty, and looking around her, started and blushed.

At the further end, in a corner of the room, a monk with a fresh rosy face was seated before a breakfast consisting of a cup of black coffee and a slice of bread. He was a Capuchin of about thirty years of age, with a neck and shoulders of bull-like strength, and a mild and peaceful countenance. The hostess, a great, strong, jovial woman, whose black hair was beginning to turn grey, was standing in front of him, her hands on her hips, her sleeves turned up to her elbows, her face expanded into a broad smile, and gazing at him with a look of mingled pride and tenderness.

‘Have one more cup of coffee,’ she said, coaxingly; ‘come, Padre Romano, just one more. Remember that I shall not have a chance of making you another cup before next year. Now, don’t refuse me, my son. Yes, I know it’s Lent—but the rule of your order does not forbid black coffee. And besides, you have dispensations: you must take care of your voice against Easter.’

Padre Romano answered by drawing back his empty cup and making

a rampart in front of it with his huge hand. But the hostess, no way disconcerted, snatched it from him with a laugh, and running to the fireplace, re-filled it in triumph. She was returning to the table with the cup full of the smoking, fragrant liquid, carrying it very carefully so as not to spill a drop, when she caught sight of Rosina standing in the doorway, and casting devouring looks at the boiling coffee. The hostess stopped short, saying—

‘What do you want, *poverina*!’

‘I’m hungry,’ the child answered.

‘Hungry, are you?’ and touched by the piteous expression of the young face, she said with an impulse of generosity, ‘Here’s some breakfast for you,’ and handed her the smoking cup of coffee. ‘Stop a bit,’ she continued, ‘and I’ll get a piece of bread for you and your dog. Eh! but I know this dog He has been here before with the flocks. I’ve a great mind to give you some *buccellata*, although it is Lent; Padre Romano’s here to give you absolution. It’s not every day that I’ve the good fortune to have him with me. You *do* look handsome, my son!’

And the good woman clasped her hands in a fit of true maternal admiration, for Padre Romano was her only son. This big monk, with naked feet and patched gown, who was making such a meagre breakfast and then going forth to beg, as his wallet deposited on a bench beside him testified, might, if he had willed, have made a fortune, for nature had endowed him with the most magnificent tenor voice that has ever been heard on the stage. He had only to cast aside his friar’s dress to become a millionaire. The winter before, the director of the theatre of San Carlo, after hearing him sing in a church, had offered him 50,000 francs if he would join his troop. The director of the Scala had guaranteed him as large a sum for a single season. But Padre Romano only laughed at these proceedings, and at the devil who came so politely to tempt him. He gave a cordial shake of the hand to the manager of San Carlo, offered a pinch of snuff—snuff-taking was his sole luxury—to him of la Scala, re-shouldered his wallet, went back to his convent, and told the tale to his Superior, who had a good laugh with him over it. The Superior, however, was too knowing a man to allow the treasure hid in this brawny throat to be lost, and Padre Romano was sent to Rome. He received there the best instruction, and his splendid voice, after being subjected to the methodical training which was all that it needed, soon became an indispensable accessory to all the religious ceremonies of the Eternal City. The announcement that ‘Padre Romano will sing’ was sufficient to attract all the foreign tourists as well as the faithful Romans. The attempt to bribe him away from his vocation was often repeated. Many an enchanted hearer thought to dazzle the humble monk by the glitter of gold, but he remained unshaken, and answered all his tempters with a smile of indifference.

These offers meant abundant wealth not only for himself, who had vowed to renounce all earthly things, but also for his mother, who was growing old and living poorly, as we have seen, in the Tuscan mountains. They meant for her a comfortable house, perhaps even a palace—palaces do not cost much in Italy—silk gowns, golden jewels, carriages and horses, servants to wait on her, meat every day. But Padre Romano never felt a moment's hesitation. To accept these brilliant proposals would have been to perjure himself before his God, and to renounce eternal salvation. This was the only way in which he could look at the matter, and he valued his monk's robe more than his life. From time to time his Superior would lend him to the churches of the neighbouring towns, where they were glad of his voice to attract a crowd to some ceremony; and once a year he was sent to Lucca in this way. This year he was going there to sing at the Easter solemnities, and had obtained permission to visit his native village on the express condition that he would walk the whole way, begging as he went.

Rosina was now seated opposite the monk devouring her breakfast with a hearty appetite. Padre Romano watched her in silence. She never ate a mouthful without giving one to her dog, and a whole *buccellata* had quickly disappeared. A *buccellata* is an essentially Lucchese dainty; it is a large round cake, in the shape of a crown, made of flour and oil and aniseed. When the last mouthful had vanished, the monk exclaimed—

'Well done! that's what I call a good appetite; you were simply dying of hunger, *poverina*.'

Rosina answered with a hearty laugh: 'Almost; but Fido was still hungrier. We've both of us walked a long way.'

'And where do you come from at this early hour?'

'From Lucca.'

'And where are you going to alone with your dog?'

'I don't know. Wherever Fido likes,' she said, shrugging her shoulders with an air of indifference.

'Oh! then, you obey the dog; and to whom do you both belong?'

'To nobody.'

'Have you no parents?'

'Everybody has forsaken us; we are alone in the world, Fido and I. My father was a shepherd, and he left me in the middle of a road because I could not walk any further. I found Fido again by chance, and now we shall never leave each other. I have often passed by here with my father's flock, and I am more likely to meet with him here than anywhere, so I should like to stay here.' And addressing the hostess in a coaxing voice, she said: 'Will you keep us with you, *padroncina*?'

'Keep you here?' said the woman, kindly, touched by the young girl's appealing look; 'well, and why not? You would help me to

make the coffee and serve out the wine. What do you think, Padre Romano? I'm not so active as I used to be—I'm growing old—and a little servant-maid like this might be useful.'

The monk surveyed the young girl carefully, took a pinch of snuff and then shook his head, as he was wont to do when asked to become a Romeo or a Don Giovanni.

'I don't think this is the place for this *pecorella*' (little sheep), he answered, slowly; 'she's too young to serve in an inn. With whom did you spend the winter, my daughter?'

'With the *strega* of Vicopelago.'

Padre Romano started to his feet. 'Well, then, why don't you go back to her? Why did you leave her? I'll answer for it she didn't send you away.'

'I left her because—because I wanted to escape with Fido. I ran on without thinking, and now I shall never dare go back.'

'Why not?'

'Tonina had lent me her red stockings, her handkerchief with flowers, and her *zoccoli*, and see now . . .'

The *zoccoli* had disappeared; a bit of red rag which had remained stuck to one of her naked feet was all that was left of the stockings, and of the kerchief there was not the slightest trace. Padre Romano laughed.

'Bah!' said he, 'it's a little misfortune, that's all. I'll answer for the *strega* forgiving you—I know her, and she's an angel of Paradise—and you'll soon make peace with Tonina. Come, I shall pass Vicopelago on my way back to Lucca, and I'll take you back to the *strega* myself. Thus my morning will not have been wasted, for I shall have brought back a little wandering sheep to the fold—eh, mother mine? Come, let's be going; but first of all the benediction.'

Then followed a touching scene. The mother knelt down first before her son, who muttered over her head the formula of the liturgic benediction; and then it was the monk's turn to receive a blessing, and he prostrated himself humbly at the feet of the buxom landlady. Her voice trembled with emotion as she pronounced a blessing on her son. Padre Romano then rose, flung his wallet across his shoulder, and took his departure. *Buon viaggio / A rivederle /* and a happy Easter, &c., &c., was called after him in loving accents.

Romano stopped at every house on the road and opened his wallet, and the poor people among whom he had grown up gave him, with a laugh, one a slice of *polenta*, another a handful of chestnuts, and so on. To friends and relations he would speak a cheery word of greeting; strangers he would thank humbly and pursue his way. As the road was a long one, his wallet became at length tolerably heavy, and he was obliged now and then to sit down and rest. Rosina, who followed with Fido at a distance, would stroll round about, peeping into the hedges full of warblers and nightingales building their nests.

The chirping of the birds and the fluttering of their wings filled her with joyous gaiety, and she began first to hum, and then completely forgetting her travelling companion, she burst out into full song. She had discovered in the corner of a meadow a little stream bordered with jonquils and narcissuses, and seated with her feet in the water, she proceeded to gather the flowers, while Fido dabbled about in pursuit of frogs. When she had picked enough flowers, she went up to the monk, thinking he must be ready to recommence his march. Padre Romano, however, did not move. His black eyes were shining with a strange expression of tenderness and emotion which altered the usual jovial serenity of his visage.

‘Come here, my daughter? he said, in faltering accents.

Rosina placed herself in front of him, her hands crossed behind her back, expecting to receive a reproof—perhaps on account of the flowers she had picked—interrogating her conscience with vague inquietude.

‘Sing again a little as you were doing just now,’ said Padre Romano after a pause. It was for singing then that she was going to be scolded.

‘Oh! I beg your pardon,’ she said meekly. ‘I won’t do it any more. I didn’t mean any disrespect.’

Padre Romano gave a slight gesture of impatience. ‘I’m not talking about disrespect, I tell you to sing.’

She asked nothing better, and lifting up her voice gave forth to all the surrounding echoes a burst of ringing, pearly notes, like certain refrains of the nightingale.

‘Softly, softly, not so loud,’ said the monk.

She let her voice drop gradually, as the cooing of a dove dies out. Padre Romano sat listening intently, his eyes fixed on space, and now and then shaking his head. They might have stayed on there indefinitely, she singing and he listening, had not another performer come to mingle his far from harmonious voice with that of the young girl. Fido, whose nerves had been over-excited by this concert following on a plentiful breakfast, set up a formidable barking, his nose in the air, and his legs stretched far apart. Rosina burst into a fit of laughing. Padre Romano could not repress a movement which was scarcely pious, accompanied by an exclamation still less so. He immediately asked pardon of both his companions from the bottom of his heart, and then he sighed: ‘Peccato (I have sinned) what a pity!’ After which he remained lost in meditation, apparently oblivious both of the young girl and his wallet, which was lying half open and pouring its contents, olives, chestnuts, &c., into the dusty road.

After continuing some time in thought, Padre Romano took out his snuff-box and prepared to resume his journey. Then turning round suddenly and looking at the young girl: ‘Listen to me,’ he said. ‘If I do not tell you, some one else is sure to do so one day or another,

and it is perhaps better that you should learn it from me. You have a splendid voice, my daughter. There is nothing in this to be proud of, it's no merit of yours; it is the good God who has given it to you. But never forget what I am going to say to you. This gift which you have received may be turned into a curse. Be on your guard, my daughter! If ever you meet with people who tell you that with such a voice you might make your fortune, that you have only got to sing in order to have fine dresses and jewels—flee from them as if the devil himself was speaking to you. Do you understand?'

She opened her blue eyes wide, and looked at him with a wondering gaze. Padre Romano heaved a sigh which was almost a groan.

'Peccato,' he repeated, as if speaking to himself, 'it's a sin to allow such an instrument to rust and be wasted; but what's to be done? It's impossible to conciliate Heaven and the devil too, and I know too well what's in store for you, *poverina*! Peccato, peccato! Come, let's proceed on our way.'

Padre Romano seemed preoccupied all the rest of the journey. He sighed frequently, and an expression of melancholy had settled on his countenance. There was an inward struggle going on between the artist and the monk.

In Morino's household there were loud exclamations of joy when Romano made his appearance. Rosina was less enthusiastically greeted.

'It's an idle hussy who did nothing but sing the whole winter she was under my roof,' said Morino.

'Like the birds of heaven who never do anything else,' answered the monk, 'and yet the good Father takes care to feed them as well as the rest of His creatures.'

Morino shrugged his shoulders. 'She escapes from us at every turn; she is scarcely ever in the house, and is only happy amongst briars and brambles, and comes back with the new clothes Giuditta gives her, all in rags.'

'Like the young kids which the good God clothes in spite of their want of care and thought. Come, Morino, you must have a little charity! Is Giuditta not at home?'

'Giuditta would turn my house into a hospital if I'd let her, and saddle me with a pack of idle do-nothings. I've plenty of mouths of my own to feed.'

'And food for those mouths has never failed you? And tell me, my friend,' continued Padre Romano, assuming a confidential tone and tapping the peasant on the shoulder, 'how many pennies have we put in the saving-box this year? And when Angelino comes back from America how many will he bring with him?'

Rosina, her bunch of wild flowers in her hand, her arm round Fido's neck, heard all this with tolerable indifference. It was not to her a question of life or death. If Morino turned her off she would go.

Now she had Fido she was no longer alone. What, after all, did she want? In countries of cold and fog, people have little idea how simple are the needs of these children of the south; a bundle of hay, a handful of grass, suffice them for a bed; a morsel of bread, no matter of what kind—black, yellow, or white—which charity never refuses, is food enough for a whole day; the sun warms them, the water of the streams quenches their thirst; beggars here are sure of universal sympathy, for they are not objects of blame and contempt as in countries where industry offers innumerable resources to activity. Then too this child of nature and of solitude had all the naive independence and joyous thoughtlessness and improvidence of the forest birds. When a storm has rent the branch on which their nest is built, they begin another on a neighbouring bough, and sing all the more lustily. Now that she had her dog, what mattered it to her whether she was in Morino's house or elsewhere?

She was grateful to Giuditta certainly, but her gratitude did not go so far as to make her wish to spend the rest of her days with her. As a life-long prospect she greatly preferred the far more attractive one of wandering about freely with Fido under the tall odorous pines, and singing from morning till night.

Perceiving that the discussion was likely to continue, and the monk not likely to triumph over the ill-will of Morino, she was half tempted to take herself off without saying a word, and with this intention she was making her way to the door when she felt two hands placed on her shoulders.

'God be praised! you've come back at last, *poverina*. What have you been doing with yourself since yesterday? Come! you shall tell us all about it presently, you little gipsy. I've already heard the history of your dog from Tonina. Beautiful creature! He'll be a treasure indeed. We shall be able to sleep in peace now with such a guard as that. Do you know, my child, that I haven't had a drop of water in the house all the morning? I've been waiting for you to go and fetch me some. Make haste, take the pitcher and be off!' As she said this Giuditta stooped down and kissed Rosina on the forehead, whereupon Fido came gently up to her, and licked her hand.

Padre Romano too approached the *strega*, and said, in a voice full of emotion: 'It's a good deed you're doing there, Giuditta; I said truly that you were an angel of Paradise. Now I must bid you good-day, for I've already delayed too long on the way. Have you got anything to give this poor brother? Only waste bits you know, such as are of no use but to the poor.'

The weight of the wallet was increased by some scraps of dry bread, and a handful of olives. Padre Romano thanked the *strega*, offered a pinch of snuff to Morino, and set out again on his journey.

CHAPTER IV.

ROSINA and Fido chased each other wildly along the narrow bed of the torrent; now and then Rosina would scale the steep sides and climb up a myrtle tree, or the great mossy trunk of a chestnut, and her joyous laughter responded to the barking of the dog. When she reached the spring, she sat down on the rock, her feet ensconced in tufts of flowering myosotis and emerald-coloured cress, and as the water trickled slowly into the pitcher, with the monotonous sound of a long chromatic scale, she listened to the singing of the birds, and thought of her adventures.

The words of the monk came back to her mind. He had said that she had a beautiful voice, and that she might become very rich merely by singing. She did not at all understand how this could be, but then there were so many things which she did not understand any better in the catechism which the priest explained every Sunday, and even in the beautiful verses which Gelsomina used to sing in the evening, so that she did not trouble herself to find an explanation of this new difficulty. Well, she might some day become very rich—and if she had a great quantity of money what should she do with it? The first thing she would do would be to buy a new red collar for Fido, a silver crown for the altar of the Madonna, and a pair of gold ear-rings for Gelsomina. And what should she do next, supposing she had a great, great deal over, as much as ever she wanted? Well, she would buy a flock of sheep and goats like that of her father, and would go off to the mountain and establish herself in the hut covered with stones where she had spent the summer before. But then she could not live there alone; she had never seen a shepherdess drive a flock without a husband to help her. She must begin by having a *damo*, like Tonina and Gelsomina. She too then would some day have somebody to love and who would love her! But that day was probably a long way off. All this would only happen when she had become rich, and then she remembered that Padre Romano had forbidden her to become rich. What then was the use of all this dreaming? Who would ever think of speaking of love to a poor little beggar girl like her? She sighed involuntarily, and for the first time in her young life, under the branches laden with spring flowers, and vocal with the chirping of young birds, in the balmy atmosphere, beneath the April skies, her heart thrilled at the thought of love.

Nothing can be more different from the education received under the eye of a vigilant mother by the delicate maiden whom the usages of society protect from even the shadow of evil, than the rude liberty, the daily contact with the coarse realities of existence, which are the lot of the peasant girl; and nevertheless that delicate flower of innocence, which is too often confounded with ignorance, may be preserved

as pure and inviolate in the one case as in the other. Whereas, however, a breath of wind, a ray of sunshine, will suffice to tarnish and kill the delicate, sensitive plant reared in a hot-house, neither the scorching noonday sun nor the keen blast of the north wind will sully the brightness of the hardy mountain flower.

The red copper vase had long since been brimming over, but Rosina still sat wrapped in thought, her hand clasping her knees, her gaze lost in space. She was busily interrogating her heart to discover what would be her feelings when she should first begin to love, and the instinctive poetry of her wild, untutored nature was murmuring the universal strain. All the refrains, all the love-songs, which she had heard in the mountains, came back to her memory, and out of this confused medley of fancies an ideal took shape in her mind. The man whom she should love would be beautiful as the sunshine, would sing like a nightingale, his eyes would shine like the stars, he would carry her off in a chariot of flowers—her and Fido—to a land where the birds were made of gold and the flowers of the finest pearl; and she went on singing, one after another, all those exquisite Tuscan *stornelli*, so rich in poetic imagery and happy similes. It was full noon, the hour of *siesta*, when for an interval of time all nature's sounds are hushed, the peasants return to their homes, and even the birds cease to make themselves heard. Rosina sang in the stillness:—

' Fiorin fiorella,
Di tutti i fiorellin che fioriranno
Il fior dell' amor mio sarà il più bello.'

('Of all the flowers that bloom, the flower of my love will be the most beautiful.')

Suddenly, descending from the top of the mountain, a vibrating voice took up the air she had been singing, and, changing the words, asked—
'Who art thou, maiden, who singest so well of love?'

Rosina answered unhesitatingly to the same tune—

'*Pastorella senza damo*' (a little shepherdess without a lover), 'who sings of what she does not yet know.'

The man's voice came gradually nearer, singing—

'The hay is ripening, May is coming; there'll be no lack of youths to plant the pine covered with roses and ribands under thy window, and sing thee serenades.'

'The youths will not trouble themselves about a poor maiden without parents and without money!'

'And will maidens deign to cast a look at poor lads who have no money and no jewels to offer them?'

'Why not, if they love each other truly and with all their hearts?'

At each phrase of the dialogue the man's voice became nearer and nearer. Soon fragments of earth and loose stones came rolling at Rosina's feet, and a step was heard rapidly descending the hill. Rosina could scarcely keep Fido back. All at once a young man

appeared facing the rock, on the other side of the ravine. He looked furtively around him, and then with two leaps he was at Rosina's side. The stranger was a youth of some twenty years old, of middle height, delicately proportioned, and graceful rather than strong in build. His lissome movements had a sort of nonchalant grace, an incipient moustache decked his upper lip, and corrected the rather too feminine expression of his face. His large black eyes had a transparent mellowness, his thick brown hair was tinged with golden lights. He was a true type of the Tuscan *contadino* (peasant), with his subtilty of race, his somewhat affected nonchalance, great suppleness of character and power of dissimulation, considerable poetic instinct, not much courage, either moral or physical, and as little physical strength.

He was barefooted, like Rosina; a pair of trousers which were too short for him, a jacket, and a shirt without a collar, constituted his attire. When these two young creatures found themselves face to face they surveyed each other for a moment in silence.

'How beautiful you are!' the young man said at last. 'What is your name?'

'Rosina; and what is yours?'

'Neri. Where do you live?'

'With the Strega of Vicopelago. . . . And you?'

'Up there in the mountain; my father is a charcoal-burner. I can see your house from ours, and if you sing I shall hear you. Are you the Strega's daughter?'

Rosina shrugged her shoulders. 'Oh no! I'm a beggar girl whom they keep out of charity—a poor shepherdess, forsaken by all but Fido.'

'It's a pity you're not the Strega's daughter,' said Neri.

'Why a pity?'

'Because then you would have been rich, and I would have been your *damo*.'

'Are you rich then?'

'I? No, I'm as poor as you; my father and I haven't even *polenta* to eat every day. But never mind, you are so beautiful that if you like I will be your *damo* all the same, and you can come and talk with me here on Sunday after vespers.'

Rosina looked at him for a moment without answering. There was something irresistibly tender in the expression of his dark eyes.

'And why not?' she said, blushing. Then she got up, balanced the pitcher on her head, and, without looking round, said '*A rivederle!*' to the young man, and darted off like an arrow in the direction of Vicopelago.

'*A rivederle!*,' answered Neri, wafting her a kiss from the tips of his fingers, and he stood gazing after her until she disappeared amongst the trees.

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XX.

CONDOLENCE (BY MARGUERITE).

OUR siege was over at last. I can hardly explain how or why, for there was no real settlement of the points at issue. I have since come to understand that the Queen and the Cardinal were alarmed lest the Vicomte de Turenne with his army should come to the assistance of his brother, the Duke of Bouillon, and thus leave the frontier open to the Spaniards; and that this very possibility also worked upon the First President Molé, who was too true a Frenchman not to prefer giving way to the Queen to bringing disunion into the army and admitting the invader. Most of the provincial parliaments were of the same mind as that of Paris, and if all had united and stood firm the Court would have been reduced to great straits. It was well for us at S. Germain that they never guessed at our discomfords on our hill, and how impossible it would have been to hold out for a more complete victory.

I was glad enough to leave S. Germain the day after the terms had been agreed upon. The royal family did not yet move, but my term of waiting had long been expired; I burnt to rejoin my mother and sister, and likewise to escape from the assiduities of M. de Lamont, who was becoming more insufferable than ever.

So I asked permission of the Queen to let my son resume his studies, and of Mademoiselle to leave her for the time. Both were gracious, though the Queen told me I was returning to a wasp's nest, while on the other hand Mademoiselle congratulated me on returning to those dear Parisians, and said she should not be long behind me. I was too much afraid of being hindered not to set out immediately after having received my licence, so as to take advantage of the escort of some of the deputies with whom I had a slight acquaintance. I also hoped to avoid M. de Lamont's leave takings, but I was not fortunate enough to do this. The absurd man, learning that I was on the point of departure, came rushing headlong into the court where the carriages stood, having first disordered his hair and untied his scarf, so as to give himself a distracted appearance, and thus he threw himself on his knees between me and the coach door, declaring that I was killing him and breaking his heart by my cruelty.

I was very angry, and afraid of showing any excitement, lest it should give him any advantage, so I only drew up my head coldly and said—
'Let me pass, sir.' But that only made him throw himself on the ground as if he would kiss my robe, whereupon Gaspard, with his hand

on his little sword, said: 'Why don't you give him a good kick, mamma?' This made everybody laugh; and I said, still keeping my head stiff: 'We will go round to the other door, my son, since there is this obstruction in our way.'

This we did before he could follow us, and the last I saw of M. de Lamont as I quitted S. Germain, he was still kneeling in the court, in the attitude of an Orlando Furioso, reaching out his arms towards the departing carriage. I did not pity him, for I did not for a moment believe his passion a serious one, and I thought his wife would not be much happier than my poor little sister-in-law, about whom I was very anxious, and as to these extravagances, they were the ordinary custom of those who professed to be lovers. He was one of the equerries in waiting on the Duchess of Orleans, and thus happily could not follow; and I never rejoiced more than when Gaspard and I, with my two women, had turned our backs on S. Germain and began to descend through the scattered trees of the forest towards Paris.

No less than forty carriages came out to meet the deputies on their return, and our progress was very slow, but at last we found ourselves at our hotel, where we were entirely unexpected, and the porter was so much surprised that instead of announcing us properly he rushed into the court-yard, screaming out 'Madame! Monsieur le Marquis!' The whole household came rushing down the steps pell-mell, so that it was plain at the first glance that my mother was not there. Annora was the first to throw herself into my arms, with a shriek and sob of joy, which gave me a pleasure I cannot describe when I contrasted this meeting with our former one, for now again I felt that we were wholly sisters.

Gaspard sprang to the Abbé's neck and declared himself tired of his holidays, and quite ready to resume his studies. They would be much pleasanter than running after the King and Duke of Anjou and bearing the blame of all their pranks. My mother, I heard, was at the Convent of St. Jaques with her poor bereaved Queen, and she had left my sister in the charge of Sir Francis and Lady Ommaney.

The old lady came to welcome me, Sir Francis was out, gone to inquire for the President Darpent, and before I had been an hour in the house I found how entirely different a world it was from that which I had left, and how changed were the interests that absorbed it. Of my poor little Cécile scarcely anything was known. Annora had only seen her once or twice, and even the poor English Queen was second in interest to the illness of M. Darpent, and the fatigues of his wife in nursing him. It seemed to me as if Lady Ommaney and my sister discussed, as if he had been their near relation, every symptom of him, who, in the eyes of all my recent companions, was nothing better than an old *frondeur*, a rebel richly deserving to be put to death.

If Lady Ommaney had understood French I really believe she would

have gone to help Madame Darpent, who had now been sitting up for several nights ; and though her son was most dutiful, and shared her vigils, taking every imaginable care of his father, he could not relieve her materially. The old man died the morning after my return home, and Sir Francis, who had been to inquire, reported that the funeral was to take place the next night by Madame's desire, as she was resolved that it should not be made an occasion for the meeting of seditious persons, who might take the opportunity of inveighing against the government as the remote cause of his death.

The city was, in fact, in a very unquiet state ; nevertheless Queen Henrietta returned to her apartments at the Louvre, and my mother came back to us, though when she found me at home, she only remained for one night. The Queen wanted her, and it was not convenient in the condition of things to be carried about in a sedan-chair. Moreover I had a visit from my sister-in-law ; I was astonished at her venturing out, but though very thin, she looked radiant, for her husband had come into Paris in the train of the princes, and had actually passed half an hour with her ! I was less gratified when I found what he had come for. It was to desire his wife to come to me and inform me that it was the will and pleasure of the Prince of Condé that I should accept the addresses of the Baron de Lamont.

'Thank you, sister,' I said, smiling a little, for I knew it was of no use to scold her or argue with her, and I would have spoken of something else, but she held my hand and entreated—

'You will then?'

'Oh ! you have been charged to throw your influence into the scale,' I said, laughing ; and the poor thing had to confess that he had said to her with an air so noble, so amiable, that here was an opportunity of being of some real use to him if she would persuade Madame de Bellaise to marry M. de Lamont.

'To him !' I might well exclaim.

'Well, you see,' Cécile explained, 'M. le Prince said to him, "The Bellaise is your sister-in-law, is she not ? It is for you to overcome her ridiculous scruples and make her accept Lamont, who is desperately in love with her, and whose fortune needs to be repaired."''

'I see,' I replied ; 'but I cannot carry my complaisance so far.'

'But,' faltered Cécile, 'he is very handsome and very distinguished—'

'Come, Cécile, you have done your duty. That is enough.'

But the poor little thing thought herself bound still to persuade me with the arguments put into her mouth, till I asked her whether she could wish me to forget her brother, or if in my place she would do such a thing as give a father like M. de Lamont to her children. Then she began to weep, and asked me to forgive her, ending in her simplicity with—

'The Prince would have been pleased with my husband, and perhaps he would have borne me good will for it !'

'Ah, Cécile,' I said, embracing her, 'I would do much for you, but you must not ask me to do this.'

The next question was about a visit of condolence to be paid to Madame Darpent. We still kept the Ommaneys with us, on the pretext that the presence of a gentleman gave a sense of security in the condition of the city, but chiefly because we feared that they would be half starved in their lodgings.

Sir Francis told us that Madame Darpent was, 'after your French fashion,' as he said, receiving visits of condolence in her bed, and considering how good and obliging the young man had been, he supposed we should pay one. Annora's eyes shone, but to my surprise she said nothing, and I was quite ready to consent, since I too felt under such obligations to the younger Darpent that I could let no scruple about condescension stand in my way, and I was glad that my mother could not hear of it until after it was done.

Lady Ommaney, however, looked rather odd and mysterious. She came to my room and told me that she thought I ought to know, though she had no opportunity of telling my mother, that she could not but believe that she had observed a growing inclination between Mistress Annora and the young Monsieur Darpent. I suppose my countenance showed a certain dismay, for she explained that it might be only an old woman's fancy; but knowing what were our French notions as to nobility and rank, and how we treated all honest gentry without titles like the dirt under our feet, she thought we ought to be warned. Though for her part, if the young gentleman were not a Papist and a Frenchman, she did not see that Mistress Nan could do much better if we were in England. Then she began giving me instances of barons' daughters marrying gentlemen learned in the law; and I listened with dismay, for I knew that these would serve to make my sister more determined if it were really true that any such passion were dawning. I saw that to her English breeding it would not seem so unworthy as it would to us, but to my mother it would be shocking, and I could not tell how my brother would look on it. The only recommendation in my eyes would be the very contrary in his, namely, that she might be led to embrace our religion; but then I thought Clément Darpent so doubtful a Catholic that she would be more likely to lead him away. My confidence was chiefly in his *bourgeois* pride, which was not likely to suffer him to pay his addresses where they would be disdained by the family, and in his scrupulous good faith, which would certainly prevent his taking advantage of the absence of the maiden's mother and brother.

However I knew my sister well enough to be aware that to contradict her was the surest mode of making her resolute, and I thought it wiser that there should be no appearance of neglect or ingratitude to rouse her on behalf of the Darpents. So I agreed with Lady Ommaney that we would seem to take no notice, but only be upon our

guard. We did not propose Annora's accompanying us, but she was prepared when the carriage came round, and we made our way, falling into a long line of plain but well-appointed equipages of the ladies of the robe, who were all come on the same errand, and we were marshalled into the house and up the stairs by lackeys in mourning.

At the top of the great staircase, receiving everybody, stood Clément Darpent, looking rather pale, and his advocate's black dress decorated with heavy weepers of crape. When he saw us his face lighted up, and he came down to the landing to meet us, an attention of course due to our rank ; but it was scarcely the honour done to the family that made his voice so fervent in his exclamation, ' Ah ! this is true goodness,' though it was only addressed to me, and of course it was my hand that he held as he conducted us up stairs, and to the great chamber where his mother sat up in her bed, not, as you may imagine, in the cloud of lace and cambric which had coquettishly shrouded the widowhood of poor little Madame de Châtillon. All was plain and severe, though scrupulously neat. There was not an ornament in the room, only a crucifix and a holy-water stoup by the side of the bed, and a priest standing by, of the grave and severe aspect which distinguished those connected with Port Royal aux Champs. Madame Darpent's face looked white and shrunken, but there was a beautiful peace and calmness on it, as if she dwelt in a region far above and beyond the trifling world around her, and only submitted, like one in a dream, to these outward formalities. I felt quite ashamed to disturb her with my dull commonplace compliment of condolence, and I do not think she in the least saw or knew who we were as her lips moved in the formula of thanks. Then Clément led us away in the stream to the buffet, where was the cake and wine of which it was etiquette for every one to partake, though we only drank out of clear glass, not out of silver, as when the mourners are noble. Some familiars of the house, whether friends or relations I do not know, were attending to this, and there was a hum of conversation around ; but there was no acquaintance of ours present, and nobody ventured to speak to us, except that Clément said, ' She will be gratified, when she has time to understand.' And then he asked whether I had heard anything of my brother.

As the streets were tolerably clear, I thought we had better drive at once to the Louvre, to see my poor Godmother Queen and my mother.

Certainly it was a contrast. Queen Henrietta had been in agonies of grief at first, and I believe no day passed without her weeping for her husband. Her eyes were red, and she looked ill ; but she was quite as ready as ever to take interest in things around her ; and she, as only English were present, made me come and sit on a stool at her feet and describe all the straits we had endured at S. Germain, laughing her clear, ringing laugh, at the notion of her solemn, punctilious Spanish sister-in-law living as she said *en bergère* in the middle of

the winter, and especially amusing herself over her niece Mademoiselle's little fiction that her equipage had secured respect.

'That young Darpent is a useful and honest man,' she said. 'It is well if your *beaux yeux* have secured him as a protector in these times, my goddaughter.'

'It is for my brother's sake that he has been our friend,' I said, stiffly, and my mother added that he had been engaged in our cause in the Ribaumont suit, as if that naturally bound him to our service, while the indignant colour flushed into Annora's cheek, at thus dispensing with gratitude. However, we were soon interrupted, for now that the way into the city was opened, and the widowed Queen had left her first solitude, every one was coming to pay their respects to her; and the first we saw arrive was Mademoiselle, who had no sooner exchanged her compliments with her royal aunt, than, profiting by another arrival, she drew me into a window and began. 'But, my good Gildippe, this is serious. You have left a distracted lover, and he is moving heaven and earth to gain you. Have you considered? You would gain a position. He has great influence with M. le Prince, who can do anything here.'

'Ah! Mademoiselle! Your royal highness too!' was all I could say, but I could not silence her. M. de Lamont had interested the Prince of Condé in his cause, and Mademoiselle, with her insane idea of marrying the hero, in case the poor young Princess should die (and some people declared that she was in a decline), would have thought me a small sacrifice to please him. So I was beset on all sides. I think the man was really enough in love to affect to be distracted. Though far less good-looking in my early youth than my sister, I was so tall and blonde as to have a distinguished air, and my indifference piqued my admirer into a resolution to conquer me.

Mademoiselle harangued me on the absurdity of affecting to be a disconsolate widow, on the step in rank that I should obtain, and the antiquity of M. de Lamont's pedigree, also upon all the ladies of antiquity she could recollect who had married again; and when I called Artemisia and Cornelia to the front in my defence, she betrayed her secret, like poor Cécile, and declared that it was very obstinate and disobedient in me not to consent to do what would recommend *her* to the Prince.

Next came M. d'Aubépine, poor young man, with the air of reckless dissipation that sat so ill on a face still so youthful, and a still more ridiculous affectation of worldly wisdom. He tried to argue me into it by assuring me that the Prince would henceforth be all-powerful in France, and that M. de Lamont was his *protégé*, and that I was not consulting my own interest, those of my son, or of my family, by my refusal. When he found this ineffectual, he assured me peremptorily that it was the Prince's will, to which I replied, 'That may be, monsieur, but it is not mine,' to which he replied that I was mad, but

that I should repent it. I said M. le Prince was not King of France, and I trusted that he never would be, so that I did not see why I should be bound to obey his will and pleasure. At which he looked so much as if I were uttering blasphemy that I could not help laughing. I really believe, poor fellow, that M. le Prince was more than a king to him, the god of his idolatry, and that all his faults might be traced to his blind worship and imitation.

I was not even exempt from the persuasions or commands of the great man himself, who was at that time dominating the councils of France, and who apparently could not endure that one poor woman should resist him. But he, being a Bourbon and a great captain to boot, set about the thing with a better grace than did the rest. It was in this manner: when peace, such as it was, was agreed upon, the princes came into Paris, and of course they came to pay their visit of ceremony to Queen Henrietta. It was when I happened to be present, and before leaving her apartment the Prince came to me, and bending his curled head and eagle face, said, with a look and gesture clearly unaccustomed to opposition, 'Madame, I understand that you persist in cruelty to my friend, M. de Lamont. Permit me to beg of you to reconsider your decision. On the word of a prince, you will not have reason to repent. He is under my protection.'

I thanked his highness for his condescension, but I assured him that I had made up my mind not to marry again.

This made him frown, and his face, always harsh, and only redeemed from plainness by the fire of his eyes, became almost frightful, so that it might have terrified a weak person into yielding; but of course all he could then do was to make a sign to M. de Lamont to approach, present him to me, and say, 'I have requested Madame to reconsider her decision,' with which he bowed and left us *tête-à-tête* in the throng.

Then I tried to cut short M. de Lamont's transports by telling him that he must not take the Prince's requesting as the same thing as my doing it. Moreover I did what my mother said was brutal and unbecoming; I informed him that he was mistaken if he thought he should obtain any claim over my son's estate, for I had nothing but my husband's portion, and there were other guardians besides myself who would not suffer a stranger to have any share in the administration. Therewith he vehemently exclaimed that I did him injustice, but I still believed that his intention was, if his Prince had remained all powerful, to get the disposition of my son's property thrown into his hands. My brother Solivet was away with the army, Eustace in Holland, whence I longed to recall him.

Meantime, Sir Francis Ommaney had become intimate with the Darpents, and so too had our good Abbé Bouchamp, who had assisted at the funeral ceremonies, and from whom the widow derived much consolation. From them we heard that she would fain have retired into the convent at Port Royal, only she would not leave her son.

There were those who held that it was her duty not to let him stand between her and a vocation, especially as he was full grown, and already in the world ; but she retained enough of her old training among the Huguenots to make her insist that since God had given her a son, it was plain that He meant her to serve Him through her duty to her son, and that if, through her desertion of him, Clément were tempted to any evil courses, she should never forgive herself. And our Abbé was the more inclined to encourage her in this resolve that he did not love the Jansenists, and had a mind sufficiently imbued with theology to understand their errors.

Certainly Clément showed no inclination to evil courses. In fact he was so grave and studious that his mother cherished the hope of taking him with her to Port Royal to become one of the solitaries who transformed the desert into a garden. She said that with patience she should see him come to this in time, but in the meantime youth was sanguine, and he had not renounced the hope of transforming the world. I think she also foresaw that the unavowed love for Annora could scarcely lead to anything but disappointment, and she thought that in the rebound he would be willing to devote himself as one of those hermits.

He was certainly acting in a manner to astonish the world. He was not yet of sufficient age or standing to succeed to his father's chair as the President of one of the Chambers of the Parliament, but his promotion as one of the *gens du roi* (crown lawyers) had been secured by annual fees almost ever since he was born, and the robe of the Counsellor who was promoted to the Presidency in the elder Darpent's room was awaiting him, when he declared his intention of accepting nothing that had been bought for him, but of continuing a simple advocate, and only obtaining what he could earn by his merits, not what was purchased. The younger men, and all the party who were still secret *frondeurs*, applauded him loudly, and he was quietly approved by the Chief President Molé, who had still hopes that the domineering of the Prince of Condé and the unpopularity of Cardinal Mazarin would lead to changes in which ardent and self-devoted souls like Clément's could come to the front and bring about improvements. The Coadjutor de Gondy, who was bent on making himself the head of a party, likewise displayed much admiration for one so disinterested, but I am afraid it was full of satire ; and most people spoke of him as a fool, or else as a dangerous character.

And it might very possibly be that if he fell under suspicion, his solitude might not be that of Port Royal but of the Bastille. Yet I am not sure that his mother did not dread the patronage of the Coadjutor most of all.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXXIX.

1598—1601.

THE EDITION OF NANTES.

SOME definite settlement between the Huguenot and Roman Catholic inhabitants of France was absolutely necessary, and under no king could it be so well carried out as under one who had experience and sympathy for both parties, and was under deep obligations to each of them ; being, in fact, the only ruler since William the Silent who had any principle of toleration.

Hitherto the Huguenots had been treated as enemies or as pariahs. The marriages celebrated by their pastors were not valid according to the law, and their children could be disinherited, nor could they obtain justice in the courts of law. They had often complained and called upon the King to redress their grievances, and as often he had put them off with compromises, in the fear of displeasing the Catholics, and alienating the Pope, whom he was anxious to conciliate in hopes of obtaining the dissolution of his marriage with Marguerite of Valois. A war with the Duke of Savoy, however, began to threaten him ; Spain was sure to support any enemy of his, and some of the discontented Huguenots, such as the Duke of Bouillon, showed symptoms of caballing with the Savoyard. He therefore felt the necessity of satisfying them, and conferences were held with their leaders. The treaty was concluded in 1598, a month before the peace of Vervins. By it Calvinist worship was licensed in the cities, where it was actually carried on, and in the baronies, where the lord was high justiciary. Equality of admission to all public offices, and enjoyment of civil rights, were granted. A chamber for the trial of Huguenot causes was added to the Parliament of Paris, and Huguenot judges were to sit with Catholic ones in the southern parliaments. Also the two hundred fortified places in their possession were for eight years to come to be garrisoned with Huguenot soldiers.

This document was called the Edict of Nantes, because it was there signed by the King, and registered by the Parliament there. It was not made public or submitted to the Parliament of Paris for another year, because the King wished the Papal Legate to be gone before it was made public. The Parliament of Paris did, in fact, make much opposition, and in some cities there were inflammatory sermons preached, and processions as if for the very purpose of provoking the Huguenots to fall on the Catholics,

and thus to break the law and get into disgrace; but this they were too wise to do. It is to be observed that the only really and consistently prosperous period of French history dated from the proclamation of the Edict of Nantes in 1598, to its revocation in 1685, during which time the bitter intolerance of the national character was kept under check. Henri's warmest friendship was for Maximilian de Rosny, who was his secretary of state, and master of the ordnance. This good man always retained his Calvinism, as did Philippe du Plessis Mornay. Rosny kept his opinions subordinate to state policy, and though a moral man himself, winked at the King's licentious life. Mornay made no such compromise. He and his friend, Agrippa d'Aubigné, openly grieved over the King's vices, as well as his desertion of their religion; and Mornay published a book of controversy on the Holy Eucharist, attacking the doctrine of the Mass, and tracing its growth since the times of primitive Christianity.

The Catholics accused him of making misquotations from the Fathers; the Pope, Clement VIII., complained of his being treated with favour by the King, and Henri consented to a conference in which the authorities should be compared before three Catholic and three Calvinist commissioners of the highest reputation. The meeting took place on the 4th of May, 1600, at Fontainebleau. Mornay said that he had been so pressed for time that he had only been able to verify nineteen out of the sixty quotations that had been objected to. Nine were examined on the first day, and nearly all were found incorrect. The next day Mornay was taken ill, and the conference was not resumed.

Young De Mornay, a lad of twenty, declared that the King had sacrificed his father to the Pope; but more impartial judges did not think so. 'If our religion had no better defender,' said Rosny, 'I would abandon it to-morrow.' Mayenne and Epernon, however, thought, as they said, that 'a very faithful servant had been treated very badly.' There is no doubt that Mornay's doctrine was ultra-Calvinist, and that the quotations he used in all honourable good faith must have come through a course of controversialists, who had, unconsciously perhaps, twisted and garbled them, so that they would not bear a comparison with the originals. The King, however, showed such satisfaction in his defeat as could not but be mortifying to one so faithful hearted; and this was not wholly political, for it may be remembered that Henri said he had always held the opposite doctrine respecting the Mass.

Henri did a cruel thing in driving his sister Catherine to marry the Duke of Bar, heir to the Duke of Lorraine. She would not give up the faith in which her mother had reared her, and she spent a wretched life amid the intolerant family in which she had been placed.

Meantime in Scotland, James VI. and Anne of Denmark were meanwhile awaiting, on their uneasy throne, the event which should call

them to England. They obtained no certainty, for Elizabeth enjoyed keeping her heirs in suspense, just as she had formerly served her suitors; and, further, she recollected the race to congratulate her on her sister's death, and had no mind to promote such a desertion. It was quite possible, too, that James might be considered as a foreign prince incapable of inheriting. Sir Walter Raleigh and several other influential persons were known so to regard him, and to put forward Arabella Stewart, his first cousin, English born and English bred, whom Queen Elizabeth treated as a kinswoman. Sir Robert Cecil paid his addresses to her, no doubt with a view to this possibility, but he was a little ugly crooked man, and Arabella had every reason for preferring to him William Seymour, Lord Beauchamp, that son of the unfortunate Katharine Grey who had been born in the Tower, and who had thus the perilous inheritance of royal blood. Cecil was much displeased at her rejection, and wrote of her to James in spiteful terms as 'Shrewsbury's pet.'

Another idea was of the revival of the old Lancastrian claim on behalf of the Infanta and her husband. James, by way of securing himself, kept up a correspondence with all parties, and so did statesmen, both English and Scottish.

Scotland still contained a strong and compact party of Roman Catholics, chiefly in the Highlands, but they were far outnumbered by the Presbyterians; and the Earl of Argyle, the most powerful Protestant noble, was Lord of the Isles and of the Western Highlands. The discovery of a supposed correspondence with Spain alarmed Scotland, so that the Romanist Marquis of Huntly was outlawed, and Argyle entrusted with the execution of the sentence. His force was the larger, and Huntly's the better disciplined; but though defeated at Glenlivet, the Protestants gained the advantage in the campaign, and finally, after three years wandering abroad, the Marquis of Huntly and the Earl of Errol abjured the Romish faith in the church at Edinburgh, and their return was celebrated by a great feast with 'wine drunken in abundance.'

Such a revel scarcely seems to have been esteemed a sin by the Kirk, though the General Assembly kept the sharpest possible watch on all errors they acknowledged. Ministers were quartered on the Roman Catholics and the new converts, to remain for three months, to instruct them 'by reading and interpretation of the Scriptures at their tables,' to catechise their families once or twice every day, to purge their houses of suspicious personages, and to watch over their patronage of the kirks at their disposal. It does not appear how far these proud and turbulent lords allowed their unbidden guests to carry out their commission. Moreover, a deputation was sent to rebuke the King, unfortunately without effect, 'that his Majesty is blotted with banning and swearing.' Also the Queen was rebuked for not repairing to the Word and Sacraments, for night-waking, balling, and such like.

Anne had the advantage over the King in appearance and manners, but she was by no means a wise woman. She resented greatly the law which committed the custody of the infant heir of Scotland to the trusty family of Mar, to be bred up in Stirling Castle, and she gave much trouble by her attempts to possess herself of her babe, till she gave birth to a second child, Elizabeth, whose company she might enjoy. The turbulence of Scotland made it needful to keep the heir under a different roof from his father, so as to prevent any factious person from seizing them both at once, at a time when a change of ministry was usually accomplished by kidnapping the King. A strange attempt of this kind took place in the year 1600. The family of the Earl of Gowrie had been forgiven and restored by James. There were four brothers and seven sisters. The eldest son was twenty-four years of age, the second, Alexander Ruthven, nineteen. They had studied at Padua, and were handsome, brilliant lads, who, with their two eldest sisters, met with much favour at court.

The Queen was much delighted with them, and made a close friend of Lady Beatrix, but there was much gossip about them. One story was that the Ruthven followers set upon those of the man who had seized the Earl of Gowrie, but that the present lord put an end to the fray, beating down his men's swords, and that when men stood aghast at a proceeding so unaccountable in Scotland, he replied, '*Aquila non capit muscas*,' by which he was supposed to mean that he should carry his blood feud higher.

Another absurd tale was that Alexander Ruthven was sleeping under a tree in the gardens of Falkland Palace, when the Queen and his sister Beatrix came by, and by way of joke threw a silver ribbon round his neck to amaze him when he awoke. Now this ribbon had been the gift of the King to the Queen, and he presently came by and stood aghast at the sight of it on the sleeper. Beatrix was, however, watching in some hiding place, and as soon as the King's back was turned she whisked the ribbon from the neck of the still unconscious Alexander, flew by a short cut to the Queen's chamber, and with a hint to her, put the ribbon into its place in her wardrobe. Up came James, demanding where was the ribbon. Anne, with an air of innocence, produced it, and James exclaimed, 'Evil take me, if *like* be not an evil mark!'

The royal family were still at Falkland on the 5th of August, and the King rose early, telling his wife that he expected to kill a prime buck before noon; but as he left the chamber, Alexander Ruthven advanced, with an unusually low bow, and told a strange story. He had been walking in the fields, he said, near Gowrie House, when he saw a dark man with something bulky under his cloak. Seizing on the man, the article proved to be a vessel filled with foreign gold coins, and this appeared so suspicious that he had thought it best to drag the fellow into his brother's house, shut him up there, and come

and tell the King and no one else, in case he should be some foreign agent.

James at first desired that the man should be brought before the magistrates of Perth, but Alexander hinted that in that case they would take good care to keep the bag of gold to themselves. Every one being now ready, the chase began, James, however, making up his mind to leave the party and go himself to Perth on this quest, Alexander advised him to take as few as possible with him; but he did take about twenty persons, among them the young Duke of Lennox, the son of his old favourite. To him the King told the story of the treasure, and he remarked, 'I like not that, sir, for it is not likely.'

Gowrie House was a large, square baronial mansion in the French style, capable of defence. The river Tay washed one side of the gardens extending behind the quadrangle, the east front, of which was towards the town, consisting of a high wall and an entrance gate, with a gable on each side belonging to the buildings on the two sides of the court. At the south-east corner, overhanging the wall towards the street, was a turret, with a single round chamber high up in it, and only accessible by a spiral stair from the ground, called 'the black turnpike.' There was another large oaken staircase in a square turret leading to a gallery which ran round the whole building, and led to all the chief apartments, communicating also with the 'black turnpike.'

At about a mile from Perth, Alexander Ruthven said he must ride on to give notice to his brother. He found Gowrie, at half-past twelve, sitting after dinner with some friends, and they rose and walked down to the Inch or meadow to meet the King, while the servants ran about to prepare a fresh dinner, and the cook rejoiced in finding a moorfowl, a shoulder of mutton, a hen, and some strawberries.

James and his party arrived, Lennox, Mar, John Ramsay, his page, and the rest in green hunting-suits, horns slung over their shoulders, and deer-knives at their belts. The King chose to dine before proceeding to business, the King eating his moorfowl alone in one room, and the others, somewhat later, dining on their shoulder of mutton. By and by James joked the Earl on having omitted, as host, to drink to him or to the other guests, and sent him to them with a cup of wine as 'the king's skull,' a Danish term for a health.

At that moment Alexander beckoned to the King, who desired that Sir Thomas Erskine should follow; but the message was not delivered, and when Lennox would have risen, Lord Gowrie stopped him, saying his Grace was gone on a quiet errand. Calling for the key of the garden, the Earl led the gentlemen out into it, and they were there disporting themselves when a servant brought word that the King had gone out by a back gate and was riding across the Inch. The Earl called out for his horses, though his servants said they were on the

other side of the Tay, and all hurried into the court. Lennox, feeling doubtful, asked the porter if the King was gone. The man said 'No,' on which Gowrie abused him as a lying varlet, and said he would go and learn the truth. After going back into the house he returned, and averred that the King was really gone, upon which the escort passed through the great gate into the street, and stood about, waiting for their horses, in some perplexity.

Suddenly they heard a cry, and Lennox said to Mar, 'This is the King's voice that cries, be he where he will.' Looking up, they beheld at the narrow window of the turret the face of James, without his hat, red and half-choked by a hand from behind that was gripping his cheek and neck, while he contrived to shout, 'I am murtherit! Treason! treason! Help, my Lord of Mar!'

Up the nobles rushed, Lennox and Mar by the great staircase and the gallery, but they found the door leading to the turret chamber made fast, and finding a ladder, tried to break it down. However, John Ramsay, the page holding the King's hawk, a young man about twenty-two, had run back, on the King's cry, into the quadrangle, and seeing the door of the black turnpike open, had dashed up the stair. Coming to the door, he heard the sounds of a struggle, and throwing himself against the door burst it open. A man in armour stood quietly by, while James and Ruthven were struggling, the King having his adversary's head under his arm, but Ruthven's hand grasping the King's cheek. Ramsay let go the hawk, and drew his only weapon, a hunting-knife, with which he stabbed Ruthven, James calling to him to strike low, 'because he has ane pyne-doublet,' a secret coat of mail. James then himself dragged the wounded youth to the head of the stair and hurled him down, to meet with Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries, who at once struck him with their knives, and heard him gasp out, 'Alas! I had no wyte of it,' that is, 'I am not to blame.'

Gowrie meantime had gone running about like one uncertain. Some of the King's followers had tried to lay hands on him, but he broke from them, and hurrying to the black turnpike, with six servants, he came on his brother's dead body, and rushed up. The door of the turret was kept by Ramsay, Herries, and the King, as best they could, but after a sharp fight Ramsay succeeded in giving the Earl a death-blow, and the servants fell back. Mar and Lennox were still thundering away at the gallery door, and the King heard the noise, but did not know whether it came from friends or foes, till one of the party found his way up the black turnpike and told him. Thus the King's friends were united again; but the danger was not over, for the women of the household had run out into the town; the great bell was tolling, as for a Highland foray; and the burghers were hurrying out to the rescue of the Earl, who was much beloved. Shouts came up, 'Is my lord alive?' 'Green-coats, we shall have

amends!' 'Ye shall pay for it.' 'Traitors and thieves that have slain the Earl of Gowrie.' While Lady Violet Ruthven, a sister of the Earl, cried, 'He had enow to tak meat and drink from him but nane to revenge his death.'

However, the baillies took part with the King, and managed to disperse the people, while James and his followers took boat at the garden entrance and escaped to Falkland.

The King's account of the adventure was, that as he went up stairs Alexander locked every door behind him until he came to the turret, where, instead of finding the Jesuit with the gold, there stood a man armed all but his head, close to a picture behind a curtain. Putting on his hat and drawing the curtain, Alexander showed his father's likeness, and demanded revenge.

James answered that, as to his father, the deed was that of the council, not of himself, a minor at the time; and Alexander replied that he did not want his blood, but a promise.

'What promise?' said the King.

'My brother will tell you,' said Alexander, and threatening the King violently in case he should cry out or open the window, then went out, locking the door behind him.

James asked the man in armour how he came there, and was answered, 'I was shot in like a dog.'

Then he inquired, 'Will my Lord of Gowrie do me any harm?'

'I will die first,' said the man.

The King bade him open the window, but he went to one that overlooked the river, and James called out, 'Fye, the wrong window, man.'

Before he could get to the right window, Alexander Ruthven came back, saying, 'There is no remedy,' and springing on the King, tried to tie his hands with a garter; but James cried, 'I am a free prince, and will not be bound.'

The man so far came to his aid as to wrench away the garter and open the window, so that James got his head out and called for help, as had been seen by those below. The two then engaged in a desperate struggle, each trying to draw his weapon, and meantime this spectator contrived to unlock the door, so that John Ramsay was able to enter, while he himself ran away. This man was one Henderson, Gowrie's chamberlain, who had been bidden to arm himself to capture a Highlandman, and then shut up in this chamber without being told why, but apparently to assist in overpowering the King. The garter was afterwards found among the rushes on the floor.

Close inquiry was made into the whole matter, and depositions taken and put on record. The King caused public thanksgiving to be offered up for his escape from peril, and showed great animosity to the remaining members of the family. The two eldest sisters, Margaret and Beatrix, were dismissed from the Queen's service, and the two brothers, boys at school, were obliged to flee for their lives to Berwick,

where Sir John Carey, the governor, sheltered them, in close hiding, till they could be sent away.

So strange had been the whole affair that there were many who thought, and indeed some still think, that the whole was a mock conspiracy of James's own, got up for the sake of ridding himself of a dangerous family. The grandfather had been one of the foremost murderers of Rizzio, the father had kidnapped James himself, and he was thought to mistrust the unhappy youths who had thus perished.

However, eight years later, a collection of letters were brought to light proving that there had really been a conspiracy between the young men and Robert Logan, of Restalrig, for seizing the King and carrying him off to Logan's stronghold of Fastcastle, a grim, square feudal tower on a steep black rock overhanging the German Ocean. Hither James was to be conveyed by a boat on the river Tay, and how far the vengeance of the brothers was to go does not appear, only that Logan was to be rewarded 'with a grip of the lands of Dirlton,' a pleasant estate on the Firth of Forth. It would seem, however, that Alexander had managed to entrap the King before Gowrie was ready to carry out the rest of the plot, and that the brothers became bewildered and uncertain, so as to come to no decision as to what they should do when they found the King actually in their hands. They had made a bad choice too of Henderson as an accomplice who might overawe the King.

All this not having come to light at the time of the adventure, it was a mystery in people's minds, and the men of Perth retained up to the present century a belief that the plot was all in the King's imagination. The animosity with which James pursued the younger and certainly guiltless members of the family excited great pity, especially by the Queen, who had been much attached to Lady Beatrix.

Two ladies of the suite actually smuggled Beatrix into Linlithgow Palace, and kept her hid till evening in a chamber where the Queen came and conferred with her, talked over her troubles and the strange plot in which her brothers had perished, and 'well furnished' her, namely, provided her with a wardrobe in preparation for her marriage with Sir John Home, of Cowdenknows. Sir Thomas Erskine, finding out that the poor young lady had been thus brought in secretly, suspected some disloyalty, and told the King, who was at first suspicious, but after examining every one concerned, found that no wrong had been done or meant in the matter. The elder sister, Margaret, married the Earl of Montrose.

This year, 1600, saw the birth of the King's second son, who was so feeble that he was immediately baptized. He received the name of Charles, perhaps in remembrance of the great Charles V., who was born in like manner in the first year of the century. The babe was created Duke of Albany, but he was so frail and sickly that he was thought

unlikely to live. His little brother, Robert, who was born the following year, only lived a few weeks, and though Anne of Denmark had several more children, none lived beyond infancy, excepting the three elder ones, Henry, Elizabeth, and Charles.

An important step as regarded France was made this year, namely, the marriage of Henri IV. Ever since his conversion to Romanism, he had been entreating that his unhappy marriage with Marguerite de Valois might be cancelled, on the ground that there had been no dispensation, and the bride had never given her consent, besides which both parties had been notoriously faithless to one another. His determination was to marry Gabrielle d'Estrées, whom he had made Duchess of Beaufort, but Marguerite would not consent to the separation for the sake of so unworthy a marriage, so disgraceful to the French throne.

There were some who whispered that what had been declared high treason in Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard might be requited with the same punishment; but Henri was far too kind-hearted for such a measure, and Marguerite, guilty as she might be, was the daughter of the Kings of France. Henri's pertinacity, and the fear of losing his support, had, however, nearly prevailed with the Pope, and all his best friends were looking forward with dismay to a wedding that would lower him in the eyes of Europe, when Gabrielle died, after a very short illness.

She had gone to Paris for the Holy Week of 1599, while Henri was at Fontainebleau. On the Thursday she was entertained by Zamet, an Italian, who had come to France as shoemaker to Catherine de Medici, and had risen to enormous wealth and influence as a collector of the revenue. He regaled her with a banquet of every dish permissible in Lent. On Good Friday she went to hear the service called *Tenebræ* in the church of S. Antoine, the fashionable resort at the time, and there, beckoning to Mademoiselle de Guise, she occupied herself during that awful and solemn service with showing letters from Rome and from the King assuring her that the way to her being a queen was fast being opened. Feeling unwell, she repaired to Zamet's house, and asked for some fruit. A fine citron was brought to her, and immediately after eating it she was taken ill with horrible agonies and convulsions, and died at nightfall, April the 10th, 1599. Whether cholera or poison was the cause of the unhappy woman's death must remain for ever uncertain. She had been kind-hearted, and had not made enemies, but her death was certainly a relief to many. The faction to which Zamet belonged was so powerful that Henri was dissuaded from making a judicial inquiry which might have implicated them. The King's grief was for a short time passionate, but it did not prevent him from giving a promise of marriage to another lady, Henriette d'Entragues, before the year was out. She really believed herself his lawful wife, though not owned as queen, and was bitterly

disappointed when the King's divorce being actually completed in the October of 1599, he proved to be negotiating for the hand of Maria de' Medici, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It was an ill-omened connection, but Henri had always personally liked Catherine de' Medici, and had no repugnance to her family. Indeed Maria was only very distantly related to the former Queen, and had none of her ability.

Maria de' Medici had spent a dull and neglected life, though she had been fairly well educated. Her chief companion and friend was her foster-sister, Leonora Dori, daughter of a turner at Florence, who had grown up with her and had a great influence over her. The two friends were twenty-seven years old, when, after having been married by proxy, the new Queen set out for France. Leonora, who had paid an old gentleman of noble family to acknowledge a connection between her family and his own, had assumed his aristocratic name of Galigai. On the journey to France she captivated an Italian gentleman named Concino Concini, of much higher rank, but equally an adventurer. Their destinies were closely interwoven with those of their royal mistress.

Meanwhile Henri had become involved in a war with the Duke of Savoy about the Marquisate of Saluces. This is only interesting as it gave opportunity for a treason which deeply affected the King. Charles de Gontart, Marshal-Duke of Biron, had been one of his boon companions and fellow-soldiers throughout his troubles, and had been raised by him to his present dignity. He, like the Duke of Bouillon and some others, was discontented that the political object of the original anti-Guise party had entirely failed. The Crown was more powerful than ever, and hardly a great feudal principality survived. Only Bouillon was Prince of Sedan in French Flanders. These dukes fancied that by the help of Spain and Savoy they could force from Henri such fiefs in Burgundy and Flanders as the old dukes and counts of mediæval times had employed.

Henri was warned that Biron had said, 'This sword placed the King on his throne. It can as easily unmake him.' 'It is only a gasconade,' he said, and he laughed about the 'ill humour of poor Biron,' a terrible gambler and deeply in debt.

However, when engaged in the war with Savoy, Biron actually promised to bring the King under the guns of the enemy's battery, but when he saw how implicitly Henri yielded himself to his guidance, his better instincts prevailed, and he snatched the King's bridle and led him away from danger. The King was in the midst of the war, gaining town after town, when his espousals were performed by proxy at Florence, and his bride took leave of her home. Great was the splendour of the preparations for the wedding. The ship that conveyed the new Queen from Leghorn had a deck seventy feet long, gilded the whole length. The stern was inlaid with rare woods,

garnets, ebony, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and blue-stone. The panes of the cabin window destined for her were of rock crystal, the curtains of cloth of gold! It was bad weather, and poor Marie had to contemplate these splendours longer than she could have wished before arriving at Toulon.

A war with Savoy detained the King, and he could not meet her till she had been ten days at Lyons. On the 7th of December, Henri set out on horseback with a party of gentlemen, and arrived on the evening of the 9th, so late that it was quite dark, and the bar of the bridge of Lyons was lowered. He would not announce himself because he wished to take the Queen by surprise; so when the sentinels refused to admit him, he bade them send for the Governor, the Count of Guiche. This they refused to do, and he was kept out in the rain, demanding admittance in the name of his companions, the Duke of Montpensier and Count of Auvergne, but without success till his voice was recognised, and the bar was suddenly lowered.

Finding that the Queen was at supper, with a crowd of courtiers looking on, the King slipped in among them, and screened himself behind the tall Duke de Bellegarde to survey his bride unseen. However, a movement among the gentlemen betrayed his arrival; the Queen made a sign that no more dishes should be served, and after grace had been sung by her chaplains, retired to her apartments. A knock at the door soon followed, and Bellegarde announced the King. Marie was going to kneel and kiss his hand, but he took her round the waist and kissed her heartily several times, then made her introduce him to the Florentines who had accompanied her. He took her hand, sat by her, and explained his delay in meeting her; then bade her good night, and went away to sup.

The Duchess of Nemours said, 'Sire, you have espoused a beautiful wife.'

'Yes,' said Henri, 'it is a beautiful feature to be Queen of France.'

Marie, though not uncomely, had no such charms as Gabrielle, but she could look queenly, and they were a royal-looking couple when they were married by the Legate Aldobrandini at Lyons on the 17th of December. Her great deficiency was in temper, and she was also entirely swayed by her friend Leonora Galigai. Not only his wise counsellor, Rosny, but the Italians themselves, strongly counselled him to send this intriguing woman home. Marie, on the contrary, demanded that the King should consent to the favourite's immediate marriage with Concini, and make him her chief equerry; and when he refused, she flew into a passion, and became sullen, treating her *dame d'atours*, or first lady of the bed-chamber, the Duchess of Richelieu, with such incivility that the lady resigned, and her son, Armand, then a student of divinity at the Sorbonne, always remembered it against the Queen.

Marie's uncle, the reigning Duke of Tuscany, sent her a wholesome

rebuke by his ambassador, and represented the danger of alienating her husband's affections, but she sullenly replied that she intended to retain the friends of her youth. Unfortunately, Henri was too easy tempered to be firm ; he consented to Leonora's remaining in France, though without office, and before another year was over he had actually permitted, not only the marriage, but the appointment of this artisan's daughter to be *dame d'atours* ! Little did Marie guess the ruin her obstinacy was preparing for her friends and for herself.

The correspondence of Biron with the Duke of Savoy had become known to the King, who manifested his displeasure by sending him no invitation to the wedding. Biron, finding that the negotiations with Savoy overthrew all his designs, asked permission to repair to Lyons, and this was granted. He came to the King in the cloisters of the Franciscan priory there, and made a kind of semi-confession, namely, that he had asked for the hand of the Duke of Savoy's daughter without the King's permission, and when angry at being refused the government of Bourg, he had had some correspondence with the Duke, but had meant no ill towards the person of his beloved master. Henri, who really loved him deeply, gave him a full and free pardon, and said, using the affectionate second person singular—

‘Ha, Marshal, do not recollect Bourg, and I will recollect nothing that has passed.’

Alas ! the placability of such a master as this was wasted on the ungenerous man, who only despised him for it.

'BLACK BARTHOLOMEW.'

1662.

BY LUCY PHILLIMORE, AUTHOR OF 'SIR C. WREN,' 'OUR PROFESSION,' ETC.

THERE are certain historical memories which connect themselves with the 24th of August, and supply associations which do not belong to S. Bartholomew the Apostle.

The best known is, of course, the massacre of the Huguenots in 1572, at the instance alas! of the rulers of the Roman Church, but it is not with that tragical story that we have now to do, nor did it fix on the day its peculiar epithet. 'Black Bartholomew' marks an epoch in English Church history and dates from the time, now two hundred and twenty years ago, when the provisions of Charles II's, 'Act of Uniformity' came into effect.

The results of that day are perceptible still. Before giving an account either of them or of the day itself it is necessary to glance back over the troubled years of the Great Rebellion. The broad outlines of those years are pretty well known, though barely six people will agree on the manner in which the outline should be filled up, still less what colouring it should assume.

Looking at the times as far as we can from the Church point of view only, setting politics aside, it will be readily owned that the days of the rebellion were for the Church, but days of adversity amounting to persecution. Leniency was not held by the dominant party to be a merit, but a backsliding and a defection.

Those who had been loudest in declaring that Church discipline was intolerable the moment it was exercised against any but 'Popish recusants;' who had denounced the Bishops as 'devouring wolves, evil shepherds, traitors, bloody-minded Papists' if they censured manifest disobedience or open schism; who had resented reproof or fine as monstrous oppression, were ready at once to seize upon the same weapon when their party came into power.

Toleration is a modern, and threatens to become a very elastic virtue, under whose wide protection anything not too earnest or too rigidly honest may safely abide, but we may leave it out of our consideration while we are considering the time of the Puritan power.

Most of us will remember Nehemiah Holdenough's story in *Woodstock*, and his cry of 'Down with the Priest of Baal—slay Mattan—slay him were he between the altars,' before he was aware that the Priest was his early friend. Sir Walter Scott has but changed the names of the actors in a true story. The priest was King Charles's Chaplain, Dr. Michael Hudson, murdered at the siege of Woodcroft House in Northamptonshire, in 1648, with exactly the circumstances Scott

describes, being stabbed through and through by the bayonets of the soldiers when he had struggled through the moat to the shore. 'Whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service,' was the prevailing temper, and the clergy suffered very severely. Fines, confiscation, exile, penury, even starvation, tried those who escaped violent death, nor did any question of shades of belief affect the matter. No man could be a more vehement Protestant than Bishop Morton of Durham, as a glance at his *Institution of the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ* will show, but he was harassed and fined until he died at the age of 94, 'deprived of all his goods, but a good name and a good conscience.'*

Cromwell and his party were well aware that a persecution which is not carried to the point of extirpation is not permanently successful, and to this his policy was directed.

There were three stages in this persecution.

In 1643 the 'Solemn League and Covenant' was tendered to any clerk suspected of malignancy, and on his refusal he was forthwith deprived. Some were able to evade this test, some alas! subscribed to it, but by far the greater part rejected it altogether, and were summarily deprived and rendered homeless.

The League and Covenant, with a long preamble and six heads, is too long to quote in full. Those who subscribed to it swore, amongst other things, to maintain the 'reformed Church of Scotland' (i.e. Presbyterianism), to endeavour to introduce 'the Directory for worship,' to extirpate 'popery, prelacy (that is, the government of the Church by archbishops, bishops, their chancellors, commissaries, deans and chapters, archdeacons, and all other Ecclesiastical officers depending on that Hierarchy), superstition, heresy, schism,' &c., to maintain the liberties of Parliament, and to defend the king's person.

Here, indeed, in this long and intricate oath, was a snare spread for the feet. Here, indeed, was a pressure on tender consciences far heavier than the order to wear a surplice and read the Prayer Book offices. The choice from its very hardness must have been a foregone choice to most. How could they promise to extirpate Episcopacy when they believed it to be of Divine authority? It was a tyrannical act to insist on such a test.

In two more years (1645) the use of the Prayer Book was forbidden under a penalty of 5*l.* for the first offence, 10*l.* for the second, a year's imprisonment for the third. That miserable composition, the Directory, was to be used instead.

This pressed heavily on the clergy who, having been ejected, still read the Church Prayers and administered the Sacraments to such of their flocks as they could assemble. Some held on with every precaution of secrecy, and sometimes escaped notice. Some, among them George Bull, afterwards Bishop of S. David's, learnt the Church

* See his epitaph in Durham Cathedral.

Service by heart and recited it as though it had been extemporary prayer. Dr. Hewet kept up the regular services in the early morning and late evening in S. Gregory's Church, adjoining S. Paul's, protected by Cromwell's two daughters, Lady Falconbridge and Mrs. Claypole. After Christmas, 1655, he could only read the services by stealth, and in two more years he was beheaded on Tower Hill.'

The third step was an oath or engagement, prescribed in 1649, of obedience to the Government by law established without King or House of Peers. This proved a final blow to the clergy, whose cause, like that of the faithful laity, was unavoidably linked with that of the Royalists, and with the exception of the few who had friends in the ruling party, they were forced into hiding, exile, or prison. The Heads of Houses and the other clergy of the Universities who did not conform were swept clean away, with an intimation that if they tried to remain they would without further ceremony be hanged as spies. Eight of these Doctors of Divinity some knights and gentlemen, amounting to about fifty-seven persons, were imprisoned in a small coal ship at Wapping, and constantly threatened that they would be sold as slaves to the Algerines. In the case of some, this imprisonment lasted a full year, and imprisonment was in those days costly. Dr. Richard Sterne, the deposed Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, had to pay in fourteen months above 100% in fees and rents, besides diet and other charges, before ever he reached the low, close decks of the *Prosperous Sailor*, at Wapping!

The Bishops fared no better. Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely, who was shut up eighteen years in the Tower without the formality of a trial, was comparatively a rich man, and had married a wife with property. But all his goods were confiscated, his plate melted down, and his sons left without means to maintain themselves at Cambridge.

John Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, when a friend asked him how he did, replied quaintly, 'Never better in my life, only I have too great a stomach; for I have eaten that little plate which the sequestrators left me, I have eaten a great library of excellent books, I have eaten a great deal of linen, much of my brass, some of my pewter, and now I am come to eat iron, and what will come next I know not!' The natural resource of the clergy would have been found in teaching either in Grammar schools or private houses, or, as was common then in keeping a little private day-school in the house where they might lodge. This resource the Government at once cut off. Wise in its generation, it was aware that the clergy would thus have it in their power to preserve that spark of Catholic religion which it desired to stamp out.

The clergy had accordingly to live by alms and by the practice of such secular trades as their unaccustomed hands could learn.

It was a sore trial, bringing with it more or less of degradation. The absence of all means of study, of regular duty and responsibility, the many shifts and contrivances, the added anxiety of a dependent

wife and children, the living on alms, or by common secular work, must all have tended to wear away their spiritual character and lower their tone of mind. While hardships tended to diminish the number of the clergy more rapidly than usual, there was no corresponding increase. Bishop Brian Duppa, of Salisbury, did indeed secretly ordain a few young Church scholars, but they were few indeed.

It is calculated that altogether about 8,000 clerks were ejected at one time and another during the rebellion, leaving nearly all the cures of souls in England to be occupied by any one of whom the Government pleased to approve.

The religious condition of England at that time must have been a curious study. It was by no means, as it is sometimes described, as if the Presbyterian had only been substituted for the priest, the Directory for the Prayer Book, and then everything went quietly on. Here and there a minister with some learning and much zeal for the task he had assumed, would try to do well by his people, would preach frequent long sermons, not purely polemical, in the defaced church, and pray, more briefly, for whatever he conceived most needful, while the people sat in pews, with covered heads, prepared to find fault if the doctrines were not what they deemed orthodox.

Other places would be less fortunate, and would have a minister who had failed in a secular calling, or had forsaken it for the sake of excitement and power, while he had no qualification for the ministry but such as could be given by a power of quoting freely from the Old Testament, a flow of words, chiefly of violent invective, against the Church, whether in England or at Rome.

Wilder voices yet would be heard—Cromwell's military saints, 'Fifth Monarchy' men, Independents, any one who had a 'gift.' These intruders were vehemently objected against by the Presbyterians, who claimed an entire authority over their congregations, but with little success.

There was no form of extravagance which did not run riot in England then, and prove its claim to liberty by declaiming against some one else. 'Liberty to tender consciences' was abundantly proclaimed, and was extended to those whose consciences, if they survived at all, merited a different epithet, but it was not extended to the Church of England. It is an historical error to suppose that good morals and sober lives were produced or accompanied by this state of religious licence, and in a moment, after the Restoration, dissolved into corruption and vice.

Vice may then have been more open and avowed than under Puritan rule, and the King's example, though not worse than that of Ireton and many others, was perhaps more pernicious, in that it was more conspicuous.

In May, 1660, came the Restoration, and the King's declaration from Breda, studiously vague as regarded the Church.

With Charles II.'s return there emerged also from their hiding-places the nine Bishops, who alone survived to govern the seven and twenty dioceses of England, and the survivors of the 8,000 clergy.

What a state of things lay before them, and what had they to which they could return?

Mr. Green says of the Presbyterians 'The bulk of the great livings were in their hands. . . . They occupied the higher posts at the universities.*' The first step taken by the Government was to restore the survivors to their former posts, except such as were promoted to the vacant bishoprics and deaneries. This was but bare justice, for they had been ejected, says Mr. Green, either as royalists, or as no preachers, or as scandalous ministers. Such had been their crimes. The sufferers for the sake of loyalty the King was bound to indemnify. A man was described as a 'scandalous minister' if he prayed for the King, used the Church prayers, or had a cross or painted window in his church, without any question of his private character, so that the epithet has a different meaning from its present one. To be no preacher was certainly a serious defect, but probably the committee of inquiry would have thus described Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, or South.

This partial restoration still left very many livings in Presbyterian hands, and the diversity of ritual and doctrine was enormous. 'Men did begin,' says Pepys, 'to nibble at the Common Prayer,' but it was only such a piece as each man thought expedient and safe.

The state of things was obviously one which could not endure. The battle was over the Prayer Book; if it was again ordered, the Presbyterians knew they must yield their claims to be the Church of the land, and they conceived that the moment had come when these claims might prevail and the Church be brought down to the level of the foreign congregations.

Perhaps the period from May, 1660, to August, 1662, was as critical a time, as fraught with peril to the Church, as even those previous years when the Apostolical Succession seemed almost gone. 'The life of the Church militant,' it has been said, 'is a series of hairbreadth escapes,' and we are now considering one of these escapes.

In eighteen years of confusion and persecution, the traditions of reverent worship and of Church teaching had been grievously broken, and men were ready to surrender essential points without understanding in the least the gravity of their proceeding.

Fortunately some of the learned bishops and clergy survived, men who, during the enforced quiet of long imprisonment, had considered carefully what was of the essence of the Church to be handed on intact to future generations.

The history of the Savoy Conference, and the revision of which our present Prayer Book is the result, do not come within the limits of this sketch. The objections raised by the Presbyterian party, and they

* *History of the English People*, p. 609.

were numerous, were carefully weighed and fairly considered. There was much of concession to them, for undoubtedly the desire of many Churchmen was to return to the first Prayer Book of Edward VI., too hastily laid aside. It is possible that such a return would have perilled everything, but the concessions made did not satisfy the Presbyterians, whose views the present book certainly contradicted.

The service-book once authoritatively settled, it was necessary to provide for its entire and exclusive use in the churches.

The Act of 'Uniformity of Public Prayers and Administration of the Sacraments' (14 Car. II.) was passed for this object. It provided that 'all and singular ministers' in England and Wales should use the Book of Common Prayer, and that only, in their ministrations; should declare their 'unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything' contained and prescribed therein. It likewise provided that no one should hold any preferment in the Church of England except he was ordained priest or deacon by episcopal ordination.

Schoolmasters or tutors were to have a licence from the archbishop, bishop, or ordinary of the diocese. There was also a declaration required of the unlawfulness of taking up arms against the King, a promise of conformity to the liturgy, and a declaration that the covenant was an unlawful oath, and not binding. There is no doubt that the design of the Act, with its thirty-two clauses, was to preclude a lax, general conformity, to make the conditions stringent, so as to diminish considerably the Presbyterian element. It was to come into effect on the Feast of S. Bartholomew, 1662, by which day all the ministers must have complied with its provisions, or must quit their benefices.

Grievous complaints were made of undue haste; that the Prayer Book, to which such entire submission was required, was hardly in the hands of some of the ministers till the decisive day; that S. Bartholomew's Day was chosen rather than S. Michael's in order to deprive the outgoing incumbent of the tithes paid at Michaelmas. A provision was made subsequently for the relief of those who professed that they had been unable to procure the book, so that in the end they were not sufferers.

The other complaint did not come gracefully from men who had without scruple ousted the old incumbents, and had made the allowance of 'the fifths' a dead letter.* Perhaps it would have been more generous to allow the tithes to be given to the ejected incumbent,

* The Parliament empowered the Sequestrating Committee to allow one-fifth of the revenue of the living to the family of the ejected incumbent. An incumbent without a family received nothing. Application had to be made by wife or child in person, and any indignant expression on their part sufficed to produce a refusal of the money. Nor was a pretext always needed for this refusal. 'Starving is as good a way to heaven as any other,' answered one plea. 'Your husband is dead: dead in trespasses and sins,' answered another. The whole was in the unchecked hands of the Committee, and the incumbents benefited but little by this much praised liberality.

but in that case the generosity was severely at the expense of the incoming clergyman, whose money it undoubtedly was.

Such were the terms of the Act, which the Presbyterians strained every nerve first to frustrate and then to delay.

Great excitement prevailed through the country and in London. Pepys says, August 10th:—'The new service-booke which is now lately come forth, was laid upon the deske at S. Sepulchre's for Mr. George to read; but he laid it aside and would not meddle with it: and I perceave the presbyters do all prepare to give over all against Bartholomew-tide.' Sheldon, Bishop of London, had no wish that it should be otherwise. He had provided, as best he could, for men to take their places, and probably held, with South, that there was 'nothing so deadly as a conforming Puritan.'

On the Sunday before S. Bartholomew's Day 1,700 of the Presbyterians threw up their livings rather than accept the conditions imposed. Their number has been variously estimated. In Calamy's list they amount to 2,000, but to make up this number he reckons those whom the Act would have disqualified if they had held benefices, which was not the case. But of these—be their number what it may—the 'Bartholomew confessors,' or 'martyrs,' these 'victims of cruel persecution,' these men of blameless life, the salt of the Church of England, as they have been called, what is there to be said? Were they indeed persecuted, ejected from positions which, if they acquired them at first through violence, they had since adorned, and by so adorning had justified that first violence? Were the grounds of their ejection frivolous? Did they embrace cruel poverty and keen suffering?

It has been the fashion of most historians to answer Yes to all these questions, to lavish eulogiums on the disinterested courage, the constancy, and the sincerity of these men. All of them thought they were suffering for conscience' sake, some of them actually were so. Suffering for conscience' sake is in itself a respectable thing, even when the conscience is blinded, the zeal misdirected; but when these two conditions prevail, it is questionable whether its effects are not distinctly injurious to the world at large.

It has been said that the Bishops should have stretched a point in order to secure the services of a body of devoted, experienced men, and that instead they were governed by resentment, and maliciously used their moment of triumph to oppress those who were already overthrown, and to whom they should have shown a generous forbearance.

Sundry fallacies underlie this plausible opinion. The Church by no means occupied a vantage-ground from whence she could dispense what terms she pleased to a conquered foe. Presbyterianism was striving hard for the mastery. Baffled in respect of the service-book, it yet hoped to keep the cures of souls on its own terms, and resist any rule or discipline but its own.

And what were the points which the Bishops should have stretched, or rather given up? One was Ordination. A few of the ministers had been episcopally ordained, the rest had received no episcopal Ordination, but had been set apart by prayer and the laying on of the hands of other ministers.

In the belief of the Bishops, as of the Church in England, this laying on of hands did not confer on the recipient that Gift of the Holy Ghost which alone could make a man deacon or priest; it left him as it found him, a layman, incapable as such of giving absolution, administering the Eucharist, or performing the special duties of a deacon or a priest, a man without a commission equally with any member of the congregation. It was impossible for a Bishop who believed in his Office to allow, for any cause of compassion or of favour, certain cures in his diocese to be held by men who, by whatever name they called themselves, were laymen merely, and whose flock must accordingly have been starved. It was not a point which admitted of concession or could be left in doubt. A man must be either in holy orders or not; if he was not, he must be ordained before he could hold any cure of souls, and this ordination was only an ordination when given by the laying on of a Bishop's hands.

It is true that men like Bishop Wilkins, of Chester, and Bishop Reynolds, of Norwich, whose own resignation was confidently expected, were at heart thorough Presbyterians, and ought hardly to have deprived men who openly professed tenets which they themselves had once openly defended and still secretly held.

Nor were the Bishops hard in their measures, or reluctant to ordain those who were willing to seek Holy Orders. Bishop Wren, of Ely, whose eighteen years' captivity had neither shaken his courage nor hardened his heart, prevailed so that few in his diocese were ejected. In the Bishopric of Durham most of the incumbents conformed, and Bishop Cosin appears to have dealt very kindly by them.

There was one Mr. Frankland, to whom Sir Arthur Haslerigg had given the living of Bishop's Auckland, of which, as of the palace, he had violently possessed himself, who refused ordination. Bishop Cosin sent for him and argued the matter out, promising to confirm him in the living if he was ordained.

The Bishop was prepared to do the utmost in his power, offering, Calamy says, an ordination so private that none should know of it, and even that it should be conditional. 'If thou hast not been ordained, I ordain thee,' &c. This was refused, and Frankland lost the living, but as he set up a prosperous academy, and also preached in his own house he certainly suffered little molestation. Indeed a careful study of Calamy's record of the 'Bartholomew Confessors,' tends to show that they underwent nothing which could honestly be dignified by the name of a persecution. They had indeed to yield up positions to the holding of which conditions were inevitably attached which they would not or could not fulfil, positions into which, as they well knew, they had

irregularly entered on the hasty ejection of the legal incumbent. Many restrictions, which they defied or evaded, were laid on them; there was a general sense of downfall; they had to see their work, as they esteemed it, pass into hands which they distrusted. Those who resisted the law and were informed against, suffered the three months' imprisonment which would *now* be reckoned such a light penalty for contumacy.

Mr. Samuel Charles indeed, who was ejected from the living of Mickelover, Derbyshire, and 'preached up and down,' having no particular flock, when brought before the magistrates, rebuked them roundly, saying, 'I pray you consider before you do anything, that the imprisoning of the ministers of the Gospel is the Devil's Work, and I do not apprehend you can do his Work and escape his Wages.'

He was imprisoned for six months, double the usual term, at Hull, and when released preached 'up and down' as before without suffering any further molestation.

It would appear that hardly one in twenty of the ejected ministers were reduced to actual straits. The greater number had secular callings, as weavers, farmers, cobblers, and the like, to which they returned even when they preached on Sunday, or in Newcourt's phrase, 'followed the trade of conventicling.'

For those who aspired higher the profession of medicine was open with a facility probably fatal to many of their patients, or there was the post of a sort of semi-chaplain to some great peer who favoured 'the cause,' or, despite the provisions of the act, they contrived to obtain tutorships and masterships in Grammar Schools, from which a more uncompromising policy would have excluded them as Cromwell's did the Episcopal clergy.

Their friends were rich, well able to support them and powerful enough to afford them considerable protection. Taking these circumstances into consideration, it can hardly be said that from the Non-conformist side the day deserved the epithets of 'fatal' or 'black' Bartholomew, which the writers of that party so generally bestowed upon it.

Some of these men conformed later, some remained tranquilly in lay communion, and saw their sons admitted to Holy Orders, but the majority went up and down, sowing, as they considered, good seed, but the result has been a growth of error and schism which is visible still.

So much for those who went out, but of those who stayed, who declared their unfeigned assent and consent to the Book of Common Prayer, who were duly ordained, what was the gain to the Church?

Even if we could give them all credit for a disinterested and loyal assent, and a true belief in the Orders they received, yet into what a strange atmosphere did this assent bring them!

The Ritual ordered by the Prayer Book, even when poverty had shorn it to the smallest dimensions, must have been startling to men

whose congregations were wont to sit throughout the service with covered heads, who were themselves so little reverent that it is quoted as remarkable with regard to one, that while public prayer was performed 'by others he would not sit but stand in his pew or kneel on his seat,' or of another that 'he constantly kneeled in his prayer in his pulpit.' They had been wont in administering what, had they been really priests, would have been the Holy Communion, to give it to people either sitting round the Table or in their pews, now they were to stand within the Altar rails with 'the people meekly kneeling' before them.

Nor was the Ritual startling only, it must have been perplexing in no small degree. Few books require more than the Prayer Book the assistance of tradition and custom for its interpretation, and both these assistances were lacking to them; they were ignorant of the tradition, the custom had been broken off for seventeen years, and what they knew of it they abhorred.

Reverence and Romanism were in their eyes near akin, and the greater number omitted what they thought needless and read a mangled service.

Equally strange was the doctrine. The Prayer Book taught distinctly Baptismal Regeneration; it had no place in the Puritan creed. As diverse was the doctrine of the Eucharist as they held it and as the Prayer Book held it.

The true Puritan believed in neither Sacrament; he believed in fasting and in preaching.

A fast and a sermon, these were their two resources. It is curious to observe how entirely the theory and practice of fasting have disappeared from the mind of the modern dissenter, except as something 'distinctively Roman.'

It is curious also to see how in the Caroline times the Bishops forbade the fasts, and charged against them with an energy which would seem singular did not one recall the saying 'Ye fast for strife and debate.'

They did their best also to discourage the sermons and lectures by insisting that these should be preceded by the Church Service, which was reckoned as a great clog on the minister's eloquence.

To read Calamy's biographies of the ministers, or any such book, it would be thought that the one needful thing for a clergyman was to preach. The sermon had eclipsed all other kinds of ministerial work.

It is remarkable how very little provision the Prayer Book makes for sermons. They are not mentioned in connection with Matins, Evensong, or the Litany, but only with the Holy Communion, and then there is a hint that the minister may read one of the Homilies instead of preaching himself.

The difficulties were very serious either way;—if the Presbyterians did conform, they were for the most part a dead weight on the Church; on the other hand, never was it so little possible to leave

a cure of souls vacant, for not only were there persons of every shade of opinion ready to fill the empty place, not only were all the Presbyterians ready to cry out against the lukewarmness of the Episcopal Church, but there were heavy arrears of work to be made up. The office for adult Baptism was added to the Prayer Book at the final revision, because infant Baptism had 'through the licentiousness of the times' been much neglected. In several even of the large towns the Holy Communion had been administered but once in the year. The standard of religious life had fallen very low. It was not possible to find men amongst the laity of the Church who could be ordained at once in sufficient numbers to make up the deficiency had the Presbyterians resigned in a body.

They were well aware of the difficulties which such a resignation would entail on the Church, and acted on the belief that the Bishops would, at the last moment, relax the conditions of conformity rather than allow 2,000 or 1,700 to retire at once.

One result, then, of S. Bartholomew's Day was to provide the Church in England with a considerable number of clergy whose whole tone of thought, previous training, and practice were foreign to her, and who moreover were persuaded that their standard was the right one, and that their duty would be best performed by leavening the Church as far as possible with their views and doctrines.

The Bishops, led by Sheldon, showed great courage, and matters might yet have done well, and a vigorous Church life been kept up, which would have absorbed the Nonconformist party without requiring help from the 'Five Mile Act,'* or any coercive secular weapon had it been allowed free play.

But when the Church was harassed by James II., supported as he was not only by the Romanists, but by the Nonconformists, when William of Orange's accession cost her, in the Non-jurors, those who believed in her divine character, and were her most loyal sons, then it appeared that there was not vitality enough in an unsacramental religion to withstand the cold chill of the Latitudinarian school, and the light grew dim and the work languid.

We are not making the Presbyterian element responsible for all the spiritual deadness of the eighteenth century, but its influence within the Church was one of disintegration ever tending towards an irregularity of discipline and a doctrinal slackness which paved the way for the subsequent Methodist schism.

* By the 'Five Mile Act' (17 Car. II. 2), passed in 1665, persons who had enjoyed ecclesiastical preferment, and who refused to take the oath of non-resistance to the king were forbidden to come within five miles of any corporate town, except in travelling; they were also disabled from keeping schools, but this portion of the Act was generally evaded. In 1687, James II. published a declaration for liberty of conscience for Romanists and Dissenters.

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Arachne. What are you looking so disgusted about?

Spider. Am I? I am provoked at what are called Scriptural questions in Cassell's *Little Folks*, and made the subject of competition prizes.

Arachne. I thought they had some rather good questions of that sort.

Spider. So they once had, but these are mere exercises of ingenuity upon names. They are things that can do no one any good, any more than if they were on the names of Roman Emperors. Just listen. 'Name two brothers who were nephews of a man spoken of in Hebrews xi. Take from each the first consonant, and the remaining letters give the name of a great grandson of another man commended in the same chapter;' or 'A woman whose request was granted; a man who was faithful in time of evil; the father of a chief who took part in a rebellion against one in authority; a city where was a gathering of Christians for whom a faithful minister cared greatly. From the initials of these form the name of an ancient city denounced by the prophets.'

Arachne. I suppose the editors would defend such questions by saying they induce children to read their Bible; but it seems to me a mockery to call it study of the Bible to hunt the genealogies for names, as if there were necessarily anything sacred or reverent in playing tricks with them. I wish the editors would think better of it.

Spider. Also that they would not admit buried texts, like buried proverbs.

Arachne. No, there is much need that there should be greater acquaintance with the Bible, but this is not the way to stimulate it. I regret it because much is so good and charming in *Little Folks*. I liked *Mr. Burks's Nieces* greatly.

Spider. *Aunt Judy* is better than ever.

Arachne. I enjoy *Phyllis Browne* very much. There is something very original in it, especially in Ladislas' utter incapacity to understand the English notion of justice. The author seems to have a curious power of projecting herself into the national mind of other countries, and *Lotus Sorte Med* is in *Aunt Judy's* own delightful style.

Spider. I see the *Day of Rest* is to be absorbed in the *Sunday Magazine*, so I hope the illustrations will be in a different style. The attempt at colour seems to have ruined them. The best are about as good works of art as a child produces with a sixpenny paint-box on a wet day, and in the June number, the 11th chapter of Isaiah is illustrated by a mauve wolf, and a purple lion, whose physiognomy is evidently copied from the knocker of an old-fashioned suburban door.

Arachne. For shame, Spider! But I own that I wonder more care is not taken in illustrations.

Spider. *Little Folks* are excellent in that way, as are all of Cassell's books. I do not think there is any story I care for greatly going on in the magazines of larger growth that come my way, except the 'Ladies Lindores' in *Blackwood*.

Arachne. And the 'Golden Shaft' in *Good Words*.

Spider. Are there any books to order in our box?

Arachne. *Schloss and Town* (Smith and Elder), you may safely send for.

Spider. Why not *Castle and Town* or *Schloss and Burg*?

Arachne. I fancy because *Castle* would give the notion of a more imposing feudal abode, and *Burg* of a grand old town like Nuremberg—of which, by the by, there is a capital description.

Spider. It is sure to be a charming book.

Arachne. I don't think the author is quite so much at ease as she is in France, and there is a very detestable aunt in the story, almost too bad to be borne, but the heroine herself is delightful, and the dog still more so.

Spider. *The dog.* Yes, Miss Peard is sure to have a dear doggie, Almost as sure as she is to make her lovers begin with a little mutual aversion.

Arachne. As they certainly do in this case, though the aversion is worked off most amusingly. Here too (published by Walter Smith), is Miss Cazenove's *Madge Allerton*, which I like for the freshness and bright loving tone, especially in describing the charming sea captain's wife and her boys. There is a description of a little Mission Chapel in an old windmill, quite real, I believe, and worthy to be a pattern for adapting many another picturesque old mill, now that railroads have put them out of use.

Spider. Grinding another grist! Then there is Mrs. Carey Brock's *Changes and Chances* (Seeley). A nice simple-hearted story, with a good deal of temperance subject in it, and a bad brother who makes a very sudden reformation. But these are more tales than novels. Can you tell me of no more big books to set down? Is *Lady Beauty* good?

Arachne. There is no harm in it, and the principles are sound. Some people like it much, but it seems to me caricatured. There is one very nice book however; Sara Tytler's *Scotch Marriages* is a book worth reading.

Spider. I do get so tired of her long-winded sentences, where the people talk over all their thoughts as they would never really do.

Arachne. There is less of that defect than usual, I think, in these volumes. The first story, 'Lady Peggy,' of the peasant girl learning to be a lady, is a capital one, and the last, 'Hamesucken,' is terribly sad, but with a great deal of real thought and point in it.

Spider. What did you call it?

Arachne. Hamesucken, which means in Scotch law, home seeking, an attack upon a man at his own house. The deed is done by a young laird in return for a piece of impertinence to his sister, and there is an excellent lesson in the mischief done by the careless lightness and fastness by which the girl has let herself down, so as to lead others to forget themselves towards her. Still better do I like another Scottish story, called *Ruthieston* (Walter Smith), being the history of a young English clergyman in a Scottish town. The tone towards the Presbyterian is so good, and the history of poor Tibbie is very touching. I much like *Climbing the Ladder*, by Mrs. Ensell (Sheppard S. John). The father's wisdom is beautiful, and the mother is most amusing, while the right and wrong ways of climbing are well shown.

Spider. What more novels may I set down?

Arachne. Holme Lee's *Poor Squire*, the story of which is charming, though it is a pity the author has loaded it with politics, and political economy. I should say the same of *The Bloom off the Peach*.

Spider. Of the Peach?

Arachne. No, off it (if peaches have bloom, which I doubt). The heroine is dragged into being false to her real *true* love, and when left a widow in her full charms, she has to find that she has ceased to be his ain lassie. I really do not know anything else to recommend you. Most of the novels I have turned over lately I should emphatically warn people against. *Faith and Unfaith* is very inferior to *Mrs. Geoffrey*. It is full of slang expressions, and the plot turns on unpleasant circumstances; and *Poor Archie's Girls* is to my mind an absolutely shocking story, such as is much better unread. I cannot think in what state of mind a lady could write such a book, unless she had been told that she must write sensationally, and therefore piled it up to the utmost, making a younger sister slander her elder in the most gross and horrible way, out of mere jealousy.

Spider. I am glad you told me for I had set it down, seeing it was by Kathleen Knox, who has written for S.P.C.K., though I remember the story was *Captain Eva*, and it was so silly and of such a naughty child that I could not use it for library or for prizes.

Arachne. S.P.C.K. has some beautiful books now in its Home Library. There are the lives of *Constantine*, and *Charlemagne*, and *Mitslav, or the Conversion of Pomerania*. The last was written long ago by Bishop Milman, and though, if you read it as a story, it is dull, the history being rather too strong for the fiction to carry, it is an admirable and accurate picture of the conversion of that strange Slavonic country.

Spider. I see Mrs. Molesworth has another book of *Summer Stories*.

Arachne. I read aloud one of them, 'Left Behind,' with great effect to a party of children the other day; and the 'Goose Girl,' is a charming version of an old story; but pray don't let the little ones get hold of

the book, for 'Not Quite a Ghost Story' would set Lucy fancying all sorts of haunting horrors.

Spider. You know she never is happy going up the back stairs by herself. She always feels as if something lived in the dark cupboard, though she *knows* it does not, and though I have opened it for her to look in. And yet Marion insisted on it to me that children nowadays had outgrown all those things, and that it was absurd to refrain from talking of ghosts before them.

Arachne. A great mistake. One child is no rule for another, and nervous or imaginative children will have terrors as long as the world stands.

Spider. I must mention another delightful S.P.C.K. book, *Freaks and Marvels of Plant Life*, which is full of curious accounts of the plants, like sundew, which not only kill but devour their prey; of pitcher-plants, which catch flies and drown them; of bladder-wort, that can digest a mutton-bone; of sensitive plants, that lose their sensation under ether; of an arum with a column six feet long.

Arachne. I hope it has a hood to match. What a bower it would be!

Spider. I am sorry to say it is open, like the white arum. Then there are such wonderful seeds—some like bullock's horns, and some made, it seems, on purpose to stick into the tails of the horses in the Australian bush and be carried about by them.

Arachne. I must get that book. There are likewise some excellent ones in the Society, what people are pleased to call monographs—one on the North African Church.

Spider. What, about S. Augustine and S. Cyprian?

Arachne. Yes, and what was less known to me, the history of the Catholics in the persecution by Genseric and his Arian Goths. There is also a very interesting volume on Constantine the Great and his times, and on Charlemagne and his times.

Spider. Daring to call him Charlemagne?

Arachne. Oh yes; the people all go by their old-fashioned Latinised French names, Clovis, Clothaire, and the like; and this has certainly the advantage that those used to older books can be quite sure who is meant. Much of the state of the times before Charlemagne is illustrated from the letters of Sidonius Appollinaris.

Spider. The Bishop of Clermont, in the *Price of Blood*.

Arachne. Yes, I have a great affection for him, and am always glad to meet with him. Another of those green volumes, *Mission Life in Guiana*, is extremely entertaining. It is almost a pity that it is not called by some other name, for there are many persons who have a prejudice against missionary literature who would be delighted with this for the sake of its descriptions of scenery, animals, and adventures. There is a fight between a python and an alligator worthy of Waterton—whose country it is.

Spider. And whose *Wanderings*, I am glad to see, are come out in a very cheap form.

Arachne. Those very cheap books, such as the *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Crusoe*, the *Cruise of the Sunbeam*, and the like, are an immense boon to lending libraries, for lads who will read nothing but adventure if they read at all.

Spider. And there are all the shilling editions of Jules Verne's wonderful stories.

Arachne. Yes, I think almost all of them are quite safe for boyhood to read. I should not be sorry to see *Peter Simple* equally cheap, though scarcely any other of Marryat's novels.

Spider. I see the writer of Garfield's life in *From the Log Cabin to White House* classes all Marryat's as mischievous books, but that was because they made Garfield wish to go to sea.

Arachne. The worst of those books for boys' reading to my mind, especially for village boys, is the kind of matter-of-course usage of bad language—after the custom of a former race—and likewise the making a joke of intoxication. Of course one had much rather boys read Marryat's books, which are full of courage and high honour, than the Jack Sheppard species, but I doubt their being advisable to lend or give, because in that case we seem to sanction what is undesirable in them.

Spider. What do you think of that book about Garfield?

Arachne. I suppose it is embellished in some degree. The dramatic conversations must be partly imagination, but it is a book I would gladly see any one of my acquaintance reading. Do you remember the collection of his proverbial sayings at the end?

Spider. No.

Arachne. Here are a few, which I could not but keep:—

'A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.'

'Be fit for more than the one thing you are now doing.'

'If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.'

'Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture.'

'Not a man of iron but of live oak.'

'For the noblest man that lives there remains still a conflict.'

'I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.'

'I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion.'

Every one of those sayings is worthy of going into the collective wisdom of nations.

Spider. Are there any more books to mention?

Arachne. Only a pretty little pocket edition of Mrs. Sidney Lear's *For Days and Years*, and the completion of Miss Bodley's *Short Readings for the Christian Year*. Also *Stories and Episodes of Home Mission-work*, S.P.C.K. The collection is put together in an awkward, scrappy way, but will be helpful in telling people things to interest them in the Additional Curates' Society.

WHAT IS AN IRISH LANDLORD?

AMID the varied foes that now menace him, the many dangers which now surround him, the Irish landlord is threatened with extinction, as a class, if not as an individual. His last remaining chance of continued existence appeared to lie in the Property Defence or Protection Association, but as it is averred that the 'wild birds' have not gained much from their 'Protection Act,' so in all probability this well-intentioned measure may not do more than defer for a time the period when the Irish landlord will be regarded as a curiosity of the past, a removed impediment in the onward path of liberty for a 'free and happy country.'

Before this extermination is effected, and some mummified specimen is placed in a museum ticketed as a species formerly met with, as was the Irish elk, we ask, What is an Irish landlord?

'More Hibernico!' We begin with those whom such a fate could never actually overtake; we name some of the most distinguished of the noble houses of the British Empire, magnates, who as an accidental attribute to their other qualities have become Irish landlords, bearing much the same relation to many of their class as does the favourite for the 'Derby' to his half-brother in the omnibus. The possessor of a large estate, with a fine castle or mansion beautifully situated by wild lake or mountain, but which, in the wealth of more splendid inheritances, is regarded as a possession of comparative insignificance, perhaps inhabited for a few weeks occasionally by some member of the family, who, in the event of good weather, enjoys the fishing and shooting, and thinks it a jolly place, but in 'fine soft weather,' as the people would say, is apt to depart after a short stay, with the settled conviction that it always rains in Ireland. The tenants regard their august landlord much perhaps as they do one of the saints, as a distant and invisible being, with power for good or ill to them—and is approached occasionally by addresses on family events, or by petitions for abatement of rent in bad seasons.

'*Præsens divus habebitur*,' 'his honour,' the agent, who, possessed of as much power, and generally more capacity than the surrounding gentry of the county, works the estate in a liberal and efficient manner, with ample means at his command for outlay and improvement, is himself provided with a good residence, adds the initials J.P. to his name, hunts regularly, or drives good horses, and in every respect occupies the position of a country gentleman, and who, unless he should be so unfortunate as to become hopelessly unpopular with the tenants, enjoys the estate free from many of the vexations pressing on a resident owner.

Then we come to the *Irish nobles* themselves, some descended from the ancient and kingly families of barbaric times, others through marriage grafted on a noble Irish stock, powerful and wealthy lords of the soil, who, though they probably have interests and ties in England, and may occupy a high position in London society, yet regard Ireland as their home, and their estates there, their chief concern. These are the 'improving landlords'; on these estates is there the greatest advance; the importation of English culture during lengthy residences in Ireland raises their schemes in theory and brings them to maturity in practice. Thus through and beyond the work of the agent's office my lord's mind goes into everything, and much is done to benefit and raise the tone of the people.

The newly-erected chapel or neat church, the national school built or enlarged, classes for embroidery or lace-making, a clothing club—betoken the care and interest of the great house. There is money to spend, and it is spent for the most part well and judiciously, and in the form of a *gift* is received with fervent gratitude, and the donor overwhelmed with blessings. As an incentive to self-help the result may be disappointing. Paddy dreads exertion much more than poverty; rags and dirt are no disgrace, and a better and rather more well-to-do appearance than his neighbours is rather to be deprecated, as diminishing his claim to a 'little assistance, sure.'

The family who hid their blankets up the chimney when footsteps were heard approaching, express the general opinion of the undesirability of seeming too well off. There is always, however, reason or excuse for *giving* in one form or another, and the features of the demesne of such landlords represent the history of the people rather than the taste and pleasure of the possessor; the carriage-drive winding up a once bleak hill, now clothed with wood, was made and planted to give work after the 'famine year'; the garden was laid out, the shrubby walks made, in such and such bad seasons.

Associated with these great Irish landlords are those of English blood, possessed of estates in Ireland through marriage, or descended perhaps from a General of Elizabethan times, to whom a grant of land was made—families who have at least made Ireland the country of their adoption, and whose estates there, share fully the outlay and care given to their English possessions, having an intimate knowledge of the character and wants of their people, and spending some part of the year among them with mutual benefit and pleasure.

Irish peers too are there of lesser degree, and, with less money to spend, sprung from an old family of Irish stock, decorated with a brand-new title from some grandfather Chief Justice perhaps, possessing the income and occupying much the position of a smaller English squire. Some, content with that position, living in a homely, unpretending way in the old family house, doing good around them on the lines of kindness and sympathy; others, however, seem to be carried

off their feet altogether, in their efforts to emulate the higher ranks of their order, in everything but their solid merits. On such estates there is neither the will nor the way to effect much that is useful; the struggle to keep up appearances, and not to appear too Irish, seems all absorbing. An occasional visit to London gives a power of talking about Ascot and the theatres, and a knowledge of the fashions, which is withheld from their stay-at-home neighbours. The lady furnishes her drawing-room from Maple's, and adorns it with crewel work; the rest of the house remains in the normal Irish condition of rough domestic comfort and much litter, proving the cousinship to the '*untitled chieftain*' head of the old family, and proud to omit the prefix 'Mr.' as too modern and foreign an appendage to the native 'O.' Here the large rambling old house, scantily furnished, the prevalence of nettles and rag-weed in the park, and the many 'bad places' in its surrounding stone wall, betoken straitened means, the result probably of several generations of large families and mortgages to correspond, to which add the circumstance, that the father 'kept the hounds' and 'open house,' with right Irish hospitality and recklessness. There is now no money to lay out either on themselves or others; they have no theories of improvement, and no means of carrying them out if they had, but there is still a warm Irish welcome in that ramshackle old house; numbers of poor are fed from the kitchen, and sit on the door-step waiting to tell their tale and receive aid in domestic troubles, advice and medicine in illness. The sons of the family are generally very unwilling to leave the 'ould place,' or if impelled to seek their fortunes elsewhere, have a way of returning for long and indefinite periods, finding always their bite and sup, and managing to keep a surprising number of horses and dogs. In appearance scarcely distinguishable from the farmers, they avoid society of any kind as much as possible, and are rarely visible, either at home or abroad, in company with the ladies of the house, who, delighted to pay or receive visits, will, with good horses and most out-of-date carriages and toilettes, drive any distance in any weather to see friends or make acquaintances.

Living much as do their tenants on the produce of their farms, and *entirely* dependent on the same conditions of agricultural prosperity or depression, bad seasons and low prices must tell very heavily on these landlords; they have no margin for such reverses, and a preponderance of bad years inevitably sinks them altogether. How many of these needy and embarrassed owners *did* sink after the terrible 'famine years' is now a matter of history, as is the mode by which it was sought that newer and more solvent possessors should become their substitutes.

The *land jobber* has sprung from these ruined fortunes, generally a shrewd speculator of the middle class of his country, sometimes an English capitalist of much enterprise. Under this rule a great deal of

money is laid out, and a great deal of profit is claimed in return—rents, of which the former possessor would never have contemplated the possibility, are not only asked, but paid, and are undoubtedly frequently justified by the money expended, and the bettered condition of the farms, but Paddy has a lurking preference for the easy-going, out-of-elbows ways of the 'ould family;' he dislikes *compulsory* improvement in any shape, even should there be no awkward legal threats in the background, as an alternative to paying an increased rent for advantages he was quite willing to forego.

We have then the *tenant-farmer landlord*, who, in the enjoyment of a long lease on favourable terms, has by a mixture of shrewdness and good fortune raised himself a good deal, in *purses* at least, above the rest of his kinsfolk; they entertaining mixed feelings of fear and envy of their prosperous relative, as he becomes a town councillor, a J.P., and now an M.P. Paying very grudgingly, or even evading payment, if possible, of his own head rent to the owner of the soil, this proprietor sub-lets his lands, not only at a much higher rate, but on a much more ready money scale of payment. On the large dairy farms a very high price has to be paid by the sub-tenant in advance, before the season commences, and six months after he has pocketed this money, the tenant-landlord will write excuses, or proceed to 'unpleasantness' with my lord's agent, on the subject of his *own* rent—his own much lower rent, and due a year back.

Such landlords too have been known to enact the part of the 'unjust steward,' when, while withholding their own rent, they gained an easy popularity at the 'land meeting,' by announcing an abatement of 5 per cent. from their, often extortionate, claims over those in their power. These unfortunates are well aware, that, except under such conditions, they are not likely to have much done for them by the landlord with whom *they* have to deal, and they do not expect it, or delude themselves for a moment with the belief that the tale of woe which would gain the ear of the English landlord, or of 'his honour,' the agent, would excite any sympathy *here*, and for the most part they forbear to press complaints of which there is no likelihood of redress.

Such landlords do not attempt to 'improve' any one but themselves, and the dilapidated thatch and broken windows of the mud cabins in the hands of a *tenant-landlord* often contrast in a village with the substantial slated houses built by the *actual* landlord for his labourers, and which they do not object to inhabit, provided that they may assimilate them as nearly as may be in dirt, and consequent comfort, to the cabin.

The tenant-landlord is generally a rich man, but he does not care to appear so. His mode of living differs but little from the rest of his kin; possibly his daughters, on their return from the convent boarding-school, decline to learn much of the business of the dairy, and

set up a piano and fancywork in the best room, a waggonette and driver in livery has perhaps replaced the outside car, but on the whole, to *be* rich, and to *seem* poor, is the safest course, and it is no doubt one great secret of the success of the present 'agitation,' that it has appealed so adroitly to the prevalent tone of mind of the middle and lower classes of Ireland, to their love of money, *as money*, and their indifference to the use of money to elevate their condition.

This brief sketch of Irish landlordism cannot be closed without bringing before us that class of owners of land, or of interest in land, who, while their *entire* subsistence (may be) depends on the realisation of such interest, have little or no power or responsibility connected with it. We name those unfortunate ladies whose unhappy condition now calls forth the sympathy of England, widows with slender jointures on Irish estates, the sole means of support for themselves and of education for their children, women of all conditions dependent on charges on land, and who, up to the time of the commencement of the strike against rent in Ireland, have lived in comfortable circumstances and quite apparently above the reach of want.

That this agitation against rent, excited by needy adventurers and seditious mischief-makers (whose only hope of doing well for themselves depends on what chance they may get of filling their own empty pockets with other men's dues), has been only too successful with a credulous people, always ready to embrace a grievance, is now a matter of fact; and consequently we have *au revers de la médaille*, a sad and harrowing tale of 'loss, persecution and suffering'—the modest income becoming more and more uncertainly paid, till it dwindles even to a fraction of the sum due, the consequent privations and losses, the sale of personal effects and treasured mementos, the failing health, or increasing infirmity, caused or aggravated by the want of comforts or even necessities, the wearing anxieties of debt and deferred hope, nay, in some cases the added torture of brutal annoyance caused by 'boycotting' and similar terrorism.

Faint is the description which reaches us, compared with the terrible reality, but as we picture to ourselves in any degree the misery and ruin which have been caused by the baneful influence of the withering blight of 'agitation' now desolating Ireland, whatever opinion may be held as to the mode of *cure* of the disease, shall we not own that these hapless sufferers are the *innocent* victims of its dreadful ravages?

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XIII.—FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

(Published 1598; supposed date 1596-7.)

THERE may not seem to be any connection between the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey and Shakspeare, yet on their entrance is a memorial of the English Prince and King whom he represented the most fully. From the left side of the arch which opens from Dean's Yard into the Cloisters, a carved face looks down on the passers by, and centuries of London smoke have not so much injured it but that we can recognise the delicate features of Shakspeare's favourite hero, his and our beloved Prince Hal, his and our warrior King Henry V. To come still nearer to the characters of the play, we must pass under the arch, and contrive to get into the Jerusalem Chamber hard by, passing through the great room where Henry IV. lay for dead, and where now Westminster boys eat their dinners off tables made from the planks of the Armada ships, many a hole still showing the effects of the English round shot. From thence it is but a step into the cedar lined 'Jerusalem' fragrant as when the King was carried in to die. Up on the wall are two busts of him and his son, startling one with the contrast between them. Henry IV. is modelled from the effigy on his tomb at Canterbury, and the original artist cannot have sacrificed truth to beauty, for the face is coarse, heavy, bloated, possibly disease had disfigured it, for Henry must certainly have had more power and energy in him than is suggested by those sensual and scowling features. On the other bracket is a very different bust, copied from one discovered in some repairs of the Abbey which bore the name of Henry V., and was probably executed in his lifetime. At all events it entirely satisfies one's idea of a hero's face in the clear lines of the features, and the severe beauty of the expression; it is the face of the arch only shown to more advantage. In the softened light of the stained windows, we look round the historic room, and feel as if centuries were nothing, and that at any moment King Henry might come in through the heavy door and speak to us. This man is, however, Henry of Agincourt, not wild Hal; there is nothing to remind us of past follies in that calm brow and grave smile, which seem to speak of struggle and storm all conquered and over.

If these three plays, the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* once really take possession of our minds, I do not think any historical ideas of the different characters ever alter our feeling about them much. No historical people could be as alive as Shakspeare's two

Henries, and it is impossible to realise that Falstaff was invented, so we are content to fancy that somehow or other Shakspeare knew all about it much better than any one else. In defiance of logic this feeling is rather increased by studying that part of Holinshed's *Chronicle* from which he took his materials. It is very interesting reading because of the many small touches and hints which are developed in the play into situations, speeches, even whole characters, perhaps all the more natural from this mingling of reality with imagination. If the other historical plays are like living pictures, these come even nearer to our consciousness; we seem to be walking and talking with the people themselves.

Confining ourselves now to the *First Part* we notice how little of the interest depends on the events described, the characters presented are the play, and no plot, however well devised, could equal the impression they make upon us. In one sense the Prince is more the hero than his father, yet it really is the history of the King which is put before us; the characters are in relation to him, his fortunes are at stake, his action affects everything. The marked peculiarity of the play (in both *parts*) is the double line on which it is arranged. Along with the stately life of Henry IV. comes that other life, the wild roistering life of low London, doubtless true to what Shakspeare knew in his day, full of stir and fighting, reckless and thoughtless, where calculating vice preyed on hot-headed folly. This secondary story is closely connected with the first, often overpowering it with the strength of its originality, as Falstaff and the Hostess quite throw the Court into shade. The Prince is the connecting link between these two worlds, and therefore we are able to have a variety of scene and range of character, unlike the other historical plays. There is no confusion as in the *Henry VI.* series, for here the people fall so naturally into their proper places that one sees at once how everything stands. The thread of history which dropped at the end of *Richard II.* is here picked up again; as the curtain rises we see our old acquaintance, King Henry, surrounded by his friends and councillors, congratulating himself on the prospect of carrying out his cherished project of an expedition to the Holy Land. But this is not to be, and we shortly are shown the reasons against it. The Welsh troubles, the defeat and capture of Mortimer, Henry Hotspur's victory and consequent unmanageableness, Worcester's intriguing character, all are lightly touched upon, so that the story can develop freely from this introduction. Even the King's private trouble at his son's wild conduct is brought in to make their relations afterwards comprehensible. It is not necessary to take the play scene by scene; the people naturally group themselves, and in groups we can consider them. First comes the Court group as gathered round the King, including some figures which become important chiefly in the *Second Part*. King Henry, as Bolingbroke, was not an attractive being, at

first uninteresting, afterwards repellently hard and cold, but here he is neither, though not precisely a winning character. He is a strong man, determined to stand no trifling, and meaning to keep his kingdom in order in spite of any one. However he got the crown, he has the strength to keep it and enforce obedience, and whose chooses to oppose him must take the consequences, for he will put things right with a high hand. Unluckily there is a fatal flaw in his own right, and Shakspeare will not let us forget that 'wrong amended by wrong' which gave the crown to the house of Lancaster, and remains ever breeding trouble, fretting Henry IV.'s heart, weighing on Henry V.'s, kept at arm's length as it were by his strength and courage, only to break out into tenfold desolation in the next reign. If Henry IV. were merely a high-handed sovereign braving out the results of his own acts, and crushing opposition, he would not have any peculiar interest for us, but when we see this strong man experiencing the bitter pain of wounded natural feeling, we look at him with different eyes. Not only is Prince Henry a distress to his father, he is an intense mortification as well, for the King would gladly be proud of his son, and can generously appreciate the excellences of young manhood as represented by Hotspur, so that he is less angry with his own Harry than bitterly ashamed of him. Granted that he has a grossly exaggerated idea of the Prince's sins, that he credits him with baseness of which the madcap is perfectly incapable, still he suffers greatly from what he believes to be the truth, that is, that his son is utterly ruined and degenerate, without a chance of improving. What a mixture of rage and shame must rise in the breast of the shrewd old statesman as he looks forward to the wreck of all his work by his wild offspring, at the same time feeling his natural affection outraged, and his love slighted. On the other hand there is that exemplary youth, Lord John of Lancaster, the 'good boy' of the royal family, whose virtues and proprieties are always pointing the moral of Prince Hal's misbehaviour, but for all that we feel a moral conviction that Lord John is something of a prig. The circle of the King's friends has changed since the close of Richard II. Northumberland, the great supporter of Bolingbroke, the 'fiend' who tormented poor King Richard in his hour of misery, now appears as an aggrieved and disappointed politician, ready to undo his own work, and pull down the man he has helped to raise. With him is a new figure, his restless intriguing brother, Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, historically noted for his turn for arousing disturbance; and then reappears that eager being whom we last saw fiercely challenging Aumerle to single combat, and who has now developed into Harry Hotspur, Shakspeare's immortal knight adventurer, the impersonation of reckless courage. As the story opens these three still belong to the Court group, but they soon fall off from it to make the centre of another, that of the Rebels.

The rest of the King's councillors are not of much importance, and the special interest of the play is neither with them nor with the rebels, but rests wherever we find Prince Henry and Falstaff (Act i. sc. 2). Here it had better be said that if any reader does not care for this said Falstaff as he stands in the play, that person had best skip most of this paper, as it will certainly not be worth his reading. Nobody can be forced into seeing a joke, and Falstaff being an embodied joke must find acceptance on his own merits or not at all. Sir John has had hard treatment sometimes, like all Shakspeare's best characters, he has been made into a symbol of this and an emblem of that, and called deeply significant of the other, till the real flesh and blood old rascal whom Shakspeare saw in his mind's eye has been in danger of vanishing altogether. True the moral of the character is distinctly worked out, and unflinchingly pressed home, but the great effort is to make the man's nature, his ways and acts, perfectly clear, and this is entirely successful. Here is the triumph of character drawing where everything said and done seems perfectly natural, and the only possible thing in the circumstances. Falstaff comes into the story as if he were quite as much an historical personage as anybody else, and as if everybody was perfectly acquainted with his past career, his relations with the Prince, and his position in the world generally. Nothing about him is ever explained, our knowledge is taken for granted, and incidents in his past career are alluded to as if they were matters of general history. Perhaps this peculiar way of treating an imaginary character appearing among real ones may have been due to Shakspeare's first intention of representing Sir John Oldcastle as Prince Henry's companion, and of adopting the popular traditions about that unfortunate man. Oldcastle figures in another old play, *The famous Victories of King Henry V.*, from which Shakspeare may have taken an idea or two, such as the robbery on Gadshill, and the calumny which accused the Prince of plotting his father's death. Whether Shakspeare came to a better understanding of Oldcastle's character and story we cannot say, but he not only changed his name into Falstaff, but also took occasion to make clear his sentiments by putting into the epilogue to the *Second Part* the emphatic words, 'For Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.' How is it possible to analyse Falstaff's character? It is easy to say what he is *not*; he is neither brave, nor wise, nor virtuous; he is an old man without a redeeming point; but who could accept that as an adequate description of him? He is impudence embodied, and such impudence, so cool, so unblushing, it is magnificent, always ready, always with a fresh resource in his own unequalled wit. There is no use in detecting him; Proteus like, he takes another shape directly, and has the best of the argument before he can be caught. He may be got the better of in action, but in words never. With all the degradation of his character somehow Sir John manages to hold his own, Prince Hal may make game of

him continually, but he allows him to take liberties permitted to none of the rest of the crew, who on their part treat Falstaff with a queer mixture of contempt and respect, as knowing him thoroughly, and yet not able to resist his ascendancy. Then comes in the matchless humour of the character, always breaking out in unexpected directions, with irresistible inversions of facts, trains of absurd ideas, delightfully incongruous expressions. If Falstaff is more overpowering at one time than another, it is when he assumes a grave morality, and sighs over the corruption of his disposition, and the harm he has sustained from Prince Hal's company. Yet though Shakspeare pours out the treasures of his wit upon Falstaff, making him the most perfectly humorous character in our literature, and evidently enjoyed the doing of it, can any one reproach him with making vice attractive in Falstaff? With all Sir John's sharpness and facility in getting out of scrapes, nobody would ever dream of imitating him or of envying his position. We can understand his attraction for the Prince, because after the formality of the Court world, Falstaff's cool, unconventional ways are a great relief, and give his companion a temporary freedom.

Now we come to our young hero, not at all comporting himself in any heroic manner. Without yielding to any one in affection for Prince Hal's real character, for the noble qualities which his wild ways mask, and for his general loveableness, I cannot admit either that Shakspeare presents him as a model, or that he has the least business in the Eastcheap taverns. If only half of his story had been told, he would have been a terribly dangerous character, but too likely to be taken as an example. As it is, not a few young fools have sheltered their follies by comparison with his, with this difference, that they by no means think it necessary to carry out the parallel to the point of reformation. Prince Hal is fascinating to us, because he is at once real in himself and an accurate type of hundreds of other dear, exasperating boys. Surely everybody knows a Prince Hal whose exuberant vitality is always breaking out and getting into mischief unless a safe channel is found for it. Polite society bores and frets him intolerably, so he goes flinging off into some Eastcheap, lucky if a call to action comes to rouse him before he gets into serious trouble. A chance of breaking his neck or otherwise losing his life presents irresistible charms to a real Prince Hal, he springs at it at once, and the wild scapegrace goes into danger like a man, and often dies like a hero.

To come to our original Prince, how easily his talk with Falstaff runs on, very unlike the conversations in the earlier plays with their perpetual word twisting. Here it is all free and natural, with the little breaks and interruptions and half finished sentences of ordinary talk. The rest of the Prince's disreputable acquaintances hardly call for much remark in this play. Bardolph, with the red nose, on which Falstaff comments so unkindly; Gadshill, better known than trusted;

Peto, quite characterless, and Poins, who seems in a better position than the others, independent of Falstaff and more connected with the Prince. Slight as is the importance of these good-for-nothings, they are evidently quite real to Shakspeare from his bringing them into other plays and tracing their fortunes to the end. Bardolph, for instance, figures in three plays, and is heard of in a fourth.

I cannot join in the chorus of admiration which has greeted the Prince's soliloquy after Poins leaves him to prepare for Gadshill. It seems an affected speech, unlike his usual style, and if he means it he ought to be ashamed of himself. Why a young man should be applauded for choosing to do what is unworthy of him, that people may be surprised when he improves, is not at all easy to see. Rather may the speech be taken to indicate some inward discomfort which he tries to stifle with fine words, really not more than equivalent to a modern youth's, 'I'll turn over a new leaf some day, and then I'll be all right.' Only Prince Hal does turn his new leaf at last.

The periods of time in the play are never clear, but we judge that the Prince is off on his escapade, while the King is holding that conference with the Percies, which powerfully influences all the aftercourse of the story (Act 1 sc. iii.). King Henry forgets his habitual prudence in anger, and orders Worcester off in a way unbearable to Percy pride; in fact all the men get excited and their characteristics show out. Northumberland faintly tries to make out that nothing is wrong; Worcester, sharp-tongued and slippery, says the unpleasantest thing which occurs to him, and then quietly disappears, and Hotspur tingles with suppressed irritation, rapidly rising into passion. For the moment the strong dash of fun in him predominates as he describes the perfumed dandy who came to ask for his prisoners. Cannot we fancy the creature with his shaven chin and pouncet-box prosing to the weary and exasperated hero on 'guns and drums and wounds'? Evidently good Sir Walter Blunt thinks Hotspur justified in saying anything to such a fool. It would not have been surprising if he had knocked him down. But here we come to the real heart of the matter, the demand for the ransom of Edmund Mortimer. Perhaps King Henry is unwise in his peremptory refusal and assumption that Mortimer was a traitor; perhaps he feels a conflict with the Percies is inevitable, but how gallantly Hotspur stands up for his brother-in-law's loyalty! If the King thinks to awe him, he is utterly mistaken, and only excites him by his threats; the parting shot, 'Send us your prisoners or you will hear of it' but elicits the furious 'And if the devil come and roar for them, I will not send them!' When once his hot blood is up there is no holding this Harry, fired at once by anger and friendship, and working himself up to a tremendous passion, now and then crossed by such oddly comic ideas as shouting 'Mortimer!' into the King's sleeping ears, and teaching a starling to repeat the forbidden name. Hotspur, almost chokes with anger; the words he

wants go out of his head as he storms about the room, and the two older men coolly purpose to use all this fiery energy for their own ends. Poor splendid Hotspur, with all his great gifts, he is ruined for want of self control, and lacking this he becomes the tool of really inferior natures. Personal influence is always what sways him, his regard for Mortimer and an affront to himself are sufficient motives for him to throw the whole country into confusion. Much has been said on the intentional contrast between the two Harries, perhaps more than is quite borne out by the text; they are rather two brilliant examples of young manhood in different phases than formal contrasts. At first the difference seems all in Hotspur's favour, his fiery energy shames the Prince's carelessness, his dazzling successes the other's unworthy pursuits; but there is a depth of character under Prince Hal's mask of frivolity, besides which his restless rival is comparatively shallow.

There is good scenic effect in the change from the stately palace to the dark inn-yard at Rochester (Act 2 sc. i.), and the bustling carriers, and then to the dim highway faintly shown in the early dawn (Act 2 sc. ii), where Falstaff is raging for his horse and those 'stony-hearted villains,' the Prince and Poins, are wickedly enjoying his discomfiture. Falstaff's comic rage is equal to Hotspur's serious rage, and the whole scene is delightful, culminating in the defeat and flight of the thieves sent flying by the Prince and Poins like the craftsmen of Athens at the sight of Bottom with the ass's head. Prince Hal is insatiable in his pursuits of novelty; not content with the society of the Falstaff crew, he must needs make friends with drawers and apprentices in Eastcheap, and to expend his energies while waiting for Falstaff, he rather basely makes game of poor Francis, who gave him the sugar; in fact, he goes on much like a modern midshipman out for a 'lark' (Act 2 sc. iv.). And then comes in Falstaff, vowing vengeance on all cowards in general, and the Prince and Poins in particular, and all ready primed with the famous and immortal tale of the eleven men in buckram! One wonders how Falstaff would have wound up that history if the three knaves in Kendal green had not overpowered both Hal's gravity and patience. The knight's inventive genius had so run away with him that it is doubtful where he would have stopped. But the wicked plotters do not succeed in abashing him for all that. 'Beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince!' The news of impending war comes in without checking the revelry, rather it stimulates the reckless mirth. Not even three such enemies as Glendower, Douglas, and Hotspur can make Hal feel 'afear'd,' or set his blood thrilling with aught but delightful excitement. It is a graceless trick of his to set Falstaff mimicking the King, but one forgives it for the fun of Falstaff's representations of father and son, both so ingeniously turned to his own glorification. The Prince makes a strong attack on 'that villainous white-bearded

old Satan,' but he turns it all off without the smallest difficulty, and winds up with a splendid mock-heroic appeal to his own virtues and general superiority to the rest of the company. Truly 'Banish fat Jack and banish all the world,' we could not give up Falstaff for scores of better men. At the same time Prince Hal should not have told lies about him to the sheriff.

It is a great change to pass to the doings of the rival Harry and watch him reading that letter from his nameless lukewarm correspondent (Act ii. sc. 3). Here is no soliloquy introduced to explain what is past or future in the play, it is simply the natural utterance of Hotspur's hasty, honest character, unrestrained by the presence of a second person; we can fancy the ring of his spurs as he strides fiercely up and down with an intense desire to shake the life out of the writer. Even when Hotspur is most passionately in earnest there is a curiously humorous cast about his wrath, doubtless it would have fared badly with 'my lord fool' if he had come in Hotspur's way after that letter, yet Hotspur cannot help putting his excuses in a ludicrous light even while abusing him as if he were present. 'He could be contented, why is he not then?' 'Say you so! say you so! I say to you again that you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie!' He would be less angry if he were not vexed at his own mistake in ever inviting this man to join the enterprise. Hereupon comes in the one soft and gentle figure of the play, sweet Lady Percy. Why Shakspere chose to call her Kate when her name was Eleanor must remain a mystery, as there is ample proof that he knew all about the old Mortimer family of that generation, but 'gentle Kate,' by whatever name she goes, is not likely to be forgotten. She is a type of many other soft and tender-hearted women put by ill-fortune into hard times, perhaps not a very wise woman but a truly loving one, who has given her whole heart to her hero, and cares for nothing except as it touches him. Who can help being sorry for her when her anxiety is so lightly met and her curiosity so provokingly baffled? Somehow she does not understand her husband, and he does not dream of giving her full confidence such as Portia claimed from Bassanio as a thing of course, though he really loves her in his way. Poor Kate, she thinks she can get anything out of him with her questions, and her little hands in his strong fingers, and possibly Hotspur was wise in the main in keeping his secrets to himself while giving her the satisfaction of going with him on his journey. Certainly he had no great opinion of women generally, and is rougher than he need be to his wife, but then her effort was decidedly ill-timed; a man must have an angelic temper who stands being questioned when he is in a hurry. Passing for convenience sake, with Hotspur straight from Warkworth to Bangor, we are at once introduced to the principal members of the rebel group. Here we find that poor Edmund Mortimer, whose melancholy end is shown in the *First Part of Henry VI.*, while this play gives the short time in his life when things looked well for him

In spite of his romantic story and the importance of his position, there is very little to take hold of in his character ; he is not stupid nor apathetic, and certainly not cowardly, for he sharply pulls up Hotspur for slighting Glendower, but though he may be the direct heir to the English crown, he is not the man to wrest that crown from resolute King Henry, even supported by Percy Douglas and Glendower. At the important council, he is almost effaced by the vigorous natures beside him, and has to confine his efforts to keeping his friends from fighting. If Mortimer cannot help not being heroic he might surely resist at least the disgraceful scheme for partitioning England. It is bad enough that Percy should be so blinded by his own ambition as to forget all about his country, but for Mortimer,* the rightful King of England, who should hold her honour dearer than his life, to agree thus to divide and weaken her, is contemptible to the last degree. In all this Shakspeare is not inventing, but simply reproducing the facts he finds, and very discreditable they are, to the two Englishmen at least, for we can hardly blame Owen Glendower for wishing to secure Wales and her borders for himself. Not having much information about this Welsh hero, Shakspeare had to use his imagination, and has represented him by a good-humoured caricature, admirably contrasting with Hotspur. The two men who are so distinct before us could never work long together, excepting courage, they have not a single point in common. Glendower is plainly of another race from Hotspur, intensely superstitious and self-confident, boasting largely but entirely believing his own boasts, which he regards merely as statements of important facts with which his companions ought to be acquainted. He, at least is a positive character, full of life and wild imagination. Into his stories of the portents accompanying his birth, Shakspeare has woven the traditions afterwards current about him, just as later in the scene 'the mold warp and the ant' are introduced about which there was a prophecy extant, applied by the Mortimer party to their own proceedings. The power of this scene is perhaps evidenced by the number of quotations from it which have passed into proverbs, and every one must feel its perfect naturalness as Hotspur and Glendower fight over the map, or the one explains how desperately the other bores him.

While all this storm threatens King Henry, his private troubles grow more and more oppressive, till he makes a despairing effort to sting Prince Hal into some sense of his position (Act iii. sc. 2). Here Shakspeare deserts his authorities and strikes out a line of his own, making the King let loose all his pent-up bitterness of feeling, his disappointment in his son, and his hopelessness as to the future. He is angry, hurt, and disgusted all at once, he cannot understand how Harry's tastes *can* be so low and his propensities so vicious as he believes them to be, and looking back at his own early days, he sickens

* Mortimer was really only uncle to the heir, his namesake, son of Roger Mortimer.

at the contrast. The Prince's excuses fall unheeded, for his father's mind is too preoccupied to notice them as he recalls King Richard and the frivolities with which England was wearied out in those days, and then with tears of disappointment, thinks of his own son going the same road while the splendid young Hotspur dazzles an admiring world. The King has so convinced himself of Harry's complete degeneracy that he comes to despair of rousing him, and at last utters that most cruel suggestion of the probability of his becoming one of Percy's followers! Then Harry's real nature bursts out. The short, broken sentences express feelings which have been deeply stung, for he knows, with all his folly, that this reproach he has not deserved. Some day the King shall yet be proud of his son, and own that he, the little thought of, can conquer the famous Percy or die in the attempt, rather than basely yield to him. True, the Prince is neither strictly just to his rival nor exactly logical in his notion of being even with him, but being in a white heat of indignation he cannot stop to measure his words. Anyway, the shrewd old King realises that he is in earnest at last, and wisely trusts him with power immediately. It is to be hoped that some of his officers are better than the Eastcheap contingent, though it would appear that Falstaff has some reputation as a soldier, enough for Harry to achieve his malicious purpose of getting him a charge of foot to walk him to death.

Events come on quickly now ; we jump from London to the rebels' camp near Shrewsbury, where the tide of fortune is beginning to set against them (Act iv. sc. 1). After hearing a great deal of Douglas we do not get a much clearer idea of him when he is upon the stage, except that he shows a propensity to defy the world at large, and generally to take the most reckless course he can find. Hotspur's spirit rises as things begin to look black ; he is never so steadily cheerful and cool as when real danger is coming upon him, and his father and Glendower fail him. We can only spare a glance at 'Falstaff's Own' (Act iv. sc. 2)—his ragged regiment of 'food for powder,' the result of his peculiar system of recruiting—for all the interest settles now on Shrewsbury, where we watch the negotiations going on between the two armies (Act iv. sc. 6), King Henry labouring to end the matter peaceably, Hotspur bitterly recalling all the disputed points, the Prince chivalrously offering to try a single fight with him to save bloodshed on both sides, coming out in such a new light that even Worcester falls in love with him. How strangely in the middle of all this struggle for honour and glory comes in Falstaff's confession of faith and analysis of honour. That for which Hotspur lives is here viewed from the opposite pole. 'What is in that word honour? what is that honour?—air. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.' And somehow Shakspeare seems equally to understand the feelings of the two men. If Falstaff's catechism epitomises his character, is not Hotspur's restless, ardent nature thoroughly

expressed in his parting words to his friends just before the battle begins? (Act v. sc. 2)—

‘O, gentlemen, the time of life is short !
To spend that shortness basely were too long
If life did ride upon a dial’s point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.’

and then—

‘For I profess not talking ; only this—
Let each man do his best.’

How it angers one to think that these very men have deceived him about the King’s ‘kind and liberal offer,’ and are sacrificing his gallant life to their own selfish fears !

It is a great pity that a stage battle must always be such a fragmentary affair ; this fight at Shrewsbury is really a grand climax for the play in which all the different interests meet together, but we can only see it in bits as the warriors come in and out. We have only detached episodes of the fight presented to us, and must imagine the rest for ourselves with all its tumult and confusion and varying fortunes. In spite of his ‘instincts’ Falstaff leads his ragged forces where they suffer severely, as if the determined spirit of the day touches even him. There is a curious personal turn about all the fighting—Douglas hunting the King through all his army, not deterred by the number of mock kings he comes across, Prince Hal coming in to rescue his father, as an interlude to seeking Percy about the field, who again is equally anxious to find him. One wonders how the two armies got on while their leaders were thus actively engaged. However, the swiftly-changing scene is wonderfully stirring, and it is delightful to see our Prince rising to the occasion and showing himself as the fearless soldier, careless of his own wounds, ready for all emergencies, at once cool and daring, who evidently astonishes the King as much as *he* is surprised by the conduct of John of Lancaster. But the King is not quite sure of Harry yet ; though admiring his courage he has still an idea that there is truth in the calumny which accused him of desiring to shorten his father’s life, and only the rescue from Douglas destroys that notion for ever. Free from the weight of this slander, of which he seems to have been well aware, the one Harry meets the other at last, and not without admiration for his great rival. There is not room enough in England for such a pair, and if Hotspur must fall he could not find a nobler enemy ; but it is sad to part so with him—all his wild ambition and restless craving for glory so cut short. Some change comes over the spirit of the dying man as he gasps out his last words, stung for an instant to think that his despised rival may now call himself his conqueror ; but then he feels all such thoughts and life and time slipping away from him, and a clearer vision opening before him if Death would let him tell

what it is. Once more he comes into contrast with Falstaff, and tragedy and comedy never are more strangely mingled than when the hero's death follows on the buffoon's counterfeit. Nothing so distinctly shows the essential lowness of Falstaff's nature as his utter lack of any feeling over Hotspur's corpse, but fear lest he may not be dead after all. There is some satisfaction in knowing that the old ruffian sees the cool way in which Prince Hal takes the supposed death of his 'old acquaintance,' not his friend, be it noticed, or even his companion, but merely 'acquaintance,' only much missed when Hal is 'much in love with vanity.' Such slight considerations, however, trouble Falstaff but little; in his imperturbable self-possession he determines to make his profit out of the circumstances of Hotspur's death, and does it, we suppose. Well may he say 'How this world is given to lying!' when he is such a striking illustration of the fact.

The end of the play makes a fine picture—King Henry among his victorious troops, executing stern justice on the deceivers Worcester and Vernon, and preparing to destroy the rest of the rebels, but at the same time allowing the Prince to gratify his generous desire, and give Douglas his freedom for the sake of his brave deeds. At which triumphant point we leave our friends as the play closes.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

VISITING THE POOR.

A GREAT deal has of late been written about visiting the poor, so that the subject may well be deemed almost a hackneyed one. But as there never was a time when such real active work is being done, there is perhaps need for more to be said. What is written so often seems, however, to presuppose that the readers, if not actually engaged in, at all events know something of the work; and therefore fails, I think, to make any impression on those who have no personal knowledge of it. My aim and desire is, by showing what is wanted and how much lies within the power of each one to do, to interest and touch the hearts of those who, since they know but little, therefore care but little about their poorer fellow creatures. For although a great deal is being done in this our vast and ever-growing London, the necessity also for more workers is daily increasing, and the work which is being done is done by comparatively very few, many of whom are sadly overtaxed. Miss Octavia Hill, in her able paper on 'District Visiting,' in *Good Words*, 1877, speaks very forcibly of how much more life and brightness is brought to the poor by visitors fresh from their home-life and society than by those who are always working amongst them, and all the most earnest workers feel strongly how much better work would be done if they had less to do and there were more to share it.

When one sees the thousands of poor, and considers the work which needs to be done, the only wonder is how one can ever do or think about anything else. And then, when one returns from a visit to the East End or any of the poorer districts, and sees all the innumerable rows of houses, the dwellers in which, if not all very wealthy, yet must (many of them) have plenty of spare time on their hands, one is tempted to cry aloud, like the Macedonian of old, 'Come over and help us.' It seems a common mistake to think it is necessary to give up much time to do anything at all in the shape of *work*; that it is 'no use to do a little'; and so some who may not perhaps have a great amount of leisure, satisfy their consciences and do nothing.

Now this is what I desire earnestly to contend against. It would be neither right nor good in any way for every one to devote their lives to work amongst the poor, but nearly every one can or might find time to do a little. For *the need, the want*, is of more ladies to visit. 'District visiting' has become such a bye-word, and 'District visitor' such a synonym for soup-tickets and tracts, that I sometimes

wish we could do away with the name altogether. The districts are often much too large, and this is indeed one of the chief difficulties of work in London. Mothers' meetings, societies, what you will, if at all successful, become too big for individual interest, and the districts are apt to grow beyond the power of that personal knowledge and intercourse which is so beneficial, unless more time is given to the work than many women have to spare. If only *more* ladies would come forward and help, how much might be done! Not only more visiting, but I believe a greater amount of good would be effected. It is the personal contact, the personal sympathy, the personal interest, as it was the touch of the Saviour, which is needed. It is not what you *give*, it is what you *do* for the poor, which *really* touches their feelings and binds them to you.

There is, even in these Radical days, a wonderful amount of the old feudal feeling amongst us still. In the country, the pride is chiefly centred in the clergyman's or squire's family; and in London, even in some of the East End courts, when they get to know about you and your family, there is a pride in you and for you, and a feeling that what belongs to you belongs in some way to them. An instance of this came before me only the other day. At a concert which was given in an East End district, the people of a certain court would have it that 'their lady's' voice was the best in the room, and that in some glees they could hear 'her sweet tones above every other.' It was not in the least the case, only that they had a sort of pride in her as *belonging* to them. I believe that, although the advance of civilization and the increase of education are in a great measure lessening this feeling, yet that it still exists to a very considerable extent, and that it is one of the great means given to us of doing good and elevating those with whom we come in contact, and therefore should be encouraged in every possible way.

There is not among the poor nearly so much jealousy of the rich as is sometimes imagined. I do not say none are discontented and envious, but I do say discontent and envy are not the rule. I do not at all believe in putting yourself entirely as it were on an equality with them, and not letting them know you do this or that, or have this and that, because they can not do it and have it. I am sure they *like* to know about your life and home, your pleasures and enjoyments. They like to see the ladylike manners, the graceful walk, the prettily made dress of a 'real lady.' They are very keen critics in this, as in many other things, and very sharp in detecting any little underbred action. There is one thing we do need to cultivate in ourselves, which is, the being willing to accept little gifts, and small favours, and things done for us, without payment. I think the upper classes have a great deal to answer for in the *paying* for *everything*; it has often spoilt what was meant as a generous outburst of affection and gratitude. In the country they delight in giving you fruit, flowers, &c.,

and in towns there is often some little service they can do for you, and which they are glad to render. Then, I fear we are too afraid of being unpopular, of what people will think and say of us. If one tries to do right, it must be unpopular at times, but I believe in the long run it not only *is* best, but *answers* best; for there is a very strong feeling of justice inherent in the English mind. Of course it is impossible to avoid making greater friends and favourites of some than others, just as in our own rank of life we feel that some are dearer and pleasanter to us than others who may be equally good and estimable; but great care must be taken never to be unfair for those we like best. Twice in the course of last year I had to give a decision against my best friends in a court I visit at the East End of London, and on one occasion I must acknowledge I felt it very hard; but in neither case, to their honour (although I dare say a little vexation occurred at the time), did it in any way impair our friendship.

I am frequently asked, 'What do you say when you first go into a house? What do you find to talk about?' My answer is simply 'What do you generally find to talk about to strangers?' In England, as a rule, we usually I believe begin upon the weather, and this is a very safe topic in every class of life, and frequently leads on to other matters, the news of the day, the family, &c., &c. It is not hard when conversation is once started. The one idea which predominates in most persons' minds about going to see the poor seems to be, that it is their duty 'to do them good,' and if you try and disabuse any one of this notion, you are promptly asked 'Then what is the use of going to see them at all?' If we really were what our Father in Heaven would have us to be, we should always be striving to 'do good,' but by this idea of 'doing good,' I mean the sort of feeling many ladies have that they ought to 'talk good,' give good advice, or speak of religion, *whenever* they go to see their poor friend. 'Doing good' is perhaps oftener instilled by example than by precept. Love and sympathy are taught more by actions than words; more taught by the trouble one is willing to take, or the self-denial, which is quickly appreciated, than by any words we say. If we look at our Saviour's life on earth, how much of it He spent in healing people's diseases and helping their bodily wants! It was His sympathy and His help which fitted them to receive His words; and if we are ourselves feeling the love of God and the nearness of Christ, and the yearning to bring all to Him, it will manifest itself indirectly in our conversation.

This idea, that the working classes need constantly to be 'done good to' by being talked at, either about religion or else about thrift, seems to have permeated our minds to such an extent, that if we give them any pleasure or entertainment it is generally thought necessary to 'say a few words' at the end. Now I should like to know what would be thought if, at the end of an evening party or ball, the host were to improve the occasion by saying a 'few words' to the young

men at the party? And will any one say they do not often require it as much as some of our poorer friends? Would any young man, so lectured, go to that house again? And yet we wonder we cannot get the working men to come to our entertainments! The fact is, amongst many of them there is a sort of dread of being 'let in for something,' they do not quite know what, and they would rather go where they know they will not be interfered with. I do not think the women mind it in the same way; for one thing, they do not go about so much, and have less change, and are therefore the more ready to escape from the dulness of their rooms, often crowded with children; and I fear the female mind is rather amenable to good tea and cake, and will stand a good deal for the sake of it. There is, we are told by the Wise Man, a time for everything. There is a time to give good counsel, there may be also times, I think, to refrain from giving it; at all events, I cannot imagine we gain anything by inflicting it on unwilling ears on every possible opportunity, and it has, I am convinced, very materially lessened our power of getting the poor to a better class of entertainments. In the account of our Saviour's being present at the marriage at Cana of Galilee, we do not read that He gave any direct religious *teaching*. The one circumstance which is recorded is His turning the water into wine for the use of the guests; and if we have but His presence, He may be helping us, and sanctifying us, as in the days of yore.

It may be said I am only giving a picture of what visiting may be with respectable people. 'What is to be done if the doors are closed against you, or you come in contact with the drunken, disreputable ones?' For those who do not admit us we cannot of course do much, and we should never, I think, try to force our way into a house where we are not readily welcomed. Sometimes taking a bunch of flowers will gain admittance, and it is often possible, in sickness or trouble, by some kind action, to get to a person who will not at other times see you. I believe many women would be more willing to admit a lady if they were not afraid of being lectured. The women who drink are indeed a sad perplexity, but still—consider the causes—the life in those crowded courts and streets, and in this age the desire for air and excitement, a restlessness afloat, which is *not* confined to one class. Very many women take to drinking simply from a sort of craving for excitement, and perhaps a little fresh air, or some small pleasure and enjoyment, if they could but have it, might save them. Sometimes too one sees how a downward course is as it were checked by a little kindly and friendly interest, and this is always worth striving for, even if it is not successful.

I feel strongly, what I have already mentioned, how much *too big* all things in London are apt to become, and how advantages in themselves good; are thereby frequently lost. I was greatly struck last summer, when taking a few young girls out to the country one day, upon my

pointing out the wheat and potatoes, a girl about seventeen observed she had 'never seen them growing before.' I asked her if she had not been out to school treats and excursions, and she replied—

'Oh, yes; but there was such a lot of us, and no one near to explain anything to me.'

An admirable plan was started last summer by Mrs. Edmund Maurice of taking small parties of six or eight women to the country, to the parks, &c., which seems to answer capitally. At the Art Exhibition at S. Jude's, Whitechapel, it was striking to see how greatly even the roughest and lowest class enjoyed going about in small groups, with a cicerone to explain the pictures and art treasures to them. Such schemes, however, bring with redoubled force upon one the need of more helpers. If every lady in London would take out only six poor women in the course of the year, from some crowded East End court, to the parks, to Hampstead Heath, or to see some pictures, what a boon it would be!

Then the question of giving is so often argued, 'How can you go and see the poor suffering, needing, and not give? they cannot care to see you; and of what use is your sympathy, unless you fill the empty grate, or find bread for the hungry?' I think there is a great deal of selfishness in our almsgiving; we give too often, not in the way best for the recipients, but as is the least trouble to ourselves. It is far easier to give money without inquiry than to make the inquiry; and will any candid person say that there would be, that there could be, all the vast amount of fraud and imposture practised upon us, which we know there is, if it had not been found to answer? It is we—the upper classes—I think, through our reckless, selfish charity, who are mainly responsible for this, and are, at least, as much to blame as those who practise the deceit.

When cases of real distress arise, one has to consider in each individual instance what is best to do, and hard and fast rules are impossible. For myself, I prefer giving money, when it is needed, through the agency of the Charity Organisation Society, so that it is not known by the people themselves if I give it, or whether they are helped by the society. Supposing the case to be (which is the exception, not the rule) of great urgency, there is always the clergyman, or some one, to whom to apply for counsel. Of one thing I am sure, that the less those who visit the poor, and have their interest really at heart, give themselves, the better; and when once the people know you do not give, they will not expect it. There are so many ways in which we can assist them; procuring orders for hospitals, helping them to find work, and sometimes to make a fresh start in life; getting them advice in difficulties, sending children to the country, writing letters for them, &c., &c.: and it is a great mistake to think they do not value such help; they are often very grateful for it; and when, as has once or twice been the case, they have thanked me for

aid from the Charity Organisation Society, and I have disclaimed their thanks, they have replied—

‘Well, but if it had not been for your trouble, the Society would not have heard of us.’

Small presents for their rooms, and to the children, mould and plants for flower-boxes, flowers in the summer, extra nourishment in sickness and old age—these are gifts which can be given without pauperising; but, as is said by far abler pens than mine, it needs great care not to let the poor lose their self-respect by taking gifts from you; and when you have helped them, do not be above letting them do something in kind for you.

I trust no one will think, from what I have said, that I wish it to be inferred we are not to bring religion before the people we visit. In illness especially, and in sorrow and trouble, much may be often done, and if only more ladies would come forward, some good might be effected through a sort of cottage readings, gathering a few together to one room and reading to them, which they greatly enjoy.

‘Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh,’ and if the love of God is in our hearts, it will surely show itself in all our words and actions. Some do not like to undertake the work without a direct religious bearing on it, while others again will not undertake it where there is direct religious teaching required. Of course, whenever the work comes under the clergyman’s immediate supervision, compliance with his rules and wishes are an absolute necessity. It often makes one very sad to see the numbers of persons unvisited, uncared for, poor, sick, and suffering, when one thinks what *could* be done to help, to comfort, and to soothe. It makes one sadder still to see the numbers of those who might be helping, comforting, soothing, and who are ‘passing by on the other side,’—willing enough perhaps to give money, unwilling to give what involves the sacrifice of self. Many shrink from the pain of seeing poverty and suffering, and dislike, or fancy they dislike, going amongst the poor districts. Sights and sounds there must often be which are sickening and saddening to see and hear, and sometimes one turns almost wearily from the task; but in bravely persevering there is so much to gladden and encourage, that, whatever feelings one sets out with, one *never* returns without some little gleam of happiness, even though a great deal may have seemed disheartening. There is generally one face which has brightened at the sight of you, and to whom you can feel your visit has brought a ray of pleasure. I am quite sure of one thing, that the intercourse is good for us both, rich and poor. The gentle influence of the lady has a softening, refining power over the poor; while their powers of endurance and willingness to work may often strengthen us for our daily life. Nor is the benefit and interest entirely on one side. I think in great sorrow, especially in the grief of death or parting, the poor are often our best comforters. They have such

kindly feelings, and from being so unaccustomed to hide or control them, are able to give us the consolation and sympathy our hearts are yearning for. And of the greater blessings to each other, one can only speak with reverence; of lessons learnt, sometimes from the richer, sometimes from the poorer friend. Patience under suffering, trust in God, obedience to His will—these are not greater in one class than another.

Disappointments we must frequently expect, mistakes we must often make, failures must inevitably occur; but even our disappointments, mistakes, and failures are seldom without their blessings in disguise. Perhaps we are too impatient nowadays: the world goes along at such a railroad pace, that we want to reap our harvest almost before we have sown our seed. I think we need to forget *ourselves* more in our work, not to wish to see *results* so much, but to go on more quietly and hopefully, simply doing all for the glory of God: and surely—surely, when our Master was willing to give Himself for thirty-three years to dwell on earth, it is not asking much from His followers to give a few hours once a week, or once a fortnight, to those whom He has taught us to love and care for, for His sake.

MARGARET TILLARD.

SUCCESS.

WHAT is success? The darling theme
Of young anticipation,
Whose very thought will nerve the frame
With fresh invigoration.

The subject of the favourite dream,
The aim of all endeavour;
Its faintest hope gives strength to strive
And persevere for ever.

What is success? A guerdon won
By luck, or chance, or favours,
Or by the loudest voice, that ne'er
In self-assertion wavers.

What is success? It is the goal
The swift miss by one stumble;
The glittering prize that in the grasp
Of winning hand will crumble.

What is success? A pinnacle
O'ertopped by peaks still higher,
More rugged and more slippery still
For foot that would aspire.

What is success? The shaft that flies
A little way the longer;
The next will be a failure, if
Thine arm be not yet stronger.

What is success? Triumphal car
Greeted by clamours hollow;
While envy, hatred, slander, fear,
And disappointment follow.

Who knew unmixed success? The men
On field of victory lying,
Whose closing eyes gleamed at the shout,
'The enemy are flying!'

Whose is success? 'Tis theirs who sink
For work unfinished grieving;
The glorious fruit of all their toil
To children's children leaving.

Whose is success? 'Tis theirs who seem
In this world all inglorious;
But o'er that world and o'er its Prince
May be the most victorious.

There is a race where there can be
No effort unavailing;
There is a conquest to be won,
E'en in the act of failing.

Success by no comparing known,
Not gained by others' losing,
Nor by the futile preference
Of earthly judges' choosing.

Success to each who does his best,
Tried by unerring measure;
Jewels and crowns for all are stored
In that unfailing treasure.

Success and triumph, joy for all—
The poor, the meek, the humble;
The only prizes that will ne'er
In our possession crumble.

C. M. YONGE.

Spider Subjects.

CLOVER, Metelille, and Bog-Oak have answered. Clover has curious facts, but wants arrangement. Bog-Oak is rather *too* full, giving not only the comets traditionally connected with events, but those that coincided with them.

REMARKABLE EVENTS SUPPOSED TO BE CONNECTED WITH COMETS.

THE word 'comet' is derived from the Greek *koma*, hair, from the hairy appearance of the tail, and our oldest English chronicles generally call these phenomena either 'cometa the star,' or the 'long-haired star.'

We cannot wonder that in times when the stars were believed to influence the fortunes of men, the appearance from time to time of heavenly bodies of strange form and brilliancy should have been deemed portentous and as having some mysterious connection with any great events which might happen near the time of their coming.

The comet which was seen in 44 B.C., the year when 'the mightiest Julius fell,' was afterwards reckoned among the portents which accompanied the death of Cæsar.

Our Anglo-Saxon chronicle very carefully records the appearance of comets, and often more or less clearly connects them with historical events.

In 868 and 892 terrible Danish invasions of England were preceded or accompanied by comets.

In 975, when Edward the Martyr succeeded Edgar the Peaceable, 'the star cometa appeared, and thereafter came a mighty famine and manifold troubles upon the English kin.'

In 1017 German chronicles say that a comet foreboded trouble and devastation in France, wars in Russia and Poland, and a deadly pestilence.

But the comet of 1066 seems to have been specially grand and awe-inspiring—'such a token in the heavens as men never before saw,' says the Anglo-Saxon chronicle. Of course this was deemed a presage of Stamford-bridge and Hastings, and is noted as such by German as well as English writers. In North Germany it was also thought to portend the rebellion of the heathen Wends against their Christian king, S. Godescalc, whereby Christianity was for a time extinguished in Wendland (Mecklenburg and Pomerania).

The comet of 1097 is, by Florence of Worcester, associated with the taking of Nicæa by the Crusaders.

The comet of 1106 is very minutely described. 'It was little and dim, but the beam that stood out from it was exceeding bright,' and after it came the overthrow of Robert Curthose by his brother Henry at Tenchebray, and the 'very heavy and sinful conflict between Henry IV. of Germany and his rebellious son.'

In 1132 it was noted that the appearance of a comet was followed by a terrible fire, in which a great part of London, with S. Paul's Cathedral, was destroyed.

Perhaps in 1263, and certainly in 1264, comets appeared, and were interpreted by English chroniclers as portending the calamities of the Barons' War.

It would seem that two comets appeared soon after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks—one in 1454, which, as its appearance coincided with an eclipse of the moon, caused much alarm to the Turks. The other, in 1456, being the great comet now known as Halley's, in shape not unlike a scimitar, aroused the utmost fear and consternation in Christendom, as it was thought to forebode further Turkish invasions. A prayer was actually ordered for deliverance from 'the Turks and the comet.' Perhaps this is the origin of the proverbial phrase 'the Pope's Bull against a comet.'

It is a curious coincidence that Halley's comet reappeared in 1682, shortly before that great victory at Vienna which finally saved Western Europe from all fear of Turkish conquest.

METELILLE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS TRANSLATION.

Vögelein has three mistakes in her German—*die Freude* instead of *an der Freude*; *Heiter* instead of *Heit'rem*; and *Auf* instead of *auch*. Her French is very good.

Bath-Brick, in her French, has *au chanson* instead of *aux chansons*. The German is very good, except that the last line is not clear.

Bird of Passage from Germany, very good. *Nightingale*, *faire le rôle* is wrong, it is *jouer*; *cœur de joie* is wrong.

Sintram has taken too great liberties with her German; there is no such word as *Glücklichkeit*. *D'écouter* in the beginning of a sentence is wrong, and her second line does not express the sense of the original. The third attempt is the best; but *de lointain* is quite wrong; it ought to be *de loin*.

Gee-gee.—Grammar good; sense not quite right.

March Hare.—Good; but *das Glücklichkeit* is wrong—all words ending in *keit* are feminine. French very good.

Metelille.—Very good; but *Glück* would be better without *seligkeit* added.

Firefly has not the sense; *bonne humeur* is not the French for happiness.

Bruce's Spider.—Good; only *d'y* is wrong.

Henny.—Very good.

Clover.—Good; but *rejoissant* is not the right word.

Express in French or in German :—

'Sweeter 'tis to hearken
Than to bear the part;
Better to look on happiness
Than to carry a light heart.'

German translation :—

'Viel lieber möchte ich hören
Als singen mit ins Lied,
Die Freude meines Freundes sehen
Als Glück auf eig'nem Trieb.'

BATH-BRICK.

French translation :—

'Il est plus doux d'écouter
Que de prendre un part ;
Mieux de regarder le bonheur
Que de porter un cœur gai.'

MARCH-HARE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Give a list and comparison of the nick-names of sovereigns, excluding those taken from their birthplaces.

A history of Alexandria.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

COMPARED with what one has been accustomed to of late, twenty-seven exercises in illustration of the May subject must be considered satisfactory. As regards excellence of work, indeed, the present collection will bear comparison with any of its predecessors. The two families of Leguminosæ, Vicia and Lathyrus, are, in many instances, admirably as well as copiously represented. In the other genus, Astragalus, very little has been done. Yet *A. glycyphyllos* cannot be very uncommon, though, in spite of its length, often two or three feet, it is, as Sir J. E. Smith observed ninety years ago, liable to be overlooked on account of its prostrate growth among grass and brushes, and the greenish hue of the whole plant. *A. hypoglottis*, another and a very pretty milk vetch, may, no doubt, still be found growing, as abundantly as it did at the end of the last century, on elevated heaths in Cambridgeshire and elsewhere. These are both worth looking for.

The July subject (August 15th), viz., *Drosera*, *Parnassia*, and the Gentian tribe, will give plenty of occupation. *Parnassia* will be found by few except dwellers in northern counties.

VERTUMNUS.

Notices to Correspondents.

CAN any one kindly tell a deserving person how best to dispose of a piece of needlework—"Landseer's Hawking Party"—which she values at 50%.? Is there not a Tapestry Society, and where?—*F. M. S.*

DEDICATION HYMN.

Written to be sung at the Consecration of Hanover Street Church, Boston.

'The perfect world by Adam trod
Was the first temple built by God,
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.

'He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavements, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

'The mountains in their places stood—
The sea—the sky—and "all was good";
And when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

'Lord! 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for Thee;
But in Thy sight our offering stands—
A humbler Temple "made with hands."'

—*N. P. Willis.*

M. R. begs to inform *Ans* that the author of the hymn, 'There were Ninety and Nine,' was Miss Elizabeth Clephane, the third of four daughters of a Scotch advocate. She began to write at an early age in a little periodical edited by her cousin, called *The Children's Hour*; there Mr. Sankey first saw the hymn, and, struck by its beauty, composed the tune to which it is adapted in the 'Moody and Sankey Collection of Hymns.' Miss Clephane died very young.

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* tell *M. R.* who is the author of the hymn—

'Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest'?

ANSWERS.

Fincastle.—Roscoe's *History of Venice*, 2 vols. (Murray), published long ago in the Family Library, is excellent.

There is a translation of Sismondi's *Italian Republics* in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*.

APPEAL.

Will any readers of the *Monthly Packet* help a very interesting work just started in the poor parish of S. Luke's, Old Street, E.C. With a view to helping the girls of that district to live honest, pure, and

decent lives, a branch of the Young Woman's Help Society was started last month. Some small rooms have been furnished, and are open three nights in the week under the superintendence of a lady, and here we hope the girls will meet for quiet reading and amusements, while in a room adjoining, a class is held on the same evenings from nine to ten, on Monday a singing-class, on Wednesday a sewing-class, and on Saturday both a writing and Bible-class. We hope as soon as we can secure more workers to let the rooms be open every night in the week. The girls have so far responded warmly to the effort made for them, and between forty and fifty have already joined this branch. But to carry on the work we need money, and also at the present time we should be very grateful for books to start a satisfactory library, and for any regular supply of periodicals suitable for girls from thirteen to thirty years of age, who are employed in warehouses paper folding, box-making, artificial-flower making, &c., all day. All contributions would be gratefully received by the *Rev. W. G. Abbott, S. Luke's Rectory, Old Street, E.C.*; or by *Miss E. Villiers, S. Paul's Vicarage, Wilton Place, S.W.*

QUOTATION WANTED.

'How much is lost
When the vast book is closed of fairy lore
And its huge brazen clasps will ope no more.'

—*M. B.*

E. S. C. will be much obliged to any one who will tell her whence come the following quotations:—

I.

'And I also have been in Arcadia.'

II.

'The love of God is broader than the measures of man's mind.
And the Heart of the Eternal is wonderfully kind.'

S. would be much obliged to any reader of the *Monthly Packet* who would tell her the authors of the following:—

'In His decision rest,
Secure what'er He gives, He gives the best.'

'Words are all powerless except they fall
Fraught with His blessing—uttered at His call,
And save when lips uncloset at His behest
Silence were surely still safest and best.'

'Man is immortal till his work is done.'

'I have not seen the most precious diamond that is.'

'Great minds have wills,
Feeble ones have wishes.'

S. Y. asks for a short poem, a dialogue between a clock and a sundial, beginning—

'The clock one morn in tones of scorn
Asked of the dial, "Had he the power
To strike correct the passing hour"?''

Can any correspondent inform me whether there is a legend concerning 'The Knight of the Sun?' These words are under a picture representing a setting sun and a dying knight. The picture is by Arthur Hughes.—*M. C. M.*

On more than one occasion the attention of our readers has been called to the Art College for Ladies at South Wimbledon. We are now pleased to be able to add that Mr. Beresford-Hope has become President of the institution, with an influential London Committee. In October the College will be under instruction of the highest kind, and with visits of inspection from Royal Academicians and others standing high in the world of art. The home arrangements for young resident students will remain under the care of Miss Bennett, the Lady Superintendent, assisted by some ladies of the committee.

Miss M. wishes to know where Dr. McCault's *Hebrew Primer*, recommended by Miss Johnson, is to be obtained.—*Amherst Lodge, Tunbridge Wells.*

Will any one tell me of a good drawing society for flowers only with an art critic?—*Louie.*

All Hallows Mission, 127, *Union Street, Borough, S.E.*—The Sister-in-charge will acknowledge in print at the end of the year all those donations which she has already acknowledged by post. She now gratefully acknowledges the following:—*H. Morell*, 2s.; *M. C.*, 2s. 6d.; *A. M. G.*, 10s.; *Mrs. Lindsay Wood*, 1l.; *J. M. D.*, 1s.; *A. T. W. L.*, 5s.; *Dunreath*, 2s. 6d.; *Cullompton*, 1s.; *Surbiton*, 3s.; *A Reader*, 1s.; 2s. 6d.; *Buckingham*, 2s. 6d.; *F. W. H.*, 6s.; *M. E. L.*, 5s.; *Torquay*, 10s.; *C. E.*, 2s.; *Watford*, 4s.; *H. E.*, 10s.; *Colorado*, 10s.; *A Lady*, 5s.

Will a *London Guardian* send his address, some letters are waiting for him?

M. T.—The town of Tavistock and the vessel in Plymouth harbour have always contended for the honour of being Drake's birthplace.

Will any one kindly send old clothing and cast-off boots and shoes of any description for the necessitous poor of North Kensington?—*Christ Church Mission*, 25, *Faraday Road, Westbourne Park.*

To the Editor of the MONTHLY PACKET.

MADAM,—Will you allow me to appeal to those of your readers who are interested in the spiritual welfare of the very poor in London, on behalf of a parish—small, as London parishes go, though it numbers over 5,000 souls, all of the very poor—where the work of the Church is hindered at every turn from lack of funds.

The parish of Holy Cross in St. Pancras was constituted by an order in Council in 1876, a small endowment was secured by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, in place of a city parish which was suppressed, and shortly after a temporary church was opened. The requisite funds for building the permanent church are in hand, but difficulties at first about obtaining a site on any terms, and now want of means for the purchase, have hitherto precluded the work from being begun. Recently, however, the Bishop of London's Fund has voted 500l. towards the purchase of a site, on condition of the remainder (about 2,500l.) being raised in twelve months—for this object help is sorely wanted.

But it is the immediate and pressing needs of the temporary church that I desire now to lay before your readers. Here a good congregation of parishioners are assembled on Sundays and Holy Days

and a small number occasionally in the week, who gratefully appreciate the simple but bright and reverent services which are provided for them by the Incumbent, who, singlehanded, labours to his utmost among his flock. But when it is remembered that those who attend the services are almost without exception of the very poorest of the working class: coal porters, costermongers, labourers, &c., and their families, and that there are no parishioners even of the upper middle class, your readers will scarcely be surprised to learn that the offertories, which are the only funds available for the ordinary church expenses, do not suffice for that purpose.

The expenses last year, for lighting, warming, cleaning the church, washing surplices, a man to keep order in the street outside, &c., &c., amounted to about 36*l.* 15*s.*, and who will say that this was an extravagant expenditure! The offertories and a few gifts towards church expenses amounted to 26*l.* 12*s.*

The expenditure for Sunday School (including rent of Board School) and general parochial purposes was about 57*l.* 10*s.*, the receipts about 50*l.* 10*s.* At this moment there is an actual deficiency in the funds for the current Church and Sunday School expenses, and it is for this object that I venture to appeal to your readers, in the hope that they will 'help to bring within the reach of their poor and ignorant brethren the ministrations of the Church and Sacraments which they themselves so highly prize, and which surely were intended by our common Lord and Master to be at least equally offered to both poor and rich!

Any contributions will be most thankfully received by the Incumbent, REV. ALBERT MOORE, 14, Argyll Square, London, W.C., or by your obedient servant,

VICTORIA H. GOODENOUGH.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE,
July 14, 1882.

THE CO-OPERATIVE NEEDLEWOMEN'S SOCIETY,

(34 and 35, *Brooke Street, Holborn, E.C.*)

Is an association not of employers, but of the workers themselves, upon the following plan:—

1. All agencies intermediate between worker and purchaser are reduced to a minimum.
2. Cash payments are required in all cases.
3. In addition to a just, regular wage, the profits are from time to time divided amongst the workers, in proportion to the skill and amount of their work.

Each worker is thus a partner in the business, and shares the responsibilities and the fortunes of the whole. Instead of being merely a 'hand' she becomes a human agent, with living interests, and the stimulus of hope of advantage from all that earnest painstaking can do.

There are, we are sure, many who are practically interested in women's work who will appreciate the results. To them it will be a satisfaction to know that the hand which labours for them receives

to the full the profit of its labour — to know also that this profit secures happy conditions of labour in well-lighted, warmed, and ventilated rooms, and just hours of labour, leaving margin for rest and recreation.

Thanks to the steady, kindly interest of friends, the Society now enters upon an advanced stage of its life. It has gained a habitation of its own. Large and admirably fitted work-rooms have been secured at 34 and 35, BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN (top floor), where for the future all business will be carried on. It will give real pleasure if old friends and all interested in our venture would visit us there. We do not ask for charity, but in, simple business fashion, for custom — the custom of those who desire excellent workmanship and material at fair cost. We have now twenty-three workers, and many others eagerly asking to be admitted. A large supply of work is required to keep them constantly employed.

Our price list (which includes all materials) has, in the light of our now considerable experience, been carefully revised. With some inevitable exceptions, handwork is supposed throughout. Payments must be strictly CASH. It is hard for those who are not conversant with the details of a business with small capital to realise the sore straits which result from delayed payments.

All communications should be addressed to MRS. ALISON, 34, Brooke Street, Holborn, E.C., who will be happy to forward circulars or send a competent person to take orders.

The Monthly Packet.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER VII.

LILY WADE.

'Invidia muove il mantaco a' sospiri.'—DANTE.

THE blinds were down in Mrs. Bell's sitting-room, where she lay on her sofa in the still, hot afternoon. The room looked cool and restful in a green twilight. Mrs. Bell's large fan fluttered slowly backwards and forwards, and she listened with half-closed eyes to her daily novel, read aloud by her companion, Miss Wade. The story, exciting enough in itself, had a sleepy influence, perhaps because it was monotonously read. Anyhow, the movements of Mrs. Bell's fan became slower and more unequal, and presently it dropped together and lay still; she began to breathe rather heavily, her eyes were tight shut; she was asleep. As soon as Miss Wade was aware of this, she left off reading aloud, but went on to herself, without moving from the arm-chair where she was sitting curled up lazily.

Mrs. Bell was one of the best supporters of her favourite circulating library. She cared for nothing but novels; anything and everything in that shape satisfied her. In fact, the less demand a story made on her brains and attention the better she was pleased. If she read a book to herself she turned over the leaves in an hour or two, but she preferred listening and going to sleep at intervals. She thus skipped—or rather slid—through four or five novels a week, forgot them all immediately, and mixed up the stories hopelessly together; still she was never deceived into reading a book a second time; she was sure to recognise the first page and to know all about it. Mrs. Bell perhaps did not reflect that many of these books which she only read to pass the time, the good and evil in them running off her mind alike, with

no impression left behind, were likely to have a different effect on a half-educated girl of nineteen, who, without much taste or even instinct to guide her, found herself introduced by them into new worlds. It might be seen at a glance, too, that there was no want of imagination in that small head with the delicate features and rather melancholy blue eyes. No thickness of perception there, which might have been a guard to the poor, slight little nature.

There was a special charm about the book they were reading that afternoon, which made it quite impossible to lay it down. It introduced one to a noble family, in which all the sons were very handsome and all the daughters very plain. By some curious fatality, too, the eldest sons for generations had married ugly heiresses. This was the more unfortunate because of a splendid set of diamonds which were heirlooms in the family; they only made more conspicuous the bad figure and complexion of each succeeding countess. At last a lovely girl appeared upon the scene. She was only the daughter of a small farmer, one of his lordship's tenants, and had been away at school. The eldest son fell in love with her in church, and determined to marry her. Difficulties and oppositions filled a volume and a half, but at last true love triumphed over them all, family traditions were broken through, the marriage took place, to be immediately followed by the death of the young man's mother, worn out by making herself disagreeable. Thus beauty and diamonds were happily united, and became each other wonderfully well.

Having finished the third volume Miss Wade sat in a long, smiling dream. It was impossible not to feel that there was some little likeness between the heroine and herself, both in position and looks; and if such things happened to one girl, why not to another?

The unnaturalnesses and improbabilities of the story did not exist for a reader like this.

Presently Mrs. Bell woke up, yawned, stared vacantly at the ceiling, and finally turned her large, sleepy eyes on her companion.

'Have I been asleep long? Have you finished the book?'

'An hour. Yes, I have finished it, and it is such a pretty book! said the girl with unusual animation. 'It ends beautifully. You would like to hear it, wouldn't you, Mrs. Bell?'

'No, you can tell me the end; that will do just as well.'

She listened, half closing her eyes again, while Miss Wade turned over the pages eagerly and sketched the story in enthusiastic language. Something in her manner, generally so resigned and quiet, struck Mrs. Bell disagreeably; she was vexed by it, and wondered what nonsense the girl had taken into her head.

'What ridiculous stuff!' she said. 'I wish people would write about things that *might* possibly happen.'

'But why should not this have happened?' said the girl, colouring a little.

'Oh, don't torment me with questions, child, the story is impossible, and there's an end of it. It shall go back to-morrow, and I hope we may get something better. I dislike that sort of morbid, unnatural stuff.'

Her young companion asked no more questions; she was silent, but not convinced. The story of that farmer's daughter could not so easily lose its charm.

Mrs. Bell was generally most wakeful in the evening; she lived more or less in a fog all day. That evening, after dinner, she suddenly remembered that she was engaged to go to a garden-party the next day at Alding Place.

'Now this is too provoking,' she said. 'What a bore it is to have no memory! I meant to ask Mrs. Lydiard if I should call for her and the girls. Could you walk there this evening with a note, Lily?'

'Oh yes, Mrs. Bell, if you wish it,' said the girl, with tolerable cheerfulness.

It was still very hot and dusty, and there was no apparent reason why Mrs. Bell should not have sent one of her servants. She had a faint consciousness of this herself, which made her frown and look puzzled.

'It will be cool enough, won't it?' she said. 'And nobody else would do as well as you, because—oh, I know—I shall not have enough wool to finish that fender-stool, and I want to go on with it to-night. You will get to the shop in plenty of time to match it by daylight if you go at once. You can go straight there, just leaving the note at Mrs. Lydiard's door, and call for her answer as you come back.'

'Very well,' said Lily, and while Mrs. Bell scrawled a few lines she went to get ready for her walk.

She set off with her little mind rather full of discontented fancies. It was not quite nice, she thought, to live in the midst of luxuries and pretty things which she enjoyed to a certain extent and loved very heartily, and yet to have no real possession of them, or hope of any; to convey the note that invited a carriage full of people to go with Mrs. Bell to the garden-party, and to know that she must stay at home herself, though she considered herself quite as pretty as Miss Lydiard or Miss Stewart.

'Somebody thinks so at any rate, but he's no good; I won't think about him,' she said to herself, remembering a friend far away, who had first given her that pet name of Lily. A lily of the valley he said she was like—fair, and drooping and sweet. It was quite a poetical thing for him to say, but he was fond of poetry, and carried books in his pocket, which he used to read in his rides through the beech-woods. Her father said he would break his neck some day with such tricks as these, and he, for other reasons, was rather shy of their being generally known. Lily had had a little quarrel with him before she left home, and had never mentioned him to Mrs. Bell, who did not for her part

show any curiosity about her home concerns. Sometimes days passed without Lily's giving a thought to that old friend. When she did think of him she told herself he was 'no good.'

She did her commission in the town, and called for the note at Mrs. Lydiard's on her way back. As it was not quite ready, Hetty Stewart fetched her up into the drawing-room and gave her some coffee. Mrs. Lydiard, sitting at her davenport, asked various questions about Mrs. Bell. Conny, busy with some needlework in the window, did not take much notice of the young messenger, and, in spite of Hetty's kind words and manner, Lily Wade felt angry and envious. She never could be quite at her ease with these happy, prosperous girls. It was no wonder with Conny, who had often carelessly hurt her feelings, but even Hetty's good-natured sympathy had something bitter in it for the foolish little creature, who would feel as if she was being patronised.

Lily did not show her feelings, answered Mrs. Lydiard's questions quite cheerfully, told her what Mrs. Bell was going to wear the next day, heard how Hetty and Conny were going to appear, and finally wished them all good-bye and went away, with envy and discontent in her heart and Mrs. Lydiard's grateful note in her pocket.

The sun had just set; it was a still, sultry, midsummer evening. As Lily passed the station and went on along the dusty causeway, with its great, wide arch of glowing sky, the willows stood out in their dark line against a horizon of flame, the river lay like a sheet of gold in the deep, bright green of the fields. The last train had come in from London just as Lily crossed the stone bridge, and she had not gone many yards along the causeway when she was overtaken by a gentleman with a bag in his hand. He glanced at her as he passed, then stopped, smiled, and held out his hand.

'Oh, Mr. Harvey, is it you?' said Lily.

'Yes; we have not met for a long time,' said James, in a friendly manner. 'How are you getting on, Miss Wade? I was at home last week and saw your people.'

'Were they quite well?'

'They seemed all right. I told your mother I believed you were flourishing, and I hoped you would stay on with Mrs. Bell, and all that. You don't look any great things, though.'

Lily coloured and her eyes filled with tears, she hardly knew why. James Harvey was aware of this, but it never dawned upon him that such remarks as these could hurt her feelings in any way.

'I'm afraid I gave too bright an account,' he said. 'What have you been doing with yourself? Where have you been this evening, for instance? A long walk?'

'Oh no, only to Eastmarsh, to take a note for Mrs. Lydiard. Mrs. Bell is going to drive them to the garden-party to-morrow. You are come down for it, I suppose?' said Lily.

'Yes. It was very uncertain whether I could get off, so I told

Mr. Ethelston not to meet me. Are you going?' said James thoughtlessly.

'I! No,' said Lily.

'Poor girl! this is the secret of it,' thought Mr. Harvey. 'She is a little discontented and finds life dull. She is a pretty little thing. Life with that old woman must be a trial sometimes. Why couldn't Margaret Ethelston be good-natured enough to ask her to this party?'

'Are you disappointed?' he said, kindly. 'You may believe me, there is nothing on earth so deadly dull as a garden-party. You would not enjoy it a bit.'

There was something in his manner, more than in the words, which did Lily good. He seemed really to feel for her. She looked at him and smiled.

'I did not expect to go,' she said. 'Of course Miss Ethelston would not think of asking me. But I was at Mrs. Lydiard's just now, and they were talking about their dresses, and it sounded all so gay, I couldn't help feeling it rather.'

'Do you think girls look any prettier when they are dressed up for a *fête*?' said James. 'I don't, you know. I would rather see a girl in her everyday gown, when she has the knack of putting it on smartly, and making herself look nice.'

A glance of approval, which accompanied this, was not lost on Lily. She was beginning to feel happy and flattered; she thought Mr. Harvey was certainly a very nice man. After all, it was he who had admired her singing in the first instance, and had discovered that she was fit for something better than a farm-house.

James himself felt rather afraid that his philanthropic effort had been a failure; but he thought the girl was above her station, not below it, as Gertrude Ethelston had hinted so plainly.

'What do you do all day with Mrs. Bell?' he said, as they walked slowly along. 'She is kind to you, isn't she?'

'Oh yes, very,' said Lily.

James asked a few more leading questions, so sympathetically that she was not shy or frightened. She found herself for the first time putting her little troubles and discontents into words. Then they seemed very small, and she felt ashamed of them. James was smiling at them too.

'We all have something to put up with in life,' he said. 'But things improve with patience. You won't always find yourself tied to Mrs. Bell, I dare say.'

'What could happen to me?' said Lily. 'There might be many things worse.'

'Yes,' said James. 'But many things better too.'

'Mr. Harvey'—she said, in an odd, sudden way—'when people write novels, do they make things happen that are impossible?'

'Few novelists are quite such fools as that,' he answered, rather puzzled and amused by the question. 'Besides, experience tells one that there are stranger things in life than you ever meet with in books. I have often heard people call a story unnatural, when I have come across just the same circumstances in real life. I wouldn't be too extravagant, though—are you writing a novel?'

'Me! Oh dear no,' said Lily. 'It was only a book we were reading, and Mrs. Bell said such things could not happen—but it all seemed natural enough.'

'What was the book? I am a great novel-reader, and you may have the advantage of my opinion too.'

Lily felt consciously ashamed and sorry, now, that she had alluded to the book at all, and she hesitated a moment before telling him its name. But she wisely reflected that he could not read her thoughts, and would never know how she had been fancying herself in the heroine's place. So she said the name, and he did not betray his amusement, which was mixed with vexation at finding the poor girl even more foolish than he had imagined her.

'I read it the other day,' he said. 'Awfully stupid, and improbable too, but possible, of course. I wonder Mrs. Bell does not treat you and herself to higher art than that, when so many good books are written. I shall call one of these days, and see if she will let me mark her library list for her. Do you think she will?'

'I should think she would be very glad,' said Lily. 'At any rate she will be pleased to see you. Good-bye.'

They had reached the corner where the road branched off to the villa. It wound up the side of the ridge, under the shade of great elm-trees which grew on each side, and at this hour in the evening made a dusky twilight, while the rest of the country still lay in the fading afterglow of sunset. James Harvey stood still and looked at the fair, delicate girl standing by him, her eyes falling shyly as they met his. There was something touching in her weak helplessness, and his first interest in her was somehow revived by that evening's talk. The poor little fool might fancy she would like to be a countess, but that did not make her vulgar or stupid, or less deserving of pity; though, good heavens! what contrasts there were among girls!

'Not good-bye yet,' said James. 'You must let me walk with you up to the gate. It is too late for you to be out alone, Miss Wade.'

'Thank you. You are very kind,' said Lily. 'But no one ever thinks of me, I assure you. I go to Eastmarsh at all hours. It does not matter, really—and you will be so late at Alding.'

'That does not matter, as they don't expect me,' said James as they walked on. 'And now I want to ask you a favour. Will you grant it?'

'Oh, of course,' said Lily, rather faintly. 'Anything I can.'

'You must forgive me for saying it—but we should all like to know that you were happy. Try not to be misanthropic—to oblige me.'

'Misanthropic! I don't quite understand.'

'Well, don't let yourself say in that hopeless fashion that no one thinks of you, and all that.'

'It is true, Mr. Harvey,' said Lily, with tears in her voice. 'Look at other girls, and look at me. I'm not likely to talk about it—I never did before, only you seemed friendly—but I can't help feeling it, because it is a fact.'

'I beg your pardon. Many people are interested in you. My mother and myself—and—and you are surely valued enough at your own home. Mrs. Bell is kind-hearted, I'm sure, though she may not always think—and there's Miss Stewart. She takes a great interest in you. Don't you know that?'

'Oh—Miss Stewart—she is very happy—every one admires her. She and I are a contrast, certainly,' said Lily.

'Miss Stewart is one of the most charming girls I ever met,' said James, rather coldly. 'It is quite impossible that she can have done anything to hurt your feelings, or to set you against her.'

'I didn't say she had,' said Lily, dismally, and then she began to cry.

James Harvey was in consternation, and vowed to himself that he would never try to befriend a young woman again. You were sure to be misunderstood, your kindest advice taken as an injury, yourself brought into a horrible mess from which there was no immediate escape. Because it was impossible to leave a poor girl crying in the road. He walked on silently for a few moments, while Lily sobbed.

'Don't make yourself so unhappy,' he said at last. 'I was joking when I talked about misanthropy. You wouldn't be capable of it. You are too gentle for this hard world. Don't be angry with me. I am so sorry.'

'I am not angry with you,' sighed Lily. 'Not quite so ungrateful!'

'Well—you know I mean to be your friend.'

'Oh yes, indeed. I wish I was not so silly.'

They had reached Mrs. Bell's gate by this time, but James thought that as his companion had stopped crying, they might as well take one more turn under the elm-trees; perhaps those heavy eyelids of hers were hardly yet presentable. He talked to her very kindly, begging her to be cheerful and contented, assuring her of the interest he should always feel in her concerns. Lily was comforted, and began to smile again. It was pleasant to hear assurances like these, mixed with little speeches not unlike compliments, such as 'too gentle for this hard world,' and so on. There was a touch of romance in it too, the dusk, the evening stillness, the glimpses of blue and golden sky between the great sheltering branches. Altogether it was the mos

interesting evening Lily had passed for a very long time, and she was sorry when it was over, when Mr. Harvey brought her back to the gate, wished her good-night in the most cordial manner, and did not turn away till he had seen her safe round the first turn in the drive which brought her within sight of the house-door. He could not have behaved better to Miss Stewart, or to any of those ladies that Lily envied. He was not handsome, but who could be more gentlemanlike! and his voice was so pleasant and commanding!

This foolish little brain went on romancing, while James Harvey, the philosopher, the man of the world, Herbert Ethelston's cynical, hard-headed friend, Gertrude's dilatory admirer, hurried back down the hill to the Alding road, wondering how he was to account to his friends for having spent an hour and a half in walking from East-marsh station. He did not feel inclined, somehow, to tell them the truth.

'People never do understand, and certainly *they* would not,' meditated James, as he strode through the dust towards Alding.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

'The witchery of a first love had just begun to steal over her, and the world was all before her, sure, as she supposed, to be always made on this excellent pattern: with fervour and flattery for her ears, flowers for her hands, and great shadows and flickering sunlight on deep grass for her feet.'—*Blue Roses*.

It was early in the afternoon of the garden-party. The sun was shining tranquilly on the broad lawns and brilliant flower-beds of Alding Place. Gertrude, with James Harvey and two other young men who were staying there, was playing tennis on the lawn. Herbert joined his eldest sister, who had been standing for a minute at the drawing-room window, watching them.

'Margaret,' he said, 'I should like to ask Miss Stewart to stay here. I want to have her separate from those relations.'

'Very well. I have no objection. In fact, it will be a great pleasure to me,' Margaret answered him.

'Thank you,' said Herbert. Presently he went on, 'Leave it to me, will you? I shall find out whether she would like to come. And, look here—you have often told me not to be in a hurry, but I believe it won't do to put things off too long. Not that I want it to be talked about.'

'No—so you had better be a little careful this afternoon. What are you afraid of? Where does this sudden impatience come from?'

Margaret looked at her brother with a slight smile. She had not quite known which way his thoughts were tending through the few past days. He had left off talking so much of Hetty. Now it seemed

that he had been thinking of her all the time, and making up his mind.

Margaret honestly thought that her brother's wife would be a very happy woman. Nothing in this world could be more solidly satisfactory than a man like Herbert, with a position like his. As long as England lasted, unless there was a great revolution, the Ethelstons must reign at Alding, and as their income was always much more than their expenses, even the falling of rents could not affect them. Margaret also idealised her handsome brother himself, till no one else would have known her portrait of him. Not even Gertrude—perhaps Hetty Stewart only, at this time—would have recognised the hero who was painted in Margaret's mind.

It was an additional satisfaction to Miss Ethelston that her brother meant to marry a gentle girl like Hetty. Margaret thought nothing more wrong than interference between husband and wife, but she felt convinced that she herself would remain Herbert's oracle, and that Hetty would be only too glad of such an arrangement. A young girl, ignorant of the world, brought up, as Margaret feared must be confessed, among second-rate people—what a blessing for her to have a sister-in-law who would really love her, who would stretch out the hand that had always guarded Herbert, a little farther, to protect her too! Dear Henrietta; there would be something very charming in her loving gratefulness.

'I am afraid of nothing!' said Herbert, rather quickly, in answer to his sister's question. 'But there is no reason for delay, and there are a great many reasons against it. One is that I hate uncertainty. What are you laughing at?'

'I was thinking that you need not trouble yourself much about the uncertainty.'

'I don't know that. I think you are wrong there. I am not so tremendously vain,' said Herbert. He stopped and looked at her, but she only smiled again. 'Well,' he said, 'it might be different if she had nice relations. Heaven only knows what kind of society Mrs. Lydiard will take those girls into, if she is left to herself. Anything that amuses her, without the smallest thought of anybody else. Mrs. Bell won't care. She is far too lazy to take the trouble of objecting. Besides, she herself doesn't half know the difference. Those people that have not lived in England never do. It is only her laziness that saves her from all sorts of rubbishy acquaintances.'

'Poor Mrs. Bell!' said Margaret. 'Yes, you are right. Henrietta's own instincts will take care of her, and yet we cannot be satisfied, can we? I quite feel with you. I need not say any more.'

Their talk was brought to an end by the first arrival. After that people came in a stream, and scattered themselves about on the lawns and terraces. The archers and tennis-players were happy in their own way, but most people found it too hot for any exertion, and sat in the

shade, or strolled up and down under the trees, listening to the band which was playing there.

The Ethelstons were generally considered very good hosts, and yet their parties were often afflicted with a certain slowness and stiffness, faults which were not absent from this one. Mrs. Landor, who had been sitting near Miss Ethelston, looked after her curiously with her expressive eyes, as she got up and went to receive some new guests. What was it, Bessie wondered, that spoiled all Margaret's graciousness, and made one feel inclined to answer her calm speeches sharply? Either that, or one felt dead and stupid, only too conscious that one did not come up to the standard set by those thoughtful eyes. But it was plain everybody did not feel like that. There was Mrs. Lydiard quite lively and unabashed, Mrs. Bell in unmoved laziness, Constance Lydiard looking laughingly about her in search of amusement, and not interested in Miss Ethelston at all. And as for Hetty Stewart, a little extra glow of happiness had tinted her cheeks and brightened her eyes. Her heart was looking out of them to Margaret, who gave her a special gaze and smile, and held her hand an instant longer than usual.

Just then an agreeable old gentleman came up with Tom to be introduced to Mrs. Landor, and she was not sorry to have her thoughts diverted from things which irritated her. Tom went to speak to the Lydiards, brought Mrs. Bell a chair, into which she sank gladly, and was just beginning to talk to the girls, when Herbert Ethelston came up, and at once monopolised them. Tom stood by for a minute, and then strolled back to his mother and her new acquaintance. Miss Ethelston was just going forward to meet some splendidly-dressed people, the millionaires of the county, who, having lately become titled, had every claim to distinguished attention.

Herbert, as he stood talking to Hetty and her cousin, saw these people coming, and saw also James Harvey making his way towards the little group from the nearest tennis set.

'Miss Stewart,' said Herbert in a low voice, but quite eagerly, 'don't run away, do you hear? There's Harvey coming to fetch you, but don't go, please. It's too hot for tennis; you are not such a salamander as some people. I must go and speak to the Sandyparks; but I wish you would wait for me here.'

'You won't obey that command, Hetty, will you?' said Constance aside to her cousin, when he was gone. 'If you are not independent now, my dear, you never will be. Stay hidden under the trees here with mamma till he chooses to come back! You won't be so foolish. Come along and play tennis.'

But when Mr. Harvey came up with the same request, Hetty quietly told him she did not care for tennis, and then, as Conny walked away with him, she suddenly became aware that Mrs. Landor was looking at her, and went to sit down beside her and wait till Herbert came

back. At present she could see that he was quite engaged with Lady Sandypark.

Hetty felt that she was welcome to the little group she had joined so quietly, though Mrs. Landor did not take any particular notice of her, and went on talking to Colonel Page, a rich old man, known throughout that part of England for his benevolence. He was talking to the Landors about a certain children's hospital in which he was interested. It had been in Tom's district when he was a London curate, and he and his mother knew it well. The story of suffering, the sad little anecdotes that Colonel Page was telling, the strong feeling in Mrs. Landor's voice as she replied, struck their new listener as strangely out of place on that brilliant day, discordant with the gay music that sounded so full of life and hope from the other end of the broad, smooth, sunshiny terrace on which so many well-dressed people were idly letting the afternoon pass by. To Hetty that day the world was a *fête*, not a hospital. She hardly liked to be reminded that there were such things as trouble and pain. They seemed far enough from her, at least, as she sat waiting under the trees for Herbert Ethelston, with an interest she hardly dared realise in the place and the people.

Tom, standing behind his mother, and looking at Hetty over her head, understood very well what she was thinking about, as he watched her gravely and admiringly. His thoughts of her were not at all affected by her perfect unconsciousness of him and them. He became more silent than before, and let Colonel Page and his mother carry on the talk between them, while he watched Hetty as she listened. At first she was a little vexed and troubled, as if all the sadness jarred upon her. Presently she became interested; the stories touched her, and she listened as if she cared for them. She was carried away from Alding Place into a ward of sick children, and could imagine herself playing with them, bringing smiles to one wan little creature, letting another moan out its pain in her arms. Tom stood and looked at her thoughtfully; there was a faint smile about his mouth which died away, and yet he was happy just then. It was good to be justified in his feeling towards that sweet-faced girl, though it might be useless and hopeless, and have no consequence but a heartache.

Herbert was detained rather longer than he had expected by his duty to the great people. At last, when their party had scattered, and he felt free to do as he liked, he came deliberately back to the place where he had left Hetty. When he joined them, Mrs. Landor and Colonel Page left off talking about the hospital, and Hetty's music went back joyfully enough into the major key. In her intercourse with Herbert, there were no falling shadows, no jarring notes that might arrange themselves into sweet chords after all; and at present Hetty felt that this broad sunshine, this confidence and sense of power, was the most beautiful thing to be had in life. She thought him a

very fine fellow as he came up to her, fair and tall, with a look of steady triumphant good humour on his handsome face, and an extra glance of approving satisfaction for her. Tom Landor, who was still loyal to his old friend, admired him too, and thought perhaps it was no wonder if nothing was too good for him. Mrs. Landor looked up and answered Herbert, when he spoke to her, with the half indifferent air that always disgusted him, and he turned at once to Hetty.

'Will you let me show you the ducks, Miss Stewart?' he said. 'Those fellows that took the prize I told you about. They are on the water down here.'

Hetty was quite ready. As she got up she glanced at Mrs. Landor, who was looking the other way. If this chilled her for a moment, it was only for a moment, and she had forgotten it before the first turn in the path by which Herbert took her away.

Colonel Page began to ask questions, 'Who was that pretty girl?' and was there any reason for Ethelston's looking so particularly bright and attentive?

'Every excuse, of course,' said the Colonel; 'but is there anything more? He ought to have told me. I'm his godfather. You are in the secret, Mrs. Landor, I'm sure. But don't tell me if you think you ought not.'

'I am not in any secret at all, Colonel Page. I can only make my observations, like other people.'

'Well, I suppose I may say that the young lady is very fortunate. She has a charming face, so I hope she is worthy of her good fortune.'

'Quite, I should think,' said Mrs. Landor.

Tom walked away to look at the tennis, and left his mother to do as she pleased about discussing Miss Stewart's prospects. He would have liked to plunge into some shady shrubbery, but the danger of meeting those two was too great, so he went into the crowd for solitude.

The prize ducks were soon admired and passed by, but neither Herbert nor Hetty had any wish to go back to the other people. He took her a long round through the shrubberies behind the house, down into the lower garden, and on into what they called the wilderness, where romantic banks, overgrown with trees and shrubs in a sort of mimic wildness, sloped down to a small stream, crossed by rustic bridges, which splashed and foamed and fretted its way into the freedom of the park over a dozen little waterfalls.

It was all very pretty, and almost lonely, with only an occasional glimpse of the great flaring house through a break in the trees. It was the part of the garden towards which Tom Landor had looked longingly, when he first came to Alding; it pleased him even in its winter damp and dreariness.

Here, down by the singing stream, where the sun could hardly touch them, these two walked like lovers in any old ballad. But the

attraction between them, whatever it was, had not made its way into words yet. Tom need not have been so afraid of meeting them in the shrubberies. Herbert looked and hinted enough admiration to make Hetty colour a little sometimes, and all his talk was very flattering to her. He gave her a great deal of information about himself and about Alding, and all his arrangements for living there satisfactorily, and the alterations he meant to make, and those he had made already. The pleasant part of all this was that he made so sure of Hetty's interest and sympathy, and several times asked her opinion so earnestly. She told him the wilderness was a lovely place, and he immediately began telling her of plans for making it lovelier still. Here there was to be a bench under the trees, here the bridge was ugly, and must have ivy trained over it.

In this walk Hetty learned a great deal also about fish and water-fowl. Natural history and landscape gardening flowed from the lips of this fine young athlete, as he walked slowly beside her along the winding path. She was a good listener, and she took an interest in everything he said, principally, of course, because he said it. She had never thought Alding such a beautiful old place before, and though there was nothing new in being welcomed almost tenderly by Margaret, or even in being shown by Herbert that he distinctly preferred her company to other people's, it all seemed to-day more delightful than ever. Hetty had a very grateful, loving heart, and she could never help caring for people who seemed to care for her. She and Herbert talked away happily to the farthest end of the wilderness, and all the way back again. The end of that charming shade seemed to be coming only too soon; it was hard to have to go out into the broad sunshine and the crowds of people. Hetty wished that Herbert would take her back through the shrubberies to that quiet corner from which they had started, but it was a long round, and she did not like to suggest it.

'We have had a jolly walk,' said Herbert, contentedly, stopping for the last time to stare down into the water. 'Much nicer than standing up there talking to people one does not care a straw about. Don't you think so?'

'Yes,' said Hetty.

There was something in the tone of this one word that pleased and almost startled him. He raised his eyes with a sort of awakening, and looked at her, but she was looking down into the stream. He waited a moment, but she kept her pretty eyelids lowered, and he thought once more, forgetting himself and all his claims, and thinking only of her, what a perfectly satisfactory girl she was. Dress, figure, expression, everything right; and if her voice and eyes and smile spoke truly of the girl herself, no man could ever repent giving her everything.

'I want you to give me a great pleasure, Miss Stewart,' said Herbert.

Hetty hardly understood the change in his voice, but she looked up half shyly, and saw that he had just then forgotten the bridges and the waterfowl.

‘Will you come and stay with us next week?’

Hetty hesitated a moment. It was a glorious idea, for she had often longed to know more of the inner life of her friends, and Alding was fast becoming the one place that she thought and dreamed of. But she did not quite know how to answer Herbert, not being woman of the world enough to take his invitation lightly, as a matter of course.

‘Would Miss Ethelston like me to come?’ she said.

‘Of course she would. She will ask you herself by and by, but I wanted to find out first—don’t you know—whether it would be a bore to you?’

‘A bore!’ said Hetty, cheerfully. ‘Oh, no; I should like it very much indeed.’

‘That is very good of you,’ said Herbert. ‘We shall be able to amuse you, I hope; but anyhow, when people get on together, and don’t bore each other, that is the great thing.’

After this little arrangement was made, it did not seem to matter much that one must go back to the other people, or that they stared in the most well-bred manner as one crossed the lawn, or that Mrs. Landor’s blue eyes looked cold and stern, or that Conny smiled a significant smile. All these trying things were as good as invisible to eyes dazzled with a visit to Alding Place next week.

CHAPTER IX.

A FAMILY PARTY.

‘To which my soul made answer readily :

“Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion, that is built for me,
So royal-rich and wide.” . . .

‘But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes.’—TENNYSON.

MARGARET ETHELSTON, in a large carriage, fetched Hetty Stewart away from her aunt and cousin, and brought her to Alding Place. No one was staying there except James Harvey, who was hardly like a visitor, so that Hetty found herself quite at home with her friends. She was not sure that she liked James Harvey, yet she did not know why, and his being there was an advantage to her in some ways, for he interested and occupied Gertrude, who to Hetty was not at all what Margaret’s and Herbert’s sister ought to have been. Gertrude did not mean to be anything but kind to Hetty, but she treated her like a

child, never asked her opinion, and looked up with a half laugh of surprise when Herbert did. Gertrude had also a way of taking the hardest view of everything. Her ideas generally were much more modern than Margaret's, and yet they had no liberality. In their talk she and Mr. Harvey always seemed to advocate the severest measures. Herbert and Margaret, who were quite exacting enough, talked mildly and gently in comparison. Hetty had sometimes reason to suspect that Mr. Harvey did not quite mean all he said, and talked in that hard cynical strain to please Gertrude. There was a certain appeal in James's eyes sometimes, as he looked at the girl sitting by Herbert, which seemed meant to assure her that he was better than his talk. Hetty understood something of this, but did not like him any the more for it.

Margaret Ethelston held long conversations with her young visitor, who, during the first day or two, spent more time with her than with Herbert, and was quite happy under these circumstances. But they talked a great deal about him. Margaret was never tired of pointing out in some new way his superiority to other men.

Apart from him, the talk was apt to be a sort of examination. Without any very open questioning, Margaret set herself to find out all sorts of things about Hetty. The girl was hardly aware that she was being inspected, that Margaret was busy catechising her on innumerable little points of good breeding, on her ideas of the duties of a hostess, the management of a house, the rule of a village—her religious opinions, her taste in books, her notions of the right thing in letter-writing, visiting, talking. In all these things there was to Margaret only one way, and her brother's future wife must either be walking in it already, or be prepared to turn into it at once under her guidance.

All this sounds unbearable; but it was not, for Hetty loved her examiner. It was pleasant to sit with Margaret's soft eyes upon her, and her gentle musical voice going on; to receive her sweet smile when her young friend was satisfactory, to be impressed by her earnest gravity when any shadow of ignorance or mistake fell across the prospect before her. Love will do great things; it will make very thorny ways smooth; and Hetty quite believed that she was in love with Herbert Ethelston, and that it was a wonderful privilege to be cared for even a little by his sister. Some girls at twenty-one know the world and themselves. Hetty knew neither, and had everything to learn.

One day Herbert took them to a flower show at some distance, where they met all the county. James at the last moment declined going with them: he had a headache, and some letters to write. This annoyed Herbert, as well as Gertrude, for he had intended James to take care of his sisters while he devoted himself to Hetty. He recovered his temper soon enough, but Gertrude was cross all day,

made snappish remarks on everything, and snubbed Hetty once or twice. This brought a stern look from her brother ; and though Hetty took her sharp words with perfect good temper, Gertrude's manner to her from that time was colder. She seemed to realise angrily that this girl's place must be between herself and Herbert always. If Margaret had not talked perseveringly, the drive home would have been a very gloomy one. Hetty was sorry, but as she had not intentionally provoked Gertrude, she did not feel inclined to apologise to her, and she did not think Herbert would wish her to do anything of the kind.

Hetty came down before dinner into the drawing-room, and found Mr. Harvey there alone. She asked after his headache, which he now laughed off as nothing, and told him something about the flower show. As he stood by her in the window, looking down at her with eyes of keen and kindly admiration, Hetty thought that after all she might like him, in time. Away from Gertrude he was certainly pleasanter. There was something quite agreeable in his dark shaven face ; he could allow himself to smile frankly, and say nice things, when he was talking to a simple girl like Hetty.

'Don't think that I have been sitting in a darkened room all day, with a wet bandage round my head,' said James. 'I'll confess it first to you, for you won't be hard upon me. I found myself well enough to go and see Mrs. Bell.'

Hetty looked at him, smiling ; she was rather puzzled and amused.

'Then I'm afraid you might have managed to come with us,' she said.

'Consider a little, and you will do me justice. Don't you see what a slave I am when I am staying here? Very happy, of course, but it is the happiness of a bird in a cage. I can never tear myself away to pay independent visits. One to Mrs. Bell has been on my mind for some time. So I dragged myself there this afternoon, and she gave me some splendid tea, Indian or Chinese, with a very long name. It sent my headache away. Did you think I invented that altogether ?'

'No ; because I thought you would certainly have liked best to go with us,' said Hetty. 'I did not know you felt like a bird in a cage.'

'Well, Miss Stewart, I should have liked to go with you for one reason, but for several others I preferred staying at home. It is the pleasantest thing in the world to be a philosopher, but you can't keep it up quite always. No, sometimes it is best to give it up, and try philanthropy instead. Was not I philanthropic, devoting hours to Mrs. Bell ?'

'Mrs. Bell would be very angry if she heard you say so.'

'Yes—if she heard me, and if she can be angry at all. But it was Miss Wade that I went to see.'

'That would not please Mrs. Bell any better, would it?' said Hetty.

'You seem to know a great deal of human nature. But Mrs. Bell would have no right to be angry. The poor girl comes from my country; I brought her here, and in a certain sense I feel bound to look after her. I have a special interest in her, too, connected with another friend of mine. Accidentally, not long ago, I had a talk with her which made me rather sorry. What idea does Miss Wade give you, now?'

'Do you really want to know?' said Hetty, after a moment's thought.

'Yes. I want to know what impression she makes on the mind and heart of a good woman.'

'That is a very great thing to call me,' said Hetty, in a low voice, shaking her head. 'Well, I must say I have always felt sorry for her. Last year she seemed to me so shy and self-conscious, as if she was not in her right place. Now I think that has gone off a good deal, and she is much more at her ease, and at home with Mrs. Bell. But I think she is not at all contented. I dare say it is trying for a girl,' Hetty went on earnestly. 'I know I could not bear it myself. But I am afraid somehow that she is not very sensible.'

'You are quite right,' said James. 'She thinks herself neglected and hardly used. She is sensitive, she has a certain pride, she looks round on life and wonders why she too should not have a share of its pleasant things. Heaven knows what a crop of fancies has sprung up in her pretty little head. The other day I gave her a sort of lecture, and to-day I went to see if it had had any effect. I don't think so. I'm afraid my young friend is as bad as ever.'

'I wish I could do anything for her,' said Hetty. Something in this speech of his seemed to remind her of the difference between Lily Wade's lot and hers, as she sat there looking out across the terrace to the clear evening outlines of the park. Hetty had not yet begun to wonder how a creature could be happy who had any power of realising the lives of other creatures. But at that moment she felt a thrill of this foolish kind of sympathy with Lily Wade. 'What is there that I could do?' she said, looking up at James.

'I think you might brighten her life wonderfully,' he said, 'if you would only make friends with her. Teach her to look at things more healthily—interfere as far as you can with her reading nonsensical novels.'

'She reads them to Mrs. Bell.'

'Yes—more's the pity. Well, try and raise her above them. Show her what sort of things *you* live for. I do believe the girl is worth cultivating; she has some character.'

'What do I live for?' said Hetty, half to herself. She was sorry the next moment, and coloured deeply, for she did not wish Mr. Harvey to answer as he did.

'To brighten other lives, and to give them faith in a kind of brightness that is very rare.'

Hetty was glad that Gertrude came into the room just then, for a slightly embarrassing element had entered into the talk. Mr. Harvey's compliments were a shade too decided, and he had a way of fixing his eyes on the person he was talking to, which did not quite please her. Gertrude, as she walked along the room, glanced rather curiously from one to the other.

'So here you are, Mr. Harvey, doing your duty at last,' she said. 'Has Miss Stewart told you all the charming things you have missed?'

'Let me see, did we mention the flower show?' said James to Hetty. 'You certainly told me nothing about the plants. I always talk about people, Miss Ethelston, when I want to amuse a lady.'

'You have heard who we met, then, and all about them?'

'No—I think we were talking about ourselves.'

Hetty hardly heard the last words, for she had got up and moved away. She did not see the half-fierce, contemptuous look that Gertrude sent after her. She forgot all little disagreeables, for Herbert and Margaret came in together, and she knew that in their presence she was safe from troublesome looks and compliments, and from sharp speeches too.

There was something more than usual in Margaret's manner to her that night. She did not seem to wish to criticise, to be watching nervously for any little fault in manner or opinion. She seemed satisfied, and her eyes rested on Hetty with a look of tenderness. Herbert forgot to read the *Times*, and loitered about Hetty all the evening, while James tried to make up for his delinquencies by extra attention to Gertrude, who amused herself with singing and playing a good deal.

When they went up stairs, Margaret and Gertrude stopped as usual to say good night to Hetty at her door in the long gallery. Margaret kissed her affectionately. Gertrude, as her habit was, held out her hand. The lamp in the corridor shone full upon the group, the two tall sisters with their marked faces and dignified air, alike, and yet differing widely; the girl to whom their house was Paradise, and they themselves a sort of angels, looking up at them with her gentle eyes.

'Kiss her, Gertrude,' said Margaret, suddenly.

'She does not want to kiss me,' said Gertrude. 'I have been cross to her to-day. We don't like each other much, do we?'

Hetty blushed scarlet. 'I'm sorry you don't like me,' she said. 'Do kiss me, please.'

'Margaret is our leader, so I suppose I must follow her,' said Gertrude, with something which was meant for a smile. 'Don't mind me, I'm always disagreeable. I shall get used to you by and by.'

'Oh, Gertrude!' murmured Margaret.

Her sister put both her hands on Hetty's shoulders, stooped her head, and kissed her with an air of rough condescension. Then she turned and went away. Margaret followed Hetty into her room, and stood watching her as she hurried across to the window, drew back the curtains, and opened the shutters and the window. The moonlight flowed in like an army of ghosts. Hetty leaned out into the shining sea from which those strange gleams came, but drew her head in again quickly, for she heard Herbert's voice talking to his friend on the terrace below.

'Why did you do that?' said Margaret.

'I don't know. I love the air and the moonlight. I should like to go out for a long walk.'

'Henrietta,' said Margaret, in soft, grave tones, 'you care very much about being liked, I think, don't you? You would be glad if the whole world loved you.'

Hetty looked at her with a little wonder in her eyes.

'You were distressed just now, because there was something not quite affectionate in Gertrude's manner.'

'Yes. I am sorry she does not like me, and I don't know why it is.'

'We are none of us demonstrative,' said Margaret. 'That you have found out already. I think few really well-born people are. We have learnt restraint; it comes to us in our nature. Remember, that does not take away at all from the strength of our affections. But if you think of it, why should Gertrude love you? She is not likely to do so because other people do.'

'Do you?' said Hetty, with a sudden longing for something real and solid, some little demonstration, such as she had just been told not to expect.

Margaret looked smiling into her eager eyes as she asked the question, but did not give her anything she wanted.

'You must answer that for yourself,' she said. 'I cannot make any professions. I was not talking about myself, but about Gertrude. Try and put yourself in her place, and perhaps you will understand that she may have trials. You are a girl, and life looks very bright to you. At her age people are losing their illusions. Some people are young all their lives long. I don't think I shall ever grow old—but Gertrude is different. Try and please her, if you like. I shall be very glad if you do. But when you expect love or liking from everybody, remember that most people's own selves are more interesting to them than you.'

In this speech of Margaret's there seemed to be a good deal to think about. Hetty stood opposite to her, looking at her, and at first made no answer.

'People often have been very kind to me, without my caring for them at all'—she said at last, with a slight tremor in her voice—

'but it is different now. I understand now what it would be to be very unhappy—do you know what I mean?'

'And do you understand what it would be to be very happy too?' said Margaret.

'Yes!' said Hetty.

She went back to the window again and stood there: the voices were gone from the terrace, and all the world was silent. She wished that a wind would blow on her face and cool it, but the night was very still. Then Margaret came gently up to her, took her hand, and kissed her again, and went away without saying any more.

Hetty did not go to sleep that night in quite such happy peace as usual. She felt a longing for fresh air, which was not to be had by any means, and in the most foolish, inconsequent manner she began to think of the Rectory garden, and Mrs. Landor in her print gown calling loudly and sweetly to the children. How different they were, Mrs. Landor and Margaret Ethelston! but of course Margaret was far the most charming of the two. Yet she could not help liking the thought of Mrs. Landor.

She went to sleep at last with the best resolutions—to believe and act as if Gertrude was just as attractive as other Ethelstons; to have no more confidential talks with Mr. Harvey, because Gertrude might not like them; to take all the hints that Margaret gave her, and try, as far as a weak person could, to live up to them. That was evidently the way to all that was good. But yet Hetty sighed once or twice in her sleep: perhaps she felt unequal to the task she had set herself.

That uncomfortable evening passed away and was forgotten. The next morning everything was bright. Gertrude was in the best of tempers, and she, Herbert, James, and Hetty, went out for a ride. Hetty had learnt to ride in her childhood, and Herbert was delighted to find how much she enjoyed it, how graceful she looked on horse-back, and how anxious she was for lessons in the right way of doing everything. All her morbid feelings of the night before fled away like shadows, as she cantered along the broad sides of the road, under the shadow of the great elm branches, with a dark blue distance glowing beyond the wide fields of reddened corn, coloured moths flitting, now and then a sea-gull beating slowly with shining wings up the river. There had been a slight shower in the morning, and a little breeze had sprung up, bringing sudden life to everything.

They passed the Rectory, where Tom Landor, who had just turned in at his gate, stopped to speak to them. He told his mother the next minute that Miss Stewart was looking perfectly brilliant, and Ethelston supremely contented.

'Long may it last!' said Mrs. Landor, who was knitting in the study window, waiting for her son to come in to breakfast.

'What do you mean, mother?'

'I mean that the mental weight of all the Ethelstons would crush a much harder girl than Miss Stewart.'

'Herbert is a very good fellow. You are prejudiced, and it is wicked of you.'

'Yes. I know Miss Ethelston would have the power of boring me till I fainted, like the man in that charming story of Miss Thackeray's. I was reading it yesterday. And she says something about people who absorb other people's vitality—how frightfully true that is! Just the Ethelstons all over. Come to breakfast, dear boy: it will be cold.'

Tom tried to look grave as he listened to her, but the corners of his mouth gave way a little.

'You ought to be glad that our Squire should have a wife like that,' he said.

'No, I'm not. I shall not be able to fight him or ignore him in such a cordial, comfortable way. But it may not come to pass after all.'

Don't delude yourself. I suspect he has made up his mind long ago.'

'But if he was to find out that her grandfather had been a tallow-chandler——'

'How can you!' said Tom, indignantly.

'Oh, well, some less disagreeable trade, if you like. Then we should see. I'm afraid Miss Ethelston has satisfied herself about the pedigree, but if I could only pick up some low relation and bring him on the scene! Not low in mind, I mean low in station. It would be a real kindness, Tom. Don't contradict me. I hate your consciences and your proprieties. I shall say what I like in my own house.'

Tom laughed as he followed her into the dining-room. But his face soon became grave again, and his mother let the trying subject drop at once. Perhaps it lay too near both their hearts to be kept up very long.

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. MARGARET AND THE DRAGON.

DAY after day, worried and harassed by this suit, I was very glad when, in the autumn, Madame de Rambouillet invited my sister and me to come and pass a few days with her, and see her vintage. We left my son under the care of the Abbé and of Sir Francis and Lady Ommaney, and set forth together in our coach with my women, and, as usual, mounted servants enough to guard us from any of the thieves or straggling soldiers who infested the roads.

For about a league all went well and quietly, but just at the cross-road leading to Chevreuse, a troop of horsemen sprang out upon us. There was a clashing of swords, a pistol-shot or two; I found myself torn from the arms in which my sister was trying to hold me fast, dragged out in spite of all our resistance, and carried into another carriage, at the door of which I was received by two strong arms; a handkerchief was thrown over my mouth to stop my screams, and though the inside of the coach was already darkened, my hands were tied and my eyes blinded as I was placed on the seat far in the corner; the door banged fast, and we drove swiftly away.

At first I was exhausted with my struggles, and in an agony of suffocation with the gag, which hindered me from getting my breath, I fancy I must have made some sound which showed my captors that unless they relieved me, I should perish in their hands. So the handkerchief was removed, and while I was panting, a voice said—

‘It shall not be put on again if Madame will give her word not to cry out.’

‘It is of no use at present,’ I gasped out, and they let me alone. I thought I knew the voice, but I felt spent, bruised, and battered. I knew that threats and entreaties could avail me little in the existing circumstances, and I thought it wiser to rally my forces for the struggle that no doubt was impending; so I sat as still as I could, and was rewarded by finding my hands unbound, when I tried to raise one to my face, and again the voice said—

‘Believe us, Madame, you are with friends who would not hurt you for the universe.’

I made no answer. Perhaps it was in the same mood in which,

when I was a child at home and was in a bad temper, I might be whipped and shut up in a dark room, but nothing would make me speak. Only now I said my prayers, and I am sure I never did in those old days. We went on and on, and I think I must have dozed at last, for I actually thought myself wearied out with kicking, scratching, and screaming on the floor of the lumber room at Walwyn, and that I heard the dear grandmother's voice saying—

'Eh! *quoi!* she is asleep; the sullen demon has left her, the poor child!'

I awoke and found that the coach had stopped, and with the words, 'Pardon me, Madame,' I was lifted out, and set upon my feet; but my two hands were taken, and I was led along what seemed to be endless passages, until at length my hands were released, and the same voice said—

'Madame will be glad of a few moments to arrange her dress. She will find the bandage over her eyes easy to remove.'

Before, however, I could pull it away, my enemy had shut the door from the outside, and I heard the key turn in it. I looked about me; I was in a narrow paved chamber, with one small window very high up, through which the sunbeams came, chequered by a tall tree, so high that I knew it was late in the day, and that we must have driven far. There was the frame of a narrow bedstead in one corner, a straw chair, a red crucifix, and an empty holy-water stoup, from which I supposed it to be an empty cell in a deserted convent; but there was a stone table projecting from the wall, on which had been placed a few toilette necessities, and a pitcher of water stood on the floor.

I was glad to drink a long draught, and then, as I saw there was no exit, I could not but make myself more fit to be seen, for my hair had been pulled down, and hung on my shoulders, and my face—ah! it had never looked anything like that save on the one day when Eustace and I had the great battle, and our grandmother punished us both by bread and water for a week.

After I had made myself look a little more like a respectable widow, I knelt down before the crucifix to implore that I might be defended, and not be wanting to my son or myself. I had scarcely done so, however, when the door was opened, and as I rose to my feet, I beheld my brother-in-law, d'Aubépine.

'Armand, brother,' I cried joyfully, 'are you come to my rescue? Did you meet my sister?'

For I really thought she had sent him, and I readily placed my hand in his as he said, 'It depends only on yourself to be free.' Even then I did not take alarm, till I found myself in a little bare, dilapidated chapel, but with the altar hastily decked, a priest before it in his stole, whom I knew for the Abbé de S. Leu, one of the dissipated young clergy about court, a familiar of the Condé clique, and, prepared

to receive me, Monsieur de Lamont, in a satin suit, lace collar and cuffs, and deep lace round his boots.

I wrenched my hand from M. d'Aubépine, and would have gone back, but three or four of the soldiers came between me and the door. They were dragoons of the Condé regiment; I knew their uniform. Then I turned round and reproached d'Aubépine with his wicked treachery to the memory of the man he had once loved.

Alas! this moved him no longer. He swore fiercely that this should not be hurled at his head again, and throughout the scene he was worse to me than even M. de Lamont, working himself into a rage in order to prevent himself from being either shamed or touched.

They acted by the will and consent of the prince, they told me, and it was of no use to resist it. The Abbé, whom I hated most of all, for he had a loathsome face, took out a billet, and showed it to me. I clearly read in the large straggling characters, 'You are welcome to a company party, if you can by no other means reduce the pride of the little droll.—L. DE B.'

'Your prince should be ashamed of himself,' I said. 'I shall take care to publish his infamy as well as yours.'

The gentlemen laughed, the Abbé the loudest, and told me I was quite welcome; such victories were esteemed honourable.

'Yes,' I said, 'for a short time, among cowards and rogues.'

Armand howled at the word cowards.

'Cowards, yes,' I said, 'who must needs get a company of soldiers to overcome one woman.'

I saw a good long scratch on Lamont's face just then, and I flattered myself that it was due to Nan's nails. They all beset me, Lamont at my feet, pleading the force of his passion, entreating with all the exaggeration of the current language; the Abbé arguing about the splendid position I should secure for my son and myself, and the way I could be overthrown if I held out against the prince; d'Aubépine raging and threatening. I had lost myself already, by my absence and goings on, the estate; the prince had but to speak the word, and I should be in the Bastille.

'Let him,' I said.

'It is of no use to dally with her,' cried Armand. 'I will hold her while the rite is performed.'

I looked at him. I was quite as tall as he, and, I believe, quite as strong; at any rate, he quailed, and called out—

'Have you any spirit, Lamont? Here, one of you fellows, come and help to hold her.'

'At your peril!' I said. 'Gentlemen, I am the widow of your brave officer, Captain de Bellaise, killed at Fribourg. Will you see this wrong done?'

'I command you, as your officer—forward!' he said; and though one wavered, the others stepped forward.

Then I saw there was only one thing to do. A big stone image stood near me. Before they could touch me, I had fallen on my knees and wound my arms so closely round it, that they could not unloose them without absolute violence and injury. I knew that in such a position it was impossible even to go through the semblance of marrying me. I felt Armand's hand and the Abbé's try to untwist my arms, and unclasp my hands, but they could not prevail against that grip with which I held, and I spoke not one word.

At last they drew back, and I heard them say one to the other, 'It is of no use. She must yield in time. Leave her.'

I heard them all clank out with their spurs, and lock the door, and then I looked up. There was no other way out of the little convent chapel, which looked as if it had been unused for years, except perhaps for an annual mass, but the altar had been dressed in preparation for the sacrilege that was intended. Then I turned to the figure to which I had clung, and I was encouraged by seeing that it bore the emblems of S. Margaret, my own patroness. I knew very well that my brother and sister would shake their heads, and say it was a superstitious fancy, if they called it by no harder name; but they did not understand our feelings towards the saints. Still it was not to S. Margaret I turned to help me, but to S. Margaret's Master and mine, when I prayed to be delivered from the mouth of the dragon, though I did trust that she was entreating for me.

I would not move away from her, I might need to clasp her at any moment; but I prayed fervently before the altar where I knelt, till I grew weary; and then I sat at her feet, and thought over all the possibilities of being rescued. If my sister were free, I knew she would leave no stone unturned to deliver me, and that my rescue could be only a matter of time; but she might also have been seized, and if so——? Anyhow, I was absolutely determined that they should kill me before I consented to become the wife of M. de Lamont, or give him any right over my son.

After a time, the door was cautiously opened, and one of the dragoons came in, having taken off his boots and spurs that he might move more noiselessly.

'Madame,' he said, 'pardon me. I loved our brave captain; I know you. You sent me new linen in the hospital. Captain de Bellaise was a brave man.'

'And you will see no wrong done to his widow and child, my good friend?' I cried.

'Ah, Madame, you should command all of us. But we are under orders.'

'And that means doing me unmanly violence, unworthy of a brave soldier! You cannot help me?'

'If Madame would hear me! The gentlemen are at dinner. They may sit long over their wine to give them courage to encounter

Madame again. My comrade Benlôt is on duty. I might find a messenger to Madame's friends.'

Then he told me what I had little guessed, that we had been driven round and round, and were really only in the Faubourg S. — in the Priory of the Benedictines, giving title and revenue to the Abbé S. Leu, which had contained no monks ever since the time of the Huguenots. He could go into Paris and return again before his turn to change guard was likely to come.

Should I send him, or should I thus only lose a protector? He so far reassured me that he said his comrades were, like himself, resolved not to proceed to extremities with the widow of their captain—above all in a chapel. They would take care not to exert all their strength, and if they could, without breach of discipline, they would defend me.

I decided. I knew not where my sister might be searching, or if she might not be likewise a prisoner; so I directed him first to the house of M. Darpent, who was more likely to know what to do than Sir Francis Ommaney. Besides, it was nearer.

I heard a great clock strike four, five, six, seven, eight o'clock, and by and by there was a parley. M. de Lamont opened the door of the chapel, and as I shuddered and kept my arm on my patroness, he implored me to believe that no injury was intended to me—the queen of his thoughts, or some such nonsense—I might understand that by the presence of my brother-in-law. He only besought me not to hurt my precious health, but to leave the cold chapel for a room that had been prepared for me, and where I should find food.

'No,' I said; 'nothing should induce me to leave my protectress.'

At least, then, he conjured me to accept food and wine, if I took it where I was. I hastily considered the matter. There was nothing I dreaded so much as being drugged; and yet, on the other hand, the becoming faint for want of nourishment might be equally dangerous, and I had taken nothing that day except a cup of milk before we set out from home; and it was now a matter of time.

I told him, therefore, that I would accept nothing but a piece of bread and some pure water, if it were brought me where I was.

'Ah, Madame! you insult me by your distrust,' he cried.

'I have no reason to trust you,' I said, with a frigidify that I hoped would take from him all inclination for a nearer connection; but he only smote his forehead as if it had been a drum, and complained of my cruelty and obduracy. 'Surely I had been nurtured by tigresses,' he said, quoting the last pastoral comedy he had seen.

He sent M. d'Aubépine to conduct some servant with a tray of various meats and drinks; I took nothing but some bread and water, my brother-in-law trying to argue with me. This was a mistake on their part, for I was more angry with him than with his friend, in whom there was a certain element of extravagant passion, less con-

temptible than d'Aubépine's betrayal of Philippe de Bellaise's widow, merely out of blind obedience to his prince. He assured me that resistance was utterly useless, that bets had passed at the Prince's court on the Englishwoman's being subdued by Lamont before midnight, and the Prince himself had staked, I know not how much, against those who believed in my obstinacy. Therefore Armand d'Aubépine, who was flushed with wine, and not in the least able to perceive how contemptible he was, urged me to yield with the best grace I could, since there was no help for it. And so saying he suddenly pinioned both my arms with his own.

No help! Was there no help in heaven above, or earth below? Was my dragoon on his way?

The doors opened. Again the Abbé entered, and with him Lamont. The men-at-arms took their places at the bottom of the chapel. The Abbé opened his book.

'Brave dragoons!' I cried out, 'if there be not a man among you who will stir a hand to save me, bear witness that I, Margaret de Ribaumont, widow of Philippe de Bellaise, your own officer, protest against this shameful violence. Whatever is here done is null and void, and shall be made known to M. l'Abbé's superiors.'

There was a dead pause. Then Lamont whispered something to the priest, who began again. I felt Armand's hold relaxing, and making a sudden struggle, I shook myself free with such force that he staggered back, while I bounded forward and snatched the book from the priest's hand, throwing it on the floor, and then, regaining once more the statue of S. Margaret, I stood grasping her with one arm with desperate energy, while I cried, '*A moi, soldiers of Fribourg!*'

'Drag her away,' said d'Aubépine to the men.

'By your leave, my captain,' said their sergeant, 'except in time of war, it is not permitted to lay hands on any in sanctuary. It is not within our discipline.'

D'Aubépine swore an oath that they would see what their colonel said to their insubordination; but the sergeant replied, not without some malice—

'It falls within the province of the reverend father.'

'I command you then!' shrieked the Abbé, in a fury.

'Nay, Monsieur l'Abbé is not our officer,' said the sergeant, saluting with great politeness.

'Madame,' cried Lamont, 'will you cause these men to be put to death for disobedience to their officer?'

I scarcely believed him. And yet——

There was a sound at the outside.

'Make haste!' cried d'Aubépine. 'Here is the Prince come to see whether he has won his wager.'

(*To be continued.*)

POVERINA.

(Translated from the French of the Princess Olga Cantacouzène.)

CHAPTER V.

AGAIN the summer passed, and winter came round, and Rosina was still under the *strega's* roof. But she took no more part in the occupations of the household than in the preceding winter. It did not seem to occur to her that her help was wanted, but her fresh and beautiful voice resounded through the house from morning till night.

'It's an idle, ungrateful hussy,' muttered Morino.

But Giuditta was not of his opinion. She had once picked up a blackbird that had been wounded by a gun-shot, and nursed it till it was well again. Morino had then shut it up in a cage, hoping that it would sing there. The bird, however, pined in silence. One day Giuditta opened its cage door; it flew away, but came back again every morning, and sang its most joyous songs in the olive-trees under her window. When she heard Morino accuse Rosina of ingratitude, she reminded him of her blackbird.

'To sing as she does, she must be kept happy,' Giuditta would say to herself. 'Woe be to him who would clip this sweet nightingale's wings, and shut it up in a cage!'

Since she had had Fido, moreover, her gaiety had redoubled, so much so that Morino himself began at last to take pleasure in hearing her voice about the house. After all he could afford himself the luxury of a singing bird in his house. Rosina had already learnt by heart as many of the beautiful airs of Tasso as Gelsomina was able to teach her, and Morino now brought down from a shelf a dusty old volume of the *Reali di Francia*, and himself became her instructor. Rosina would sit listening intently, her chin resting on her hands, while Morino spelt out laboriously the verses, which graved themselves at once on her retentive memory.

It is the custom on spring evenings amongst the peasants of Lucca for several families to assemble together, and give dramatic representations resembling somewhat the ancient mystery-plays. The natural aptitude of the Italians for declamation shows itself in these gatherings. The audience is numerous and impassioned, the actors confident and animated. The subject is always some religious drama—a scene of martyrdom or a pious legend. The manner in which Rosina interpreted the parts assigned to her caused always an unusual sensation. She was soon declared to be without a rival; her reputation spread to the neighbouring parishes—people came even from the town of Lucca

to hear her sing and declaim; and this popularity completed the reconciliation of Morino, whose vanity was flattered by the celebrity which attached to his house and attracted all the neighbourhood to it. On the occasion of these dramatic entertainments, the barn in which they were performed was open to all comers, and several times Rosina had caught sight of Neri among the audience. But he was always by himself, and standing aloof, and though she smiled at him from the distance, he never attempted to approach nearer to her.

When the first of May came round, she went with some other young girls of the village to sing *Maggio* (May-day) from door to door of the surrounding villas. May-day is celebrated in Lucca in much the same pretty, picturesque way as it used to be with us. A tree decked with ribbons and flowers is carried from house to house by young girls dressed in white, who dance and sing around it to the sound of the tambourine. The poetry, which they compose themselves, is a graceful mixture of good wishes and allusions to the spring time. The *Maggio* of Vico-pelago was a noticeable one this year, and its fame reached even Lucca, where the originality of the songs and the charming voice of the little girl, who had lately come into the village, became the talk of the town.

A shower of large coins, amongst which were some bits of paper-money, had fallen into Rosina's tambourine, but she looked on this wealth with indifference. It did not even occur to her to appropriate part of it; she ran to Giuditta, and poured it all into her lap. What, indeed, should she have done with it herself?

Behind the crowd who pressed to hear her sing, Rosina had perceived Neri—as usual, alone and silent; everybody seemed to shun him. Why did he always stand thus aloof? She longed to go and ask him, but she was afraid of annoying him.

The following Sunday she went to the spring at the hour when she knew she should meet him. He was already there waiting for her.

'Come with me,' he called out, directly she came in sight. 'I will take you up to my father's house.' She was only too glad to go, and followed him unhesitatingly.

Escorted by the faithful Fido, and walking hand in hand like two young children, they climbed the steep path with its carpet of moss inlaid with spot-leaved, quaint-flowered orchids. They passed through the village of Pouzzoles, clinging picturesquely to the hill-side, with its square tower standing out against the green background, and covered with caper-bushes, with their bluish flowers; and then for a long distance they walked under chestnut-trees, which were just beginning to spread out their large, fan-like leaves. Then the grass began to grow spare, the earth assumed a warm, reddish tint, and tall and stately pines succeeded to the chestnuts. Their solemn verdure was occasionally relieved by a cluster of myrtles or an arbutus shrub; and soon the short tufted grass reappeared, with clumps

of large yellow marigolds and gladioluses. Near one of these shrubs, and almost hidden amidst ivy and wild clematis, stood a picturesque heap of ruins, the remains of one of those ancient towers which formerly guarded the frontiers of the little Lucchese republic. Similar piles of ruins in a greater or less state of preservation are seen at the tops of nearly all the surrounding hills, and are given up as a rule to be the dwelling-places of owls and bats. This one, however, by means of branches of trees and loose planks, had been transformed into a tolerably habitable hut, and it was this habitation that Neri pompously styled his father's house. The charcoal-burner had been installed there for the last twenty years, living a savage sort of life, existing, nobody exactly knew how; but every ill-deed committed in the neighbourhood was rightly or wrongly attributed to him—chickens carried off, vineyards despoiled in the night, chestnuts picked up surreptitiously, and even one or two nocturnal attacks on badly-guarded villas, were all set down to his account. As his son grew up he began to share his father's bad reputation, and not unjustly, for he was constantly surprised in marauds on farms and villas. All the youths of the neighbouring villages shunned him; to be seen in the company of Neri was considered a bad sign, and brought down a reprimand from the curé.

Rosina knew nothing of all this, and asked him, in the most naïve manner, looking at him with her great innocent eyes, 'Why, he always stood silent and apart in the midst of all the young men and women laughing and talking together?'

'They all hate me,' the young man answered, with an air of pride. 'They know I am poorer than they are, and so they despise me. But I pay it them back,' he added, with mock dignity.

Rosina was silent for a few seconds, and then she said innocently—'I wonder at that. I am poor also, poorer than you, but people don't despise me.'

'That's because you've never begged,' said Neri.

'Yes I have. I've begged several times on the road. There can be no harm in that, when the holy monks do it.'

Neri made a gesture of sublime disdain.

'My father and I are too proud to beg; when we want anything we take it.'

Rosina stared at him with a kind of stupified respect. What he had just said must be very fine and noble, or he would never have put on that look of offended dignity.

When Neri tried to make Rosina enter his father's hut, Fido refused to follow her. He stopped on the threshold with a growl of defiance.

A pot of steaming coffee was boiling on a fire of vine branches, and the charcoal-burner sat by the corner of the fire smoking. He was an old man, thin, withered, and ferret-like, with fierce eyebrows, and a bony frame.

'What's that girl you've brought in here? Where does she come from?' he asked, in a savage voice.

'From the house of the *strega* of Vicopelago,' said Neri, significantly. The old man's face brightened.

'Oh! oh!' he exclaimed, with a tone of satisfaction. 'Come in, my lass; come and rest yourself. And does this big dog belong to you? The gentleman who guards the house, no doubt.'

Neri gave a side wink of the eye.

'Bravo, my boy! and welcome to your fair friend. We haven't much to regale her with, for charcoal-burners are poor folk, as likely enough she knows.'

'Shepherds are poor too,' said Rosina gaily; 'but they never refuse a bit of *polenta* to those who are poorer than themselves.'

The charcoal-burner reached down from a shelf some scraps of meat which he offered to Fido. The honest animal hesitated at first to eat them, and took refuge behind his mistress, but greediness finally gained the day, and he gobbled them up.

'So, so, we've made friends,' said the charcoal-burner. 'And now, my pretty lass, you must partake of our dinner.'

The dinner consisted of chick-peas and ewe's milk cheese, a veritable feast. When they had finished, Neri filled his pockets with nuts, which Rosina cracked with her white teeth, and then he took her right up to the top of the hill. A magnificent panorama was spread out before the young girl's wondering gaze. On one side lay the green valley, with its cultivated fields and silvery streams; between its verdant ramparts couched the ancient city, bristling with towers and steeples, which just then were tinged with pink and red by the rays of the setting sun; beyond were the snowy Apennines and the purple hills of Modena, whence the Serchio descended like a broad riband; on the other side stretched out the vast monotonous plain of Pisa, and beyond it the Mediterranean, into which the sun was slowly sinking in a blaze of glory.

Rosina sat motionless on the grass, oppressed with the beauty of the scene. In her fresh and virgin heart habit had not yet blunted any of the natural emotions of poetry. And, moreover, a new instinct was awakening within her, and investing all surrounding objects with a beauty and significance which they had never before had for her. Just now, however, she had forgotten Neri in her contemplation of the horizon. But Neri saw only her.

'Sing, my love!' he said at length.

She obeyed instantly.

'You sing like a nightingale,' said the young man. 'Do you hear them answering you from the pines?'

'And do you see the fire-flies lighting up one after another in the tall grass?' she answered.

They were both silent.

'Do you hear the silence?' murmured Rosina. 'Oh, Neri! how fortunate you are to live up here. Down there in the plain there are too many people—too much noise; it is stifling. You must be very happy up here.'

'I only want you to share my happiness with me. Stay with me, my love!'

'I should like nothing better,' she answered, naïvely; 'but you have no mother or sister, and the curé would not let me stay in a house where there are only men.'

'If you became my wife, the curé would have nothing more to say about it.'

Rosina looked at him as if this was an idea quite new to her. 'Your wife?' she said. 'I had never thought of that.'

'But you love me, don't you?'

'Oh yes, very much. Especially when I see you alone amongst the crowd, my poor Neri!'

'I shall never be alone again, my darling, if you come and live with me; and as you are so fond of solitude yourself, you will be happy here too.'

Rosina sighed. 'Oh, yes! very, very happy alone with you.'

'Only,' Neri went on after a moment's silence, 'in order to be married one must have some money. One has first to pay the curé, and then—and then—there are so many other expenses. I haven't got a centime, but you who live with rich people must try and get some money.'

'But how?' asked the young girl.

'Why just you ask them for some.'

'I shouldn't dare; Giuditta has already been so good to me.'

'All the more reason for asking her, unless you prefer taking it.'

'Oh, Neri!'

'Well then, if you will neither ask for money, nor take it, you must work for it. I see no other way.'

'Work? but I don't know how to do anything. And besides,' she went on, naïvely, 'women who work have to sit still in a room, and I don't like that; I feel stifled even in the *strega's* room. I am miserable when I have to stay indoors in the evening.'

Neri made a movement of scorn.

'What's to be done, then?' he said, impatiently.

'Listen, Neri,' said the young girl. 'I've got a secret—a very great secret, mind—to tell you. If I liked I could become rich, have as much gold as I want, and be dressed like a fine lady; but I do not wish to be rich, and I must *never* wish it.'

'What on earth do you mean? I don't understand you.'

'I don't quite understand it myself either; but I was told that I might become rich only by singing; only I don't know how it's to be done.'

'As if anybody ever became rich by singing!' said Neri, contemptuously. 'Whoever told you that!'

'A monk; Padre Romano.'

'If he told it you it must be true. But how are you to set about it?'

'I don't know, and I don't want to know, for the holy father told me that if I sang for money I should go straight to hell.'

Neri paid no attention to the end of her sentence. His thoughts were wandering in this new field of speculation opened to him. It was possible then to grow rich by singing! a nice trade this would be, and one that would suit him to perfection. He had never all his life been able to apply himself to work of any kind. But how was he to make a start? There was Michele who sang on Sunday at church, but he didn't get a penny for it. Suddenly an idea flashed into his mind.

'When you sang the *Maggio* the other day I saw your tambourine fill with large pieces of money. What have you done with them?'

'I gave them all to Giuditta.'

'What a pity! You had much better have brought them to me.'

Rosina's blue eyes filled with tears.

'Oh, Neri! you are very fond of money then?' she said, sorrowfully.

'You love it more than you do me.'

Neri threw himself at her feet in a fit of despairing tenderness.

'Don't cry, my darling, my wife, my treasure! I love you better than anything else in the world, and I shall be the most miserable wretch if I do not succeed in proving it to you. If I value money, it's only for your sake; if I want to have money, it's only that I may be able to spend it on you.'

Rosina shook her head sadly.

'I have never had any,' she said, 'and I have never wanted any. If I could live here alone with you and Fido, what would it matter whether I was rich or not?'

'You would be happy then in this lonely place where not a soul ever comes, and where there is no sound except that of the leaves and the birds? As for me, when I see the light of Lucca shining down there every evening, I am ready to cry for envy of all the people who are amusing themselves while we sit alone up here, my father and I, watching the smoke of the charcoal.'

Rosina pressed her tear-stained cheek tenderly against the young man's shoulder.

'Poor Neri!' she said, 'when you have me to live with you, you will no longer feel lonely, will you?'

'No, my sweetheart; but don't forget that before we can be married we must have some money.'

She sighed, and said—

'Very well! I will try to earn some, somehow or other. How much do you think we shall want!'

Neri went through a process of calculation.

'I don't know exactly—a hundred *lire* I dare say.'

She threw up her hands in despair.

'*Madonna mia!* If I worked all my life I should never get such a sum as that!'

Neri thrust his hands into his waistcoat pockets, and, looking at the young girl with an air of superiority, said in a flippant voice—

'Of course you wouldn't, and that's why I advised you to try some other means of getting money.'

Rosina stood with her hands folded in a sad and troubled attitude, and looking at him with an expression of despair. He seemed to her very beautiful, with his proud air and defiant look. She gave a great sigh at last, and, pointing to the sun, which was just disappearing in the sea—

'I must go,' she said, 'or I shall not be back before dark.'

He shrugged his shoulders.

'What's that matter? the fire-flies are shining all the way along, and sparkling in the trees, and the moon will soon be getting up. You'll find your way all right—and, besides, with me to take care of you, what should you be afraid of?'

Rosina blushed. The perfume of the wild flowers was mingling with the aroma of the pines.

'I sha'n't let you take me back.'

'Why not?'

'Fido would be jealous,' she said, laughing.

She stooped down and imprinted on the young man's forehead a kiss as pure and as innocent as her own young heart. Before he had time to get up from the grass on which he was seated, she had disappeared amongst the myrtles and the pines.

When Rosina arrived at Morino's house she found all the doors shut. She consoled herself by thinking that her absence had probably not been noticed, and slipping into the shed where Fido slept, she lay down on the hay beside him. But for once in her life Rosina could not sleep. Her heart seemed stifling within her, and she ended by sobbing out loud.

'Oh, Fido, Fido!' she murmured through her tears, 'we love each other, don't we? and we don't want money to make us happy! Why can't Neri do without it as well as you and I.'

At break of day she got up and ran to the fountain to bathe her red and swollen eyes, and her little brown feet covered with dust from the yesterday's tramp, and then she sat down at the entrance of the house. Morino was the first to come out.

'So you've come back, you wild goat!' he said, with a loud laugh. 'And alone this time. Last time it was the good Lord who brought

you back, and I expected next to see you in the company of the devil for a change.'

He expected her to laugh, or to give him one of the saucy answers he was accustomed to; but she remained grave and silent.

Next came Tonina, and as she passed her, she clacked her *zoccoli*, and lifted up her yellow petticoat to show her smart red stockings.

'Good-morning, Rosina!' she said, turning round coquettishly. 'You gave us the slip nicely! I had counted on you yesterday evening to go with me to the town. You'd have had fine fun. Geppino took us in. There was music on the grand piazza, ladies in silk dresses, officers in blue and yellow uniforms, and as Geppino has been a soldier he found some friends amongst them. They made us go into the *caf *, and you can't think how lovely it was! There were mirrors in gold frames all round the walls, and we drank wine and ate cakes. But I'll tell you all about it this evening. I'm in a hurry now, for I shall only just be able to get to the cigar factory by the time the doors open.'

She walked on quickly, and an idea flashed across Rosina's mind.

'Tonina!' she called after her, getting up precipitately. But she changed her mind again, and went back pensively to her seat. Tonina earned money at the factory—perhaps she might do the same?

'Will you come to school with me, Rosina?' a merry voice called out near her, and the big Teresona appeared in the doorway with her book under her arm.

Rosina shook her head. 'Do you earn money at school?' she asked.

'Oh no!' the child answered. 'I only get prizes at the end of the year, when I have done my lessons well.'

'Prizes? What sort of things are they?'

'Books, and sometimes a medal of the Madonna.'

Rosina looked disappointed. When Giuditta saw her *prot g e* returned, the excellent woman ran to her with outstretched arms. 'My darling!' she cried, 'what a fright you have given us! Where did you fly away to? You must not run away from me like this now that you are my daughter.' But she checked herself suddenly, struck by the altered expression of this young face, which seemed all at once to have become transformed from a child's to a woman's. 'What's the matter, dear?' she asked tenderly. 'You have been crying. Has anybody been unkind to you?'

'No,' answered Rosina, and her lips quivered.

Giuditta scrutinised her silently. When her own children had any trouble it vented itself in an inexhaustible flow of words; but she knew that Rosina was of a different race, and that it would be useless to cross-question her.

Rosina had made up her mind that she would consult Gelsomina, and she now sat watching for her. When she saw her come out of

the house with a short petticoat and bare arms, ready to work in the fields, she got up slowly and followed her.

'How grave you look this morning, Rosina,' said the young peasant girl. 'Come with me. I'm going to pick flax, and you can help me and sing to me at the same time.'

When they had gone some distance from the house Rosina suddenly said, 'Gelsomina, you have a *damo*, haven't you?'

'Yes, certainly; we have loved each other for nearly three years.'

'And why haven't you married him yet?'

Gelsomina sighed. 'One wants money to be married,' she said.

It was true, then, what Neri had said.

'But Gabriello has been so industrious,' Gelsomina went on, 'that he has been able to save a great deal, and in the summer he is going to Corsica for the harvest, and when he comes back I think father will say he is rich enough for us to be married.'

'Why shouldn't Neri do the same?' Rosina thought to herself. 'Why should I alone have to earn all the money?' Then she asked out loud, 'And you, do you earn any money?'

'Only very little. The flax that I spin and my distaff bring me in very little.'

'And when people sing, does that bring in anything?'

Gelsomina burst out laughing. 'What should it bring in, I should like to know? sound which flies away and leaves nothing behind!'

'Oh! Gelsomina, do tell me what people do in order to become rich!'

'Indeed I don't know. There's Stellina, the dressmaker, who earns one *lira* for every dress she makes, but then it takes her three or four days to make one, so that's not much. Amiltà knits stockings, and gets six *sous* a pair, but she can only knit one pair a day. Then there's Tonina—ah! she earns a good *lire* a day at the cigar factory, but I would rather starve than be shut up, like her, ten hours a day in a room where the air is poisonous.'

Rosina opened her eyes wide with dismay. Shut up in a room all the day long——. But she earned a whole *lire* a day. Then, at the end of a hundred days——

'Gelsomina,' she said in a trembling voice, 'do you think I could go too and work at the cigar factory?'

Gelsomina let fall the sheaf of flax which she was about to tie up.

'You work at the cigar factory! You! Why, child, you must be mad to think of such a thing. You who cannot even stay quietly in the house for an hour!'

Rosina said no more, but her mind was made up.

'Are you ill, *poverina*? ' the *strega* asked her. 'I never hear you sing now.'

She tried to smile, but her eyes filled with tears.

Rosina had never yet been inside the walls of the town. One morning, just as Tonina was setting off, she said to her—

‘You promised to take me into Lucca one day; may I go with you now!’

It had rained all the night before, and a hot, moist, sirocco wind was now blowing.

‘You’ve not chosen a very good day,’ said Tonina; ‘and besides, if you want me to walk about the streets with you, you must dress yourself a little better than that. I’d rather take you another day. Find some one else to go with you, or wait till you’ve got a sweet-heart.’ And she went off hurriedly, sheltered by her large green cotton umbrella.

Rosina, however, was not to be discouraged. She needed no other escort than Fido; so she waited till Tonina had turned the corner of the road, and then followed her at a distance. Both she and the dog were covered with mud and dripping wet when they reached Lucca. The entrance to the town was through a narrow gateway, retaining still the ancient feudal portcullis and a whole complicated system of chains and bolts, which inspired Rosina with awe. What should she find behind these ramparts? and should she be allowed to go out again freely when once she had passed them? Then there were alarming custom-house officers in uniform standing round the gateway, and they looked at her with a threatening air.

‘You can’t pass!’ a rough voice called out.

She was fain to turn round again and escape at her utmost speed. Had she then committed a crime in passing the enclosure?

‘Are you bringing that dog here to be killed?’

Bringing Fido to be killed! She shuddered at the thought, and instinctively threw her arms round the neck of her faithful friend, who showed his sharp teeth to the official.

‘If you’ve no collar or muzzle to put on that dog, you must just turn round and go home again,’ said another officer.

‘*Poverina!*’ said a charitable passer-by, touched by the terrified expression of the young girl’s face, ‘don’t be afraid; no one will hurt the dog. Here, I’ve a bit of cord I’ll give you to fasten him with. But take care he doesn’t escape. There have been several mad dogs seen about lately, and they’re keeping a sharp look-out for them in the town.’

When the cord had been tied round Fido’s neck, Rosina was seized with another impulse to turn back, but Fido, as is always the case with dogs that are chained, began pulling vigorously forwards, and there was nothing to do but to follow; she let herself be led, or rather dragged, on by him. A large open place, with grass growing out of irregular flag-stones, which alternated with pools of muddy water, was all that first met her sight. Where were the streets paved with gold and strewn with flowers which she had expected to

see? At the end of this place stood a large building, dreary and monotonous looking. She looked up at the windows of it. Figures clad in white, with pale, emaciated faces, were leaning against the window gratings, looking out sadly at the falling rain. Is it living in the town which makes people so thin and melancholy? she thought to herself, not knowing that she was in front of the hospital. Presently Fido dragged her down a narrow, winding street. It was so narrow that the projecting roofs of the houses almost closed over her head. A nauseous smell filled her throat and nostrils. All around her were hanging skins of strangled goats and sheep. '*Madonna mia!* where am I?' she exclaimed in terror, quickening her steps to escape from this sinister locality. The greasy mud which always accompanies the sirocco had made the marble pavements very slippery. The few pedestrians who had ventured out in spite of the weather gave a passing look of wonder at this strange couple—the terrified girl dragged by the bewildered dog. Rosina, frightened out of her wits, thought only of finding her way back to the gate by which she had entered.

This paradise, which Tonina had painted in such glowing colours, seemed to her a perfect hell. But the further she went on the more hopelessly did she get entangled in the labyrinth of dark, narrow streets. Fido was foaming at the mouth, his tongue hanging out, his throat almost strangled by dint of trying to rid himself of the cord; his eyes were starting out of their sockets. 'What will become of us?' thought Rosina.

Suddenly, at the turn of a street, she found herself opposite what seemed like the opening of a tunnel, and Fido dragged her towards it in spite of all her efforts at resistance. Through this opening they penetrated into a place surrounded with arcades half in ruins, under which a crowd of people were talking and gesticulating in an excited manner, while on the place itself a compact mass of umbrellas prevented approach to the stalls of merchandise. It was the interior of the market-place—the remains of a Roman amphitheatre. Rosina, divided between fear of Fido's escaping from her, and the awe with which these crowds of hostile-looking strangers inspired her, completely lost her head, and ran, like a mad creature, after Fido, who knocked down everything in his way. A man who was carrying chickens in a basket sprang aside to avoid this dangerous-looking animal. The basket was upset, the chickens escaped, the spectators laid forcible hands on the easy prey, which disappeared in a twinkling. The plundered man swore, halloed, dealt fisticuffs right and left; and there was general confusion and skirmishing in the middle of the mud and the squashed vegetables. Rosina, pale with fright, had no choice but to follow Fido, though she was convinced that he was leading her straight to destruction, and that all these individuals who were staring at her with dark and threatening looks were demons ready to

devour her. She was forced at last to close her eyes so as not to see the yawning gulf, which she was sure was about to swallow her up. Suddenly Fido gave vent to a terrific growling, and sprang back so violently that Rosina, losing her footing in the greasy mud, fell flat down on the pavement. A passer-by, thinking the dog mad, had given him a violent lash with his whip. When Rosina opened her eyes again, she saw herself surrounded by a crowd of people, some of whom were endeavouring to drag Fido away.

'Oh, don't take him away!' she cried in despair, clinging with all her might to the cord which fastened him. But in spite of all her efforts, she saw that they must soon succeed in their object, and she uttered a piercing scream.

'Stand back! Let me pass!' called out a big, handsome youth, forcing his way through the crowd.

'Neri!' shrieked out Rosina, and she threw her arms round his neck and, hiding her face on his shoulder, burst out sobbing.

A general explosion of laughter ensued, with cries of 'Long live the sweethearts!' 'Health to the happy pair!' &c., &c.

'When's the wedding to be?' asked one man. 'How much have you saved up for household expenses?' called out another.

Neri, as red as a turkey-cock and trembling with rage, pushed Rosina roughly back. He set his hat on the top of his head, draped his shoulders in the most dramatic fashion with the bit of ragged red stuff which served him as a cloak, and, with a fierce look and scornful gestures, he hissed at them through his teeth.

'Yes, this is my sweetheart, and though we have neither of us a penny now, it's no reason why some day we shouldn't buy ourselves a palace here in Filungo. Yes, we shall drive in our own carriage, no doubt, and you will all envy us!'

He was answered by another loud burst of laughter. Neri was a Tuscan. They were all making game of him, and insulting him, but he said to himself that he was the weaker, and had no means of defending himself, so he pushed his hat back on his neck again, and laying aside his swaggering manner, he joined himself in the laugh.

'Come, make way for us,' he said, good-humouredly; 'you can see that this dog isn't mad; it's all you people who have frightened him.'

He succeeded at length in extricating himself from the market-place, dragging along Fido, who had become as docile as a lamb. When they had got out of hearing of the crowd, Neri said in a brutal tone, 'What the devil are you doing here?'

'Oh, Neri, my love, don't be angry; I meant to keep it a secret from you. I came to see if they would let me work at the cigar factory, like Tonina; but I didn't think the town was so dark and gloomy. Now that I have seen it once, I shall never dare come back again.'

'And what does Tonina earn at the cigar factory?' asked Neri.

'A *lira* a day.'

'A *lira* a day! but that's splendid. You must certainly go then, my darling; and when you get your money you must give it to me, and I will keep it until there is enough.'

'Oh, no, no! I shouldn't dare!'

'Not even for my sake?' said Neri; and putting on an air of irresistible tenderness: 'Alas!' he went on, 'it's the only hope of our ever being able to marry. You don't really love me, Rosina! If you were to ask me to kill or steal anything to please you, I should not hesitate. You'll try, at any rate, won't you, my love? If you don't, we must always live apart, and I love you so much. I am so wretched, so miserable without you.'

Rosina sighed. 'I'll try,' she said, sadly.

He accompanied her along the road to Vicopelago, but prudently took leave of her at the turn of the path which led to Morino's house. Just at this moment, however, the *strega*, who had gone out to gather herbs, caught sight of them taking leave of each other. She waited till Rosina came up.

'Do you know that youth to whom you were talking just now?' she asked the young girl.

'It's Neri, the son of the charcoal-burner.'

'I know that as well as you. But what perhaps you don't know is that the father is an assassin who has been in gaol, and the son a good-for-nothing fellow following in his father's footsteps. Rosina, my darling, I have done all in my power for you, and I love you very much, but if ever again I see you keeping company with that bad fellow, I shall be obliged to send you away from my house, and that would break my heart.'

A disagreeable surprise awaited Morino's household the next morning. All the chickens had disappeared. The robbery had been committed with a skill which pointed to an accustomed hand; but the strangest circumstance connected with it was the evident complicity of Fido, for though he slept in the granary leading to the hen-house, no one had heard him bark. It was obvious that he was on friendly terms with the marauders.

Morino swore and threatened; Gelsomina wept copiously; Giuditta said nothing, but shook her head frequently.

'You don't know who has stolen our chickens?' she said to Rosina, when they were alone together.

'I?' said the child, looking terrified. 'How should I know?' Then suddenly turning pale with fright, 'It isn't I, Giuditta; I swear it isn't.'

'No, it's not you who did it, I know; but you are none the less the cause of this robbery. I shall not say a word to Morino, but I know the thief well enough. It's your friend of yesterday—Neri, the charcoal-burner.'

Rosina underwent a sudden metamorphosis. Her figure seemed all at once to increase in height, she drew herself up with flashing eyes, her nostrils were dilated, her head thrown back with a superb movement of scorn.

'How do you know it?' she exclaimed, her voice redolent with wrath. 'Rather than hear an innocent man accused, I will go and beg my bread with him; and if the charity I receive from you is to be mixed with calumny, I would rather die of hunger!'

'Rosina!' said the *strega*, sternly.

'Yes, it's true, I was forgetting myself; but I'm not ungrateful. Only I too belong to the race of vagabonds, and I will not hear a poor creature like myself accused without proof.'

The *strega* looked at her a long time in silence. It was the first time she had ever seen her lose her calmness of temper and her light-hearted gaiety. She was far from divining the right cause. It's a good feeling, she said to herself, which makes her take up the cause of a poor fellow whom she pities because he is poor like herself. She had no idea that love, love strong and faithful, had found its way into this child's heart.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXC.

1594—1602.

TYRONE'S REBELLION.

DEATH had freed Elizabeth from one great foe, but nearer home there lay the perpetual difficulty of England—her constant canker. The Government of Ireland had never been consistent enough to give any chance of reclaiming the wild people, or treating them under any continued system, either of severity or favour.

No one had ruled so well as Sir John Perrot, who held the government from 1584 to 1588. He was a genial, hearty man, quick of speech,¹ but firm of hand, and he gained the goodwill of even the native Irish, by his resolution to see justice done to them, and by his punishing the violences which the lords of the English pale thought themselves licensed to commit. Munster had been depopulated after O'Neill's rebellion, and it was filled with English settlers called 'undertakers,' who were to bring their grants of land into a state of obedience and cultivation. The poet, Edmund Spenser, in his castle of Kilcolman, was one of these, and for a time all prospered; but such an administration could not fail to give offence to many persons, and the Primate, Loftus, was the personal enemy of the Lord Deputy. Perrot had proposed that the revenues of St. Patrick's Church, one of the two cathedrals at Dublin, should be applied to the university, a plan which gave great offence.

Loftus was a friend of Burleigh's, and every hasty speech of the Lord Deputy was reported at Court, while his meaner enemies did not scruple to perpetrate forgeries for Perrot's destruction. A complaint against him was sent in the name of Turlough O'Neill, which the old chieftain disavowed by a solemn embassy. A protection to a Roman Catholic priest was also shown to Elizabeth, in which Perrot was made to assume the style and title of a sovereign. As he was believed to be a son of Henry VIII., this was a most malicious suggestion, and though the document was proved to be spurious, the idea rankled in the Queen's mind, so that she no longer reposed confidence in him. She gave the Council a control over his proceedings, and thus crippled his power, so that he could not hinder the tyranny of Bingham, the President of Connaught, which drove the De Burgh's to rebellion, and in the disturbance there was much barbarity on each side. The English, being no longer kept in check,

misused the Irish more and more, and the Jesuits and Spaniards took advantage thereof to incite the nation to rebel, and place itself under the Spanish power; but Perrot was still so popular that they were very little attended to, and even the Irish Roman Catholics held to their Queen.

The Queen thought it wise to gratify them by showing favour to Hugh O'Neill, the representative of the chieftains of Ulster. He had been brought up in England, and was a graceful gentleman and good soldier, who had served her well in foreign wars, and also in the long conflict with Desmond; and when he petitioned for the restoration of his estates, and permission to take his seat in the Irish House of Lords in right of his ancestral Earldom of Tyrone, the latter request was granted by Perrot, and he was advised to carry the former to the Queen in person.

As had happened before, so it fell out again; the cultivated Irishman won all hearts by his noble bearing and insinuating grace, and he was sent home to take possession of Ulster, to raise a force for its protection, and to build a house in English fashion. This raised a storm of indignation among the English settlers, who viewed the promotion of a 'native Irishman' as a personal injury, and declared every act he did to be treacherous. His purchase of lead for his roofs was, according to them, only a pretext for obtaining material for bullets, and the force he was raising was merely to enable him to rebel against the Queen.

Sir John Perrot paid no attention to all these allegations, but his time in Ireland was waxing short, and his last act there was his only dishonourable one. He heard suspicious reports about the chieftain of Tyrconnel, and thereupon sent a ship, under Spanish colours, laden with wine, to the coast of that district.

The captain invited the chieftain's son to taste his wines, kidnapped him, and carried him off to Dublin as a hostage. All this time Perrot had been begging for permission to resign, and when at last it came, he assembled all the Irish lords, and exhorted them to be faithful to the Queen. They answered with oaths and floods of tears, and as he delivered the sword of state to Sir William Fitzwilliam, he declared that he left the island in peace, and that even as a private person, he would undertake to quell any disturbance in twenty days, without violence or bloodshed.

The whole population of Dublin, and all the Irish lords, escorted him to his ship, shouting in his praise, and many weeping bitterly, especially old Turlough, whose friend and protector he had often been. He told Queen Elizabeth on his return that he could deal with the Irish well enough, but that no power could restrain the English officials.

For three years, Perrot was one of the Privy Council at home, but his bold tongue made him many enemies, and Elizabeth was persuaded

to sanction a secret inquiry into his conduct as Lord Deputy in Ireland. The men whom he had restrained were eager to supply evidence against him, and he was arraigned in Westminster Hall, in 1591, for high treason, the chief witnesses against him being his secretary, Williams, and O'Regan, a renegade priest, whom he had employed as a spy.

He was accused of having favoured the Roman Catholic clergy, held correspondence with the Spaniards, and secretly encouraged insurrection, all of which was mere slander; but there might be truth in certain impatient speeches which were not pleasant to the ears of a lady accustomed to the adulation of Hatton and Raleigh. When she objected to the proposed conversion of S. Patrick's Cathedral into a college, he told his Council, 'Stick not so much at the Queen's letters of commandment. She may command what she will, but we will do as we like.' When an obnoxious clerk of the Council was sent out by her, he exclaimed, 'This fiddling woman troubles me out of measure! He shall not have the office!' When the Armada was at hand, he said, 'Ah, silly woman! Now she shall not curb me! Now she shall not rule me! Now shall I be her Whiteboy again!'

This, if uttered at all, must have meant that in such perilous times Elizabeth would know the value of her faithful servant, give him due honour, and not hamper him with restrictions; but the next accusation was that on reading a letter from her, he exclaimed, 'This it is to serve a base-born woman! Had I served any prince in Christendom, I had not been thus dealt withal.'

He begged to be confronted with the secretary who reported these speeches, but this was denied him, and he was sentenced to death. On hearing his doom, he broke out, 'Will my sister sacrifice her brother to his frisking adversaries?' meaning Hatton, for whom he had a great hatred and contempt. Elizabeth had probably no intention of putting him to death, but she kept him in the Tower, where, at the end of six months, he died, not long before the death of his enemy Hatton.

Meantime Sir William Fitzwilliam's first notion was to obtain as much wealth as he could. There was a report that much of the treasure found in the wrecks of the Armada was secreted by Irish gentlemen, and on this he set forth, seized two of them, Sir Owen MacToole and Sir John O'Dogherty, and threw them into prison, where he kept them several years. These two had always been loyal, and this outrage immediately stirred up the dormant spirit of disaffection.

Lord Tyrone, apprehending the accusations that might be trumped up by his enemies, hastened to Elizabeth's court, and was just in time to confute a treacherous kinsman, who had brought stories of his compact with the Irish. He was again treated with much favour, but this did but increase the hatred and jealousy with which he was

viewed by the council that governed Ireland. He had married the sister of Sir Henry Bagnal, one of the officials, and this connection was made by the lady's brother the cause of most bitter dislike to him. It is impossible to say whether Tyrone were honest in his professions of loyalty, and driven to rebellion by the distrust and violence of the English, or whether he really were always the treacherous, plausible, civilised savage they believed him to be from the first, and certainly made him at last.

During this absence of his, all the hostages at Dublin made their escape, hiding in the hovels of Leinster; but it was a cold season, the peasants were starving, and in terror of the English, and at last the pursuers captured, in a miserable hut, one of the O'Neills just expiring, and Hugh O'Donnel, of Tyrconnel, unable to move hand or foot from the effects of cold. He recovered, but retained a deep hatred to the English, who had caused his captivity and his sufferings.

Fitzwilliam added to his unpopularity by marching to Monaghan, where a chief named MacMahon had without licence called out his armed followers to collect his rents. For this offence he was brought before a jury of common soldiers, condemned, and put to death on the spot, while his lands were forfeited, and divided between Fitzwilliam and Bagnal. Soon after, Bagnal, when attacking Maguire, the chief of Fermanagh, was reduced to great straits, from which he was rescued by Tyrone, who was wounded while bringing him off.

On the death of old Turlough, in 1592, Tyrone assumed the title of 'the O'Neill,' which his countrymen esteemed far above his earldom, but which rendered him all the more suspected by the English. When he presented himself to receive Sir John Russell, who came out as deputy instead of Fitzwilliam, the Council debated whether they should arrest him; but he learnt what was passing, and fled back to Ulster. He gave his daughter in marriage to Hugh O'Donnel, and the whole of the Irish population was in a perilous state. The English Council distrusted the O'Neill, and he hated the English Council. The letters he wrote to the Queen were intercepted, and warnings of his deceit and treachery were poured on her. She did not know whom to believe, and hated the very name of Irish affairs. At last the O'Neill, whether stirred up by his own turbulence, or driven by the English Council, broke out in open rebellion, and attacked the English garrison at Blackwater.

Stout old Sir John Norris was sent with 2,000 men to put down the insurrection. O'Neill wrote, stating his grievances, and Norris tried to bring about a treaty, personally meeting Tyrone. Norris was earnestly anxious to make peace and do justice, but the Council and the Irish hated each other far too much to wish for justice, and the English believed that Sir John was merely cajoled and deceived by the insinuating Irish chief. Nor would Tyrone come to terms, saying that Russell and Norris might be honest men, but he must have security against

their successors. So Norris tried to hunt the Irish through their hills and bogs, and made such slow progress that Elizabeth, angered by the complaints sent against him, recalled him, when he came back to die of the complaint which Ireland seems generally to have produced in Elizabethan times (if no others), a broken heart, probably assisted by the fevers of the bogs.

Next came Lord Burgh, who collected all the lords of the pale, and advanced upon Tyrone's encampment near Armagh. By surprise the English gained the advantage, and the Irish retired to a better position. Imprudently Lord Burgh attacked it, and sustained a most terrible defeat, the worst that had ever befallen the English in Ireland. Burgh himself was killed, and Lord Kildare, who brought off the remnant of the army, died soon after of grief for the loss of his two foster-brothers who had been slain in rescuing him. Sir Henry Bagnal next came to the front, and tried to relieve Blackwater, which was besieged by O'Neill; but he was met near Armagh by the whole Irish force, and in the battle that ensued he was killed, and his army totally defeated, only a few of his men being brought off by a loyal Irish chief named O'Reilly.

Three such victories made O'Neill believe that his cause would triumph. All Munster rose, numbers who esteemed as their own the lands given to the English undertakers, coming pouring in rags out of the woods and hills to plunder. Among the castles so plundered was Kilcolman, the house where Edmund Spenser was living, and writing his *Faery Queen*. It had once belonged to the Desmonds, and the Earl, who had joined Tyrone, only saw in the noble and thoughtful poet, the Sheriff of Cork, and the intruder on part of his lands. Kilcolman was sacked and burnt. Spenser, his wife, and some of their children escaped, but an infant perished in the flames, and they themselves reached England in destitution. In the ensuing winter Essex heard of the poet starving in King Street, Westminster, and sent him twenty silver pieces, which Spenser returned, saying he had no time to spend them; and he died about the same time, the 16th of January, 1599, at fifty-seven years old, leaving his great chivalrous allegory incomplete. May his aspiration have been granted:

'O that Great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's Light.'

Great was the alarm and perplexity of the Court. O'Neill was the ablest leader the native Irish had ever had, and they were in insurrection everywhere save in the English pale. Ambassadors were on their way to request the aid of Spain, and had that nation understood the condition of affairs, Elizabeth would have been, in her old age, in a worse strait than she had ever yet known. Burghley's wise head was in the grave, and there was a constant struggle between his son, Robert Cecil, and the Earl of Essex. One day, when the Queen insisted on sending her cousin, Sir William Knollys, to Ireland as

Lord Deputy, Essex argued hotly in favour of Sir George Carew, and at last his overbearing manner provoked her so far that she gave him a sound box on the ear, bidding him go and be hanged !

In a towering passion, Essex laid his hand on his sword, and though the Lord Admiral's hasty interposition was doubtless unnecessary, the spoilt young man swore a deep oath that he would not have borne the blow from her father, King Henry, and then, with mutterings about a king in petticoats, he rushed out of the room.

Elizabeth, though very angry, really loved the hot-headed young man, and, apparently at her desire, the Chancellor Egerton wrote him a letter of good advice, to which Essex proudly responded—'Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken. Let those that mean to make their profit of princes show no sense of prince's injuries.' His mother and sisters pleaded hard with their sweet Robin, but for some time in vain, and when he again took his seat at the Council he still made objections to every person proposed, until at last the Queen declared that since he objected to every one, especially to Lord Mountjoy, she should send himself to put down the rebels.

Remembering how fatal Ireland had been to his father, the gallant Earl Walter, and how even a tried veteran like Norris had there made wreck of fame and health, Essex was very unwilling to accept the appointment; but the Queen was determined, perhaps in displeasure, but likewise thinking her favourite, with his personal charm and his high spirit and courage, as likely as any one to reduce the Irish; but Sir John Harrington and some friends of Mountjoy's were sent out to act as spies upon him.

Viewing himself as banished, he addressed a letter to the Queen, ending with some verses, which contrast strangely with the unrefined violence both had displayed in Council. Here he says of himself—

'Happy could he finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert most obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk, then should he sleep secure,
Then wake again, and yield God even praise,
Content with hips and haws and brambleberry,
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
And when he dies, his tomb may be a bush
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.'

Elizabeth began to relent, and did much to compensate for his banishment. She remitted to him a debt of 8,000*l.*, and even made him a present of thrice that sum. She gave him an army of 18,000 men, including some of the best companies which had served in the Netherlands; she raised his dignity from Lord Deputy to Lord Lieutenant, and gave him power to pardon all treasons and offences, and to make peace or carry on the war, as he might see fit; but she forbade his giving the command of the horse to his friend Thomas

Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, who was under her displeasure for having married without leave a Shropshire lady, Elizabeth Vernon. However, she treated him with her usual affection when he kissed hands before his departure. When he left London, on the 29th of March, 1599, he was followed for four miles by the populace, with prayers and blessings. It was looked on as an ill omen that, though the day was fair when he set forth, a heavy storm of thunder and lightning from the north-east soon set in.

Essex had asked the Queen whether she meant to revoke his commission by forbidding him to employ Lord Southampton; and as she made no answer, he seems to have thought the prohibition one of the ebullitions of the wrath which all her courtiers had to undergo as a matter of course upon their marriage, and he took Southampton with him, and conferred on him the appointment, being no doubt anxious to have with him a person whom he could trust; but Elizabeth, in much displeasure, at once forbade the appointment. At the same time there was an alarm that the young King of Spain, Philip III., was assembling an army and fleet for a descent on England and Ireland, and Elizabeth thereupon sent orders to Essex that he was not to return to England without an express summons from her.

She expected him, and he had intended to march at once upon Tyrone in Ulster, but whether it was that he found matters unlike what they appeared at a distance, or whether he yielded to treacherous advice from the Irish Privy Council, he turned southwards into Munster, so recently ravaged by the Desmonds, and went as far as Limerick, taking the castles of Cork and Waterford; but the want of provisions told on his army, and the O'Moores fell upon his horse at Leix, cut off a good many of them, and made such havoc among their gay helmets that the spot became known as 'the Pass of Plumes.'

Three months were spent in this manner, and much displeasure was caused by the waste of time and by Essex's writing to beg for reinforcements, as well as by his recommending measures of conciliation. Sir Robert Cecil and Sir Walter Raleigh were both of them hostile to him, and convinced of the futility of trying to make peace with the Irish; and the only answer he received was an order to advance at once upon Ulster, and 2,000 more men were sent him, but his original 18,000 had by this time dwindled to 4,000 between desertion, loss, and disease.

At last he set off, and advanced to the verge of Blackwater. Tyrone was on the other side with his force, and messages passed between the two leaders. The result was that each rode to a neighbouring ford. As soon as the feet of Essex's horse touched the water, the O'Neill dashed through it, though the water rose above his saddle-bow. The two Earls met as friends, and rode together conversing along the banks of the river, their armies looking on. No one knew what passed, and the interview lasted long, but finally each leader

called up his officers, and in their presence the O'Neill mentioned his demands. These were, toleration for Roman Catholicism, that the governor should be an Earl with the title of Viceroy, that his chief officers and the judges should be natives, as well as half his army, and that the O'Neills, Desmonds, and O'Donnells should be restored to their estates. Essex promised to lay these requests before the Queen, and in the meantime there was to be an armistice, renewed every six weeks during the winter.

There can be little doubt that Essex had good reason for his measures. His troops had shown themselves dispirited and untrustworthy, and in no condition to cope with the enormous host of wild Irish under Tyrone, full of the prestige of victory, and in their own country. To have attempted a battle would only have led to some horrible disaster, and probably have opened the way to a Spanish invasion. Moreover, Essex was an open-hearted, generous, unconventional man, and, Irish landowner as he was, had eyes to see the violence, injustice, and cruelty of the Anglo-Irish Council; nor had experience taught him the incapacity of the native Irishman for justice or government, and no doubt the frank and engaging manner of the splendid chieftain won him over. If graceful and winning at the English Court as Earl of Tyrone, the O'Neill, as an uncrowned descendant of kings, sprung from him who hurled his bleeding hand to take seizin of the shore of Ulster, must have been doubly impressive among his own mountains at the head of his devoted followers; and the high-spirited Earl would feel that, man to man, Robert Devereux and Hugh O'Neill might well be friends.

Religion really went for very little. There was war between race and race, not Church and Church. Many of the Anglo-Irish of the pale were strong Romanists, and, on the other hand, O'Neill was so notoriously indifferent that he was laughed at on both sides when he professed a desire to defend the true faith, and Essex himself said, 'Thou carest as much for religion as my horse.'

But all that passed beside the bright running river, on the open heath, among the mountains, looked very different when Essex's letters were opened in the Queen's Council-chamber. There was Raleigh, with 12,000 acres in Munster coming into order under industrious Devonshire settlers, who grew his new Indian root, the potato, and who would regard it as wanton wickedness to give them up to the wild savagery of the Desmonds. Raleigh had been in Ireland, and knew the folly of trusting to those plausible professions of chiefs, still red with the blood of many a peaceful settler, and freshly guilty of the ruin of his friend Spenser. There was old Lord Nottingham, who deeply distrusted Essex's hot temper. Then to Cecil, Cobham, and the rest, the sound of toleration was hateful, and meant Pope and Spaniard, fire and faggot. All three were enemies to the fiery youth, spoilt by the Queen, and they agreed in pointing out to

her the weak points in Essex's terms, and in dwelling on the complaints of the Anglo-Irish Council, and especially on the long private interview in which, it was hinted, Essex might have been bought over by promises of reigning over Ireland in the Spanish interest.

Whether Elizabeth believed anything so monstrous or not, she certainly was much troubled, and became so unwell that she moved to the palace of Nonsuch for change of air. She wrote a very severe reprimand to Essex, and this, with other letters that he received, made him believe that he was so misrepresented by Raleigh and Cecil that nothing but a personal interview with the Queen would set things straight. He thought at first of bringing a body of troops with him for his protection, but his friend Southampton, and his step-father Sir Christopher Blount, persuaded him to give up this plan, which could only have made matters worse. So he arrived, with only a few attendants, in London, on the 27th of September, 1599, and learning that the Queen was at Nonsuch, he crossed the Thames early the next morning by the ferry at Lambeth, with only six followers, and hearing that his great enemy, Lord Grey of Wilton, had gone on before him, he seized on the horses of some gentlemen which were waiting for their owners, and galloped headlong through mud and mire to Nonsuch.

He hoped to overtake and pass Grey, and be the first to bring the news of his own arrival; but he found that Grey had been a quarter of an hour in the palace, closeted with Sir Robert Cecil. Afraid that they would exclude him from the Queen's presence, he dashed up stairs just as he was, booted and spurred, splashed from head to foot and even on the face, and bursting into the chamber, flung himself on his knees before the Queen, as she sat, newly risen, on a chair at the foot of her bed, her scanty grey hair in the hands of her tirewoman. He covered her hands with kisses, and no one heard what passed between them, but when he left her and proceeded to change his dress in his own room he was in good spirits, and said all his troubles were made up for by the sweet calm he had found at home. At dinner-time likewise he was cheerful; but in the meantime the Lord Admiral, Sir Robert Cecil, and Sir Walter Raleigh, had told their story, and when the Queen's godson, John Harrington, who had been knighted by Essex and had come home with him, came to pay his respects, she was in a glow of passion, walking about her room as was her custom when enraged, and with 'discomposure in her visage,' she caught Harrington by the girdle, and swore a great oath, saying, 'I am no Queen. That man is above me. Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business!'

Her fury seems to have fairly frightened Harrington, for he says when she bade him go home, 'I did not stay to be bidden twice. If all the Irish rebels had been at my heels, I could not have made better speed.'

When Essex, later in the day, sought her presence, she gave him sharp words, told him he must answer for his conduct to her Council, and bade him remain a prisoner in his chamber. This was the last time the mistress and her spoilt servant ever met. It was Saturday, and on Monday he was sent off to the custody of the Lord Keeper, Egerton, at York House, where the first news he heard was of the birth of his little daughter, and the extreme illness of the mother; but he was not permitted to see or even to write to the poor lady, though her mother, Lady Walsingham, made earnest suit to Elizabeth.

The Queen's anger was increased by the number of knights, gentlemen, and other volunteers who began to straggle home from Ireland. She insisted on Harrington showing her the diary he had kept on the Irish campaign, and as she read it, swore that the whole army had been a set of idle knaves, without permitting him to say a word of the difficulties and impediments of all kinds which had stood in their way. The unfortunate Earl in the meantime fell sick, and bade fair to die of the usual Lord Deputy's complaint, a broken heart or a typhoid fever. But as he had been wont either to be, or to pretend to be, ill whenever he was in disgrace, the Queen thought all was a pretence to work on her feelings, and would not even let his private physician, Dr. Bruen, visit him. Lady Essex meantime recovered, and went about in black of the meanest price, coming to court in a suit not worth five pounds, to entreat permission to go to her husband, who had the night before been in the greatest extremity. She went to the Countess of Huntingdon's chamber, but that lady would not come to speak to her, and she could only send a message, which was unheeded. The two sisters of Essex, Lady Rich and Lady Northumberland, came in the same shabby mourning to entreat for their brother, and there was a very general feeling of indignation at the Queen's harshness to one who had been always popular. He was prayed for and preached about in the London churches, and libels on his enemies were scattered even on the palace floors.

Nottingham and Cecil thought it time to intercede for him, and at last, on the 12th of December, his Countess was admitted, and found him too weak to sit up. He was said to be dead, the bells were tolled for him in London, and he really did receive what he thought was his last Communion, and sent his last messages to the Queen. This at last softened her, and she sent the captive a mess of broth, and said with tears in her eyes that she would have visited him had it been suitable.

Hope was his best cordial; he began to recover, and by the New Year's Day of the new century was able to walk in the gallery, eat at table, and send the Queen a New Year's gift; which was neither received nor rejected, but left in the hands of the Comptroller. He wrote a submissive letter to the Queen, begging not to be brought before the Star Chamber, and for a time she abstained from summoning

him thither ; but his sister Penelope, Lady Rich, a foolish and mischievous woman, gave further umbrage to Elizabeth, and in June, 1600, he was brought to a private trial before eighteen commissioners in the Star Chamber, and proud as he was, he was forced to plead kneeling before them, with his papers and his hat upon the floor, till the Archbishop interfered and begged permission for him to rise, and before the eleven hours' trial was over, he was permitted to have a chair.

The crown lawyers, among whom were the two great names of Francis Bacon and Edward Coke, made hot invectives against him. He pleaded guilty to all that was alleged as to his misconduct of the war, declaring, however, that his error was only of head, not heart, and to the charge of high treason he pleaded absolutely, not guilty.

Each commissioner gave his own view of the case in private to the Queen, and she at length decided to pronounce his pardon, and after another month he was released, but bidden to view himself as a 'prisoner to his own discretion.' He showed himself very submissive at first, and spent his time in religious exercises. Lord Mountjoy was sent to Ireland. He ventured to recommend that Essex should be restored.

'No, indeed,' said Elizabeth, 'when I send Essex back to Ireland I will marry you.'

O'Neill was not much afraid of Mountjoy, whom he thought a fine gentleman, such as would let the battle moment go by while his breakfast was being got ready. But Mountjoy had been instructed in his policy by Sir George Carew, a thorough Anglo-Irishman imbued with the barbarity and treachery of the native race. By his counsel the inferior chiefs were bribed to desert, and encouraged to desolate and ravage the lands of their late allies ; houses were burnt, cornfields devastated, families cut off, cattle seized, and whenever a chief came in to make submission, Carew granted it only on condition that the pardon should be purchased by the murder of a friend or kinsman. Essex could not, and would not, have triumphed in this manner.

O'Neill, however, fought on, in hopes of the help of the Spaniards, encouraged by the Pope's gift of a helmet with a feather in it said to be that of a phoenix ! Don Juan d'Aguilar came at last, but with only 2,000 men, and while Tyrone needed his help in Ulster, he chose to land in the south, and took possession of Kinsale, where his Spanish pride made him insult O'Sullivan Beare, the first chief who offered him assistance. He was at once besieged by Mountjoy, whose summons he haughtily answered. Meantime Tyrone marched with astonishing rapidity to his relief, another Spanish reinforcement landed in Baltimore bay, and Mountjoy was in great danger. He knew that only a pitched battle and decisive victory could save him ; O'Neill knew it too, and hoped to starve him out. But Mountjoy sent pretended deserters among the enemy, who spread reports that the English were in a wretched state of disease, desertion, and disaffection. Don Juan believed them,

and so strenuously insisted on the attack that Tyrone gave way to him. A night attack and surprise were intended, but all was known to Mountjoy through his spies, and he was prepared. O'Neill saw he was betrayed, and fought desperately. It was a fearful rout. No quarter was given except to a few Spaniards, and such Irish chiefs as were taken alive were hung the next morning. Still O'Neill would have remained in his camp, but the Ulster chiefs were desperate to return home, and he was forced to retreat. D'Aguilar obtained fair terms and was permitted to carry off his garrisons to Spain, and the Munster resistance was put down in a series of skirmishes and massacres throughout the mountains and bogs.

Thereupon Tyrone saw his cause to be hopeless, and offered terms of peace. The news came when Elizabeth's health and strength were fast failing, and her spirit was oppressed by the thought of the horrible war of extermination which Essex would have prevented if she had listened to him.

She insisted that peace should be made on any terms, and her Council were anxious to have all pacified before her death, lest the Spaniards should find a party in Ireland. Tyrone, finding his force constantly melting away, consented to renounce the title of 'the O'Neill,' and to make his submission to Mountjoy upon his knees, when he received a full pardon, with restoration to his estates. He was still with the Deputy when the tidings of the Queen's death arrived, and he burst into tears, whether from the thought of her past kindness, or of the opportunity he had missed, cannot be known.

A CONVERSATION ON THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Spider. Pity the sorrows of a Branch Secretary.

Arachne. Well, I thought I could see G.F.S. written in the furrows of your brow. What is it?

Spider. Oh! I don't know which are the most perplexing, the associates, or the mistresses, or the members.

Arachne. My dear child!

Spider. Well, you have often indulged me in crowing, so now you must let me croak a little.

Arachne. Croak like any raven. Only, is it to be a general croak or a particular croak?

Spider. I'll divide my croak into three heads, like an old-fashioned sermon—mistresses, members, associates.

Arachne. I remember, four or five years ago, you started on the assumption that all girls would be meek, devoted, and grateful members; all ladies sensible and prudent associates; all mistresses contented to be created for the benefit of the Girls' Friendly Society.

Spider. No—no. Though I own we may not have been always guarded enough in our appointments.

Arachne. I think not. But there was much that could only be learnt by experience, and each branch, if not each associate, was to buy her own. What are the pressing troubles now?

Spider. Here is Mrs. A. in a fury because we found another place for that poor girl Jane Blake whom she turned off for being saucy to her daughters.

Arachne. Did you send the new mistress to Mrs. A. for the character?

Spider. O yes, all in rule. We told Miss B. all about it, and she agreed with us that though of course it was very naughty of Jane, most likely there were some excuses; and at any rate it was no such crime as to prevent the poor child from having another opportunity. But there are some mistresses who think it a personal insult for a servant they dismiss to get another place, never reflecting what is to become of her if service is closed against her.

Arachne. They don't reflect at all!

Spider. Then Mrs. C. writes to complain that when she threatened her little maid with dismissal, she answered that she did not care, for the ladies would get her another place.

Arachne. I own that Mrs. A. might consider that as some justification.

Spider. But it is nonsense to charge it upon the whole Society. It was simply the readiest form of 'don't care' that threats always excite in some children.

Arachne. Exactly so, and a sensible woman would have seen that it was so.

Spider. Well, I have written a scolding to the girl and assured her that places are not so easy to find, and that failure in one is a great hindrance to getting another.

Arachne. May it do her good! Well, what next?

Spider. Mrs. D. threatens never to take another G.F.S. girl, if she knows it, because she found her kitchen-maid knitting for the prize without any consent being asked.

Arachne. Why was it not?

Spider. It did not strike any of us that it could be necessary to do anything so absurd as to ask a mistress's leave for a girl to knit a pair of socks.

Arachne. Perhaps she neglected her proper work, and made that cause an excuse. There might have been provocation we do not know of. I should have thought it wiser to be on the safe side.

Spider. But just fancy writing to ask Lady E.'s leave for her scullery maid and under nursery maid to knit! We should be twitted again with the Great Fuss Society.

Arachne. It is the old story. We have to do with human creatures of infinite variety, and must adapt ourselves accordingly. I should think the wisest way would be to send a notice of the proposed prize to each mistress, and ask her to send word if she objects. When silence by letter gives consent, you generally get it.

Spider. But that would be more writing for your Branch Secretary, and more postage for the fund.

Arachne. Surely the working associate, who probably knows the nature of the mistress, might deal with that.

Spider. I find a person mentioned in this month's *Advertiser* again who will never have another G.F.S., because her housemaid was affronted at not having the keys in her charge!

Arachne. Again comes the folly of charging the faults of an individual on the whole body, though you must remember that this may be only one of many provocations.

Spider. Here is Mrs. F. who objects to the classes, and Mrs. G. to the treats.

Arachne. Surely you never have girls to the classes unless their mistresses are willing?

Spider. No; that is our rule. But it seems to me sometimes as if ladies were often set against having G.F.S. girls. I have known a case in which a girl was given half a crown by her mistress to leave

the Society; and others discourage it, and so it ends in the Society dropping down to consist only of little mortals in small rough places, and in their leaving it as soon as they get into good situations in gentlemen's houses, instead of staying on to give it a tone, and very possibly benefiting by it in case of change and sickness. Some girls won't come in because they have known membership a bar to certain good situations.

Arachne. You need not look so horrified. G.F.S. is not absolutely indispensable. There *did* exist good girls before those mystic letters were combined.

Spider. Well, but it is a pity to miss it.

Arachne. It is, and for many reasons one would like membership to be a recommendation and testimonial. I think it may become so with right management; but I am sure that the same treatment will not do with girls in such very different situations as the gentleman's household, the small tradesman's family, shops, and factories; and no lady, even an ardent Working Associate, can find it expedient to have her maids intimate with little lodging-house girls, or shop and factory young women.

Spider. But would you not have them keep the annual festival together?

Arachne. The church-going certainly, giving the sense of the bond of fellowship; and the great tea-drinking and speechifying afterwards with the giving of prizes has all the character of a public meeting, and does not lead to intimacies, for the people of different sets naturally herded together, and old friends seek one another out.

Spider. We always throw it open to the mothers, letting them pay for their tea, and I think they enjoy it almost more than the girls, especially when two or three daughters have come together from a distance.

Arachne. It is good in every way, for the girls are looked after when going home. But mistresses ought not to be expected to spare their servants for more than this one annual *fête*, and when there are two—I mean when there is the festival of the girl's own native branch, and that of the place where she is at service—a choice should be made between them. She should not be allowed to expect to go to both, for the mistress might justly complain of the time taken up by two such treats.

Spider. Many girls contrive to have their holiday so as to be able to come to their own home festival.

Arachne. A plan that obviates the objections to their making acquaintances in the place.

Spider. But one argument is that the G.F.S. provides safe acquaintances.

Arachne. The mistake is in speaking of all servants as if they were alike and on a level. The maids in a fairly-sized establishment have

companionship and society at home, and the less they have to do with outsiders the better. But the maids-of-all-work who have no companion in the house, and specially those who have the questionable privilege of 'Sunday out' without a home to spend it in, are in great need of being put in the way of safe friends, and need the room at the lodge, where they may spend the time when they are not in church.

Spider. Then you would let the real ladies' servants alone as much as possible?

Arachne. Only doing as much as may keep up their fellowship and connection, letting them feel that their membership is a help to others and may benefit them in case of need. They will, if young enough, get the bonus on deposits in the savings' bank, and in our diocese seven years' members receive a handsome card, which may be framed and kept as a testimonial. We think too of making them in some measure authorities, putting them in charge of the young ones in coming and going to festivals, giving out their books, and helping the associates in any way that may turn up. I think this would be a good thing with elder servants and forewomen.

Spider. I am sure we cannot keep our members unless they have something to look forward to.

Arachne. Is this all the indictment against the mistresses?

Spider. I could say more!

Arachne. I think it amounts to the fact that they want maids, and you want G.F.S. keepers. Of course some are huffy and unreasonable, and some dread interference, and are prejudiced.

Spider. And they tell each other such ridiculous stories.

Arachne. Cook stories giving place to G.F.S. stories.

Spider. Most of the stories are four or five years old, but they get handed on from one to another and don't lessen in the telling. I have traced the Russian scandal of old trifling facts grown enormous and absurd.

Arachne. And you may set against them, that to my certain knowledge many mistresses have become associates from seeing the benefit to the members they have in their service, and finding them good girls.

Spider. A great many of them are really very good girls.

Arachne. I expect they are your least trouble.

Spider. I suppose they are, for one is prepared for their stupidities more than for those of people who should know better. Some won't keep their places, and yet are not at all bad girls, and some don't tell when they change, and some don't pay, and some mislay their cards; and some give up after their first premium, and some make a tremendous noise going home from their annual treat, And some won't be transferred, and some linger and gossip when they go home from their classes, and whatever they do amiss is sure to be charged on the Girls' Friendly Society.

Arachne. Yet on the whole it is surprising how few have had to be expelled, or even would have been expelled if they had not let themselves drop out.

Spider. Yes, in our branch. I don't think the general run rise very high in religious habits, I wish they did, but we cannot put the *rule* so high as to lead to unreality, or else exclude those who have few opportunities. But they are respectable, honest, well-conducted girls for the most part. However, many would have been so without the G.F.S.

Arachne. Oh! I am glad you allow that!

Spider. Well, of course, good parish ladies did once pretty much what the Society does for these girls; but the organisation makes it much easier to keep on with them, and pass them from one to another.

Arachne. And it teaches others, who might not know how to set about the same work. Yes, I think it does produce a good tone among the girls.

Spider. I don't know it in its working except among village girls and servants.

Arachne. Nor do I. Shop and working girls are a different order, and the recreation rooms and classes provided for them are very needful in many places. One thing, however, is most needful to keep up the standard of admission. Take no stranger without sufficient examination into her antecedents, not only from her present mistress, but from the clergyman of her birthplace, or the Sunday-school teachers.

Spider. We have forms that must be filled up before a stranger can be admitted.

Arachne. And don't take in flighty, noisy girls. If they wish to be in the Society let them be candidates on probation. Raise them to the Society, don't lower it to them. You do much harm if you take girls in without sufficient inquiry.

Spider. That's what some associates have done.

Arachne. There was much inexperienced work at starting. Experience had to be bought. You see, every lady who had the will was supposed to be fit for a working associate, and meddling, inexperienced, tactless people might come in. Most of the stories turn out to refer to those dark ages.

Spider. Or to places where the whole is beginning. But still I have my complaint of the associates! Some of them do give such exaggerated accounts of girls they want to recommend. For instance, when a kitchen-maid of eighteen who has been out before and knows her work is wanted, I get a girl of fifteen who once spent a fortnight in washing dishes, and broke most of them.

Arachne. Enthusiastic patronage certainly.

Spider. Then some don't make the hirer send to the mistress for the character of the girl.

Arachne. That is against the rules. You may say what you please

about the girl on your own account, but the former mistress must be asked.

Spider. Of course, so I tell them. And likewise I try to impress on them over and over again that courtesy and consideration for the mistresses is one of the greatest points. If they plague the mistresses it is the way to hinder them from having our girls, and then—there's an end of it!

Arachne. And another thing that some have had to learn to understand is that it will not do to interfere with the ordinary course of things, or to try to prevent girls from going to any but ideal places. The ordinary situation, even if the mistress be not very careful as to her maid's religious duties, or even as to Churchmanship, is often much better for the girl than living at home without work enough to keep her from getting into bad habits of idleness, and often learning insubordination to her mother, unless the mother be exceptionally sensible.

Spider. Yet it is sad to see all their habits of being communicants broken off.

Arachne. It is like a boy going to a public school, where the training and testing come through circumstances not being always what one would desire. Of course one is glad to put the children where they may be most helped and guarded, but there are not such places to be found for all, and the strict rules of honour such as public opinion has formed about domestic service should never be infringed.

Spider. You mean as to not disturbing a girl in a place or tempting her away.

Arachne. Certainly, unless there be some absolute tangible evil, such as cruelty, dishonesty, or temptation. In such cases many a poor girl is saved by having an associate at hand who can protect her.

Spider. I believe this has been one of the greatest services done by the G.F.S. I have known myself of a girl who would have been sent off home on a hasty suspicion of having stolen a pair of scissors, if the associate had not persuaded the mistress into an investigation which cleared her. Again, a girl has sometimes been turned out at a moment's warning, and might have had to sleep on a door-step if she could not have gone to an associate.

Arachne. Both those things actually befell girls of mine before the Girls' Friendly Society began. One poor girl spent a night in prison on a charge that was not tenable in the morning, and as she and her family always have been unimpeachably honest before and since, I believe it was false. Another did wait all night in the street till she could find her way home to her grandmother.

Spider. The truth is that infinite good is to be done, only people must have tact, and young, eager girls, or meddling ladies, are hardly fit for such delicate work.

Arachne. Every one is apt to be tyrannical about their own notions,

and the Society is learning to select Working Associates carefully, while they are learning, indeed must have learnt, how to exert tact and consideration in dealing with these matters.

Spider. What is especially to be hoped is that ladies, who may have been annoyed by well-meaning, inexperienced associates, may not therefore use their influence and close their household against this Society. For though there may have been mistakes, there is a constant effort to rectify them, and it is a great pity to prevent the girls from obtaining the real benefits of the Society.

Arachne. It will right itself, that is one comfort for you—that is if it deserves to do so, for as the good members grow up, ladies will find that they are more secure of a really good character with them than any one else, and the dread of meddling associates will pass away now that their duties have been clearly defined. Before you go, let me mention two nice books of a serious kind for your Girls' Friendly Society girls, and very cheap. *He that Serveth* (Skeffington), and a tiny new one called *Little Helps for Daily Toilers* (Wells Gardner) which is written by an associate, and franked by the Bishop of Bedford.

RELICS OF OLD EGYPT.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

AFTER a long day of intense interest, at the Pyramids of Gizeh, it was a curious transition to find ourselves in the Khedive's beautiful Opera-house at Cairo—with its gorgeous regal boxes, having velvet curtains heavily embroidered with gold and trimmed with ermine, while some are veiled with rich white embroidery to conceal the angelic inmates of the harem, whose presence is only marked by the occasional appearance of a little hand.

The drop scene is a most picturesque grouping of Egyptian ruins, which, on rising, leaves you to the enjoyment of an Italian opera and ballet almost worthy of London.

So striking a proof of the good taste of the Khedive made us curious to see his palace on the other side of the Nile. (Every new viceroy invariably does build himself a new palace, and the old one goes to younger members of the family.) So, as our American friend had already procured an order of admission, we passed as 'citizens of the republic,' and acknowledged that for once a show-house *was* worth seeing, so magnificent is every detail, and in such good taste. It is purely Parisian certainly, but the satin damasks and rich hangings of all sorts, and inlaid marbles and all manner of gorgeous colours, are blended with true Eastern feeling for beauty; and Mauresque and Arabesque never seem to clash with the refined work of the West.

Only it seems strange to know that no lady will ever call this 'home,' for the owners of the little hands that we espied at the opera, live in quite a separate house at the other side of the garden. In the said garden is a sheet of water where all manner of pleasure-boats lie, including some like the daintiest wee steamboats, which I believe were aquatic bicycles. There is also a very fine collection of animals of all sorts; from goodly lions down to soft-eyed gazelles, and an extensive aviary.

In a mazy labyrinth, we come on divers grottos, in which are stone seats, made of wood from the petrified forest, which lies near here in the desert, a strange, wonderful place, where hundreds of trees lie half buried in the sand; trees of all sorts, palm-trees and hard-wood, trunks and roots, and leafy branches, all perfectly fossilized, as if a whole forest had been blown over by some mighty tempest, and then turned to stone by a magician's wand. How they came there is a constant matter for wonder, whether in days long gone an oasis here gladdened the desert, or whether, as some have suggested, they may be a trace of the great Flood.

Among the various good gifts which the Khedive bestowed on Cairo is that most interesting museum at Boulak, where Mariette Bey has collected such treasures of antiquity. We drove thither by command of our dragoman, and mooned about with something of the usual lifeless sensation one generally experiences on entering a dry-as-dust chamber of oddities, all duly catalogued and ticketed. Mummies of all sorts are there by the score, and sarcophagi and strange idols, seemingly but another edition of the British Museum. We moved on, somewhat listlessly, I fear, till, drawing near to an open window, we fairly started to find, as we leant over its broad stone balustrade, that we were looking right down into the placid waters of the Nile, which flowed silently and calmly at our very feet. It seemed as if we could almost lean far enough to touch the stream as it glided on, bearing with it white winged feluccas, and broken reflections of a cluster of date-palms on the further bank.

Straightway, we stood as if spellbound. On every side of us were gathered such reminders of the past as might best tend to conjure up dreamful fancies; and these were suddenly woven into so strange and perfect a picture, by the presence of the sacred, wonderful old river, that all things present seemed to grow pale and visionary; and we, barbarians from the uttermost isles, seemed borne away by its resistless, silent power—not to the ocean whither it was tending, but far back to the forgotten ages when Time itself was young, but when the great river flowed, even as on this day, past cities and palaces; when it bore on its bosom the vast hewn stones which a people long since forgotten were about to fashion into strange new pyramids and temples, when on its banks stood Abraham, and Joseph, and Moses, in presence of successive mighty Pharaohs. In fact, for one short moment we forgot all things present, and lived with the mighty wonder-working men of old—a dream from which we were all too quickly awakened by the stern duty of inspecting those classified fragments. No matter! that little moment in dream-world had done its work—had shed a spirit-light on all around, and had glorified each curious relic of those strange old times.

So we set to work with a good will, to see all the treasures collected from countless tombs and palaces. Happily our old dragoman knew a good deal about things in general. He pointed out statues or mummies of all the great and learned Egyptians we had ever heard of; more especially one black granite bust, which is said, beyond all doubt, to be that of the 'new king, who knew not Joseph,' and who is here shown, not as a grim tyrant, but in the kindly days of pleasant youth.

We saw great gods and little gods of every size and form (human and lower animal), down to the smallest pocket idol. There were bottles and boxes of alabaster, ivory or glass, wherein was kept ointment very precious, made from various vegetables, or animal fat—

wherewith Egyptian dames of old anointed their dainty limbs, just as the shiny Ethiopian in the bazaars still loves to do, never so happy as when the superfluous grease on his hair and beard trickles over his glossy brown skin ; the only wonder being that he does not frizzle in the sun.

Next came quaint little boxes for ladies' dressing-tables, containing the kohl with which some thousand years ago they stained their eyelids, just as their descendants still do, the kohl being made sometimes of burnt almonds and frankincense, sometimes of antimony or some preparation of lead.

Quaintest of all are the tear-bottles, some of which were made double, two bottles being joined together so as to catch the rain from both eyes at once. The custom was that when any person was in great sorrow his friends went to comfort him, taking with them these bottles wherein to treasure those precious drops, which were then sealed up and preserved as memorials. Hence the verse, 'Put my tears into Thy bottle,' would be a true expression of Eastern sympathy. Imagine this puerile custom mocking such terrible anguish as could thus draw from the sterner manhood of the West, 'That blood of the heart, which men call tears.'

We looked with a new interest on a multitude of scarabæi—the mystic beetles—some jewelled, some true beetles, taken from tombs and elsewhere ; and we thought of the wondrous lesson which they had taught the ancient world. For the Egyptians—the people of all others who most truly looked on the grave only as the gate of death, through which all must pass on their road to a final resurrection, and who moreover were ever prone to detect revelations of Deity in the divers forms of animal life—could not fail to note the changes through which these little insects pass, and the curious wisdom displayed by them in their careful preparation for the life to come.

They watched the mother beetle laying her eggs on the damp earth, newly moistened by the Nile, and then depositing layers of clay above them, and cutting out the earth beneath, till she had fashioned a round ball of clay, in the heart of which her eggs were safely embedded. Then slowly and patiently moving backwards, she rolled this precious ball to the edge of the desert, where, in the warm dry sand, she excavated a long gallery, wherein, as in a catacomb, she buried herself, carrying with her the clay ball, wherein so many germs of life lay hidden and protected. Thence in due time a multitude of tiny living creatures came forth to crawl through their little span of existence, thereafter to fall asleep in mummy-like chrysalis, and so await the wondrous day when they should come forth, thence, in a new and perfect form—no longer hideous worms, grubbing underground or crawling miserably in the desert, but beautiful beetles, clad in armour of emerald and gold, and endowed with delicate wings and power of swift movement on earth or in air.

What marvel that these old philosophers beheld in all this subtle foresight a trace of Divine wisdom?—that they should adopt the beetle, with its earth-globe filled with seed of life, as the most meet symbol of the Creator of this round world, with all its wondrous forms of being? Then too, in that carefully excavated tomb, with its long gallery, and in the swathed chrysalis whence the sleeper arose in a wholly new form and endowed with new powers, they found nature's own example for constructing great catacombs wherein they hid their precious mummied dead, to await their reappearance on this earth in some wholly new condition—a stage, they believed, not merely of resurrection, but also of transmigration.

In some of the hieroglyphics, the scarabæus is shown helping the soul heavenward. Thus, when a funereal boat finds its passage to the holy lake barred by a bridge, this kindly beetle is shown, hanging from heaven by its hind-legs, while with its fore-claws it raises the bridge, and so allows the boat to pass. This scene typifies the Resurrection.

The modern Egyptians turn the scarabæi (*Ateuchus sacer*) to more practical use in this present life. They prepare their flesh with oil, and apply it on cotton to cure deaf ears. They also consider this a useful remedy for spots on the cornea of the eye. The common black beetle baked in oil is an ointment considered efficacious in divers diseases, while the Egyptian woman who wishes to fatten herself to the approved scale, makes a rich broth, of which the foundation is black-beetle charcoal. The beetles are burnt, and then ground to powder, and mixed with beef fat, sesame oil, raisins, dates, and other saccharine matters; and the lady who desires to improve her comeliness swallows a bowl of this luscious compound every morning.

I think that even in this utilitarian age our sympathies will turn more readily to the reverent symbolism of the ancient Egyptians than to this very unpleasant 'practical application' by their degenerate descendants.

We lingered long over these strange hieroglyphics (literally sacred sculptures), and marvelled at the patience that has mastered so intricate a cipher. It is curious that whereas they ring the changes on every conceivable form and symbol, neither camel nor buffalo should ever be represented; the inference being, that they were not natural inhabitants of this country. Yet we are told, that, ancient as is the term 'ship of the desert,' it is simply a paraphrase of a still older saying among these Arabs, who describe ships as 'the camels of the sea.'

Marvellous in truth it is to think of all the myriad records of daily life in Ancient Egypt, which for fifty centuries have lain stored up in every nook and cranny of the land; and that while all modern peoples have puzzled over the history of that wise, strong, wonderful nation, it should only be within the last fifty years that any attempt

has been made to decipher those strange characters which meet the student at every turn, offering him an inexhaustible supply of difficult reading. For those old Egyptians seem to have had a *spécialité* for writing—it amounted to a passion—no matter what was their material, whether papyrus, or rocks, stone walls or coffins; every smooth surface whatsoever, represented to them a space which ought to be turned to account for the record of something; and if that *something* was not a public document, why, it might as well be used for some little description of family affairs. And so it comes to pass that nothing small or great occurred in that marvellous land, four or five thousand years ago, which is not now being revealed to us in the same freshness of colour as though inscribed yesterday.

This it is which lends such strange interest to those ancient tombs. Whereas those of other great nations of old reveal only a handful of dust, or at best the name and virtues of the dead, these tell every minutiae of his life; they show his trade, and how he wrought at it; every tool and weapon that he possessed, all arts of peace and war,—even elaborate spiritual ideas are worked out in stone; and it is not enough that we should behold every particular of a man's life and death; the awful mysteries of final judgment are also revealed, and divers theories of worship. In short, now, after the lapse of so many centuries, the mystery of hieroglyphics is being unravelled, and day by day, wise, patient men are learning to decipher the marvels of antiquity here sealed up; and find that they can build up the daily life of a pre-historic Egyptian with more certainty and accuracy than they can tell us the vaguest and simplest fact concerning our own Celtic or Saxon ancestors.

And the most wonderful and puzzling thing about it all is to find ourselves thus carried back to what we call the first ages of the world, there to find—not a nation in its infancy, struggling with the first rudiments of knowledge, but a wise and learned people, who seem from the very beginning to have attained the perfection of all arts; and to have mastered those sciences with which we, barbarians of the West, are still feebly grappling. Truly, like many another child, which fancies itself wiser than its mother, we may find ourselves compelled to acknowledge that she has perchance forgotten more than we ever knew.

For mother and nurse has old Egypt truly been to all known civilisation; a stately queen who had ruled the world for centuries, while Rome was but a cluster of mud huts on the banks of the yellow Tiber, and ere Greeks and Israelites had begun to learn their earliest lessons on the banks of the Nile. For in truth there was no art of war or peace in which old Misraim did not excel, from the rearing of stupendous buildings, that might have rivalled Babel itself, down to the manufacture of such wigs as the old Pharaohs and the royal princesses are now proved to have worn, several of which have recently

been added to the Museum at Boulak. But without going further than the Antiquarian Museum at Edinburgh, you may see for yourself two long plaits of hair from a lady's wig found at Thebes!

Our wedding ring, too, is of Egyptian origin. At the marriage service the Egyptian bridegroom placed on the bride's finger a plain gold ring, in token that he entrusted her with all his possessions. This custom was adopted by the early Christians, and has descended to us, in the use of the same plain ring, and the formula of unmeaning words, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' (N.B.—I wonder what was the state of Egyptian law, touching married women's property?)

Every minutia of fashion is clearly depicted in these curious wall-paintings; the trimmings, the flounces, the gloves, the beard-cases; every phase of domestic life is pourtrayed with life-like accuracy. Even to the divers furniture of dining-room, drawing-room, kitchen—the former so elegant, that neither the classic forms of Greece and Rome, nor our own modern comforts, could eclipse them. Such luxurious chairs and sofas; such graceful vases and lamps; such rich hangings!

In all mechanical arts, in the knowledge of astronomy and geometry, and all such learning; in difficult methods of irrigation; in scientific farming, gardening, brewing; in fighting the living and embalming the dead, these old Egyptians alike excelled. From chariots of war and warriors in coats of mail, we turn to look on glass-blowers producing excellent work; or else on such fine metal-work, and exquisite fabrics of all sorts, as we might expect from the people who instructed the Israelites in all those ornamental arts which we find described in the beautifying of the tabernacle. And it is this mighty race (whose colossal power and wisdom have in bygone centuries reached us only by fitful gleams through the intervening darkness) which now at length has found an interpreter for those marvellously faithful records of itself and all its actions, that for ages untold have vainly offered their stores of knowledge to ignorant and foolish nations incapable of solving their riddle.

Talk of the impossibility of being a hero to your *valet-de-chambre*! Why here are the oldest of heroes, and heroes by no means to be despised, who do not scruple to admit us even to the mysteries of their innermost chambers (though they might very easily have shut us out, as we know that 1300 B.C. their doors had strong metal locks, with removable keys!). But in pity to our ignorance, they have left us myriad pictures engraven even on stone, whereon are faithfully pourtrayed all possible phases of life. We see the old Egyptian gentleman, having completed his toilette, going merrily out on a hunting expedition, to chase wolves, leopards, and ostriches, while his attendants lead not dogs only, but cats, trained to act as retrievers, and tame lions in lieu of hunting cheetahs. Another day he sets forth on a fishing expe-

dition, and tries his skill alternately at angling with bait and netting. Sometimes he even tries his hand at spearing the fish, which we next see undergoing the vulgar processes of cleaning and curing.

Next comes a tale of war, and the brave Egyptian gentleman goes forth to battle in his chariot ; slays his foes wholesale, and brings great battering-rams to beat down their fortresses. Then returning home laden with spoil, and followed by a great multitude of captives and their cattle, he offers sacrifices to the gods, as beseems a good old gentleman of the olden times, and is duly welcomed back by his admiring family. Peace being restored, he now surveys his estates—inspects his crops, his farms, his granaries ; shows us his labourers gathering in the corn, and how the oxen tread it out. He takes us through his orchards, where the gardeners are gathering dates and other fruits ; thence to the vineyards ; and so we pass on to the wine press, where we may see the whole process of treading out the grapes and preparing the generous wines. His brewery, too, is duly portrayed, for though some of his guests considered the ales of Pelusium (the modern Port Said) to be the most approved tap, he himself had rather a weakness for home-brewed bitter beer, and was very particular in the quality of the lupines, which were the Egyptian substitute for hops. By way of an appetiser, he takes us through the shambles, and shows us the butchers in the act of slaying divers animals, and then passes on to the great kitchens where the cooks are dressing all manner of meats and vegetables, melons and cucumbers, and fruits of all sorts—in fact, preparing a most sumptuous repast.

While waiting for his dinner he will glance at the tricks of some clever conjurors, some of whom induce him to bet most unwisely, at the new trick of thimblorig, a game which inclines him to doubt his own eyes, so convinced is he that he knows under which thimble lies the pea.

Verily it needed a Solomon to tell us that there is nothing new under the sun ! else who would have dreamt of finding the tricks of our race-course played by solemn Egyptians ! One almost expects to see a 'London Bobby' in the background ! But, in the least things as in the greatest, all our little national peculiarities, as well as the most startling novelties of our conjurors and our scientific discoverers, seem to have been quite stale three thousand years ago.

Dinner being now served, we see the company assembled, and seated at small round tables, enjoying the good things prepared for them ; while musicians of all sorts make melody on divers instruments—trumpets, drums, cymbals, lyre, flute, lute, guitar, and harps of divers form, some having as many as twenty-two strings, in manufacture of which the use of catgut was well understood. One of these harps was actually found in a tomb, which was proved to have been closed in the time of King David, a thousand years before Christ. Beside it lay the swathed mummied hand, that three thousand years before had

been wont to awaken its magic. Its strings were still strung ready for his use when he should rise again, and when a careless hand was laid upon them, they thrilled responsive to the touch, after this long silence, and their faint discordant tones rang through the stillness of the tomb, and died away in low plaintive echoes.

If you care to see an army of mummies in every conceivable stage of unrolling, you will find them here in abundance, with all their divers cases, from the stone sarcophagus, containing coffin within coffin, coloured and gilt, and written within and without with hieroglyphics, down to the common sarcophagus of sycamore wood used by the middle classes. The inner case is modelled to represent the head and figure of the dead who lies within. This is in some cases open, showing the corpse, swathed in linen, yellow from old age, and bound with broad white tape. The actual feet are generally exposed to our rude gaze, the same feet, perhaps, that stood bared reverently in presence of Joseph, and trod the courts of the old Pharaohs.

Those who are learned in mummies can tell at a glance to what period they belonged. The very earliest,* who lived perhaps before the pyramids were built, were prepared with natron and wrapped in woollen cloth. Somewhat later linen was substituted, and the bodies were partially gilt.

After the conquest of Assyria, fifteen hundred years before Christ, large quantities of bitumen were paid in tribute to the Pharaohs, and with this the mummies were thenceforth prepared. The method of disposing of the very poor was wellnigh as simple as one of our own pauper funerals on a parish allowance of four shillings! The bodies were merely saturated with natron or bitumen, baked in an oven, swathed in woollen rags, and then tied up in a rough mat of palm-leaves or papyrus. Thus they were laid in rows of thousands, in the great sepulchres.

But the embalming of the wealthy was a very different affair. The process occupied three months, during which the heart, liver, and intestines were removed and packed by themselves in separate vases, and committed to the special care of the Four Genii of Hades. The cavity thus left was filled with the most precious gums and aromatic spices, varying of course in value according to the price agreed on. But he was accounted shabby indeed who was not ready to lavish on his dead the most expensive spices and perfumes, myrrh, and cinnamon, and the precious oil of cedar-wood.

* Apparently some of the curators of our museums cannot be numbered among these learned men, as we are told that mummy-making is one of the staple industries of Paris, where they are largely manufactured, and thence sent forth to all countries, even to Alexandria, where they acquire a guarantee for being genuine. One man alone is said to have manufactured no less than six hundred for provincial museums! They are covered with dog's skin and swathed in linen bands, and ticketed 'Cheops,' or 'Pharaoh,' according to the demand!

The body was next wrapped round and round from head to foot in bandages of linen of the very finest tissue, dipped in myrrh; these strips of fine linen were generally several hundred yards in length, some have actually been found a thousand yards long, and these were swarthed round every limb and joint, with such exceeding skill as would equal that of the most skilful professional bandagers in our hospitals.

Thicker layers of cloth were now added, and then pasteboard, laid on soft and wet, so as to take the human form. This having been gilded and painted, and covered with hieroglyphics relating the whole history of the deceased, was enclosed in divers coffins, one within the other, each sculptured, painted, gilded, and enamelled. Perhaps a stone sarcophagus received this precious treasure, warranted to last in perfect order for three thousand years, by which time some change was expected in the general requirements of the living and of the dead.

It seems that every provincial temple was provided with an establishment for the purpose of mummification, where the dead were delivered to the priests to be embalmed, and after seventy days were restored to their friends, to be carried to their last resting-place. Should a corpse be found upon the sacred shore of the Nile, the nearest town was obliged to emblam it with every mark of honour.

Another account, however, speaking of the 'Physicians who embalmed Joseph,' describes them simply as a peculiar section of the medical brotherhood, and tells how it was divided into divers branches, each attending solely to one phase of disease, whether as oculists, dentists, physicians for internal complaints, affections of the head, heart, or foot, and so on *ad infinitum*, while the professional etiquette, which forbade one man to infringe on the work of his neighbour, was actually enforced by the law of the land.

The adventures of the newly manufactured mummy were by no means over when he had been returned to his disconsolate family. It was generally some months, occasionally a year, before they could make up their minds to part with him, so he was stowed away in a cupboard, standing upright, and on the whole was rather a jovial type of the skeleton in the closet.* Sometimes he was brought out to grace the festive board, sometimes to be present at religious services, when prayers and incense were offered to the gods on his account.

When at length the mourning relatives could be persuaded to bury their dead out of their sight, a very great funeral procession was formed, multitudes of female mourners assembled, throwing dust upon

* This curious piece of household furniture was recalled to my mind by the speech of a Yorkshire peasant, who was in bitter grief for the death of his first-born. He bewailed and lamented his loss, and finally burst forth, 'mid heart-rending sobs, 'Eh! he war a beauty, he war! And it hadna been against th' law, I'd 'ave had un stoofed!'

their heads, uttering bitter wails, and beating their breasts after the manner of the gorilla. Attendants carried precious vases of ointment, of wines, of divers fruits, also various animals for sacrifice, and images of the gods; while the sarcophagus was placed on a sacred boat, in which also sat the widow and some other female relation, the whole being set upon a sledge and drawn by oxen. The male relations followed, grave and silent.

But the poor mummy was by no means certain of a safe and speedy termination to his voyage. We are told that in every Egyptian province there was a sacred lake, artificially made for this purpose, across which the dead must be rowed by a mysterious old boatman, *en route* to his family vault; and no matter how circuitous the path, that lake must be crossed. It seems (by the way) that the Egyptian name for a boatman is Charon, so it is pretty evident whence the old Greeks derived their history of the ferryman of the Styx.

And now came the most solemn part of the ceremony, for on the banks of the lake stood a grave tribunal of forty-two men, who were the jury appointed to judge the character of the deceased. They were rigidly to inquire into his observance of the whole Egyptian law, and should he be accused of any marked misdeed, his accuser was bound under severest penalties to prove the charge. Should he be proved to have been guilty of gross crimes, or to be deeply in debt, his mummy was not allowed to enter the holy ark of the dead.

If he was poor and friendless, his dishonoured remains were buried then and there, and his unhappy ghost was doomed to three thousand years of miserable wandering in form of wild animal, and to perpetual exclusion from the Elysian fields, where the lotus and the flowery reeds are for ever in blossom. But should the dead have left a family to bewail him, their mourning was deepened by the shame of carrying him back in his mummy-case to be once more stowed away in the cupboard, there to remain as a standing reminder of his and their disgrace, till by some means atonement had been made for his misdeeds.

All were subject to the same law. Even the kings and priests were subjected to this strange trial, being weighed in the balance with respect to their observance of every point of Egyptian law, and any who were found guilty of injustice or crime were in like manner rejected, though we can fancy that the Pharaohs were allowed a pretty wide margin. This strange ceremony was one of very real and awful import, being but the reflex of that most dread trial that awaited the soul before the awful tribunal of Osiris in presence of the forty-two heavenly assessors.

The happy mummy which passed a good examination and was not found guilty, even when tried by his peers, was forthwith ferried across the sacred lake and escorted to the tomb amid shouts of joy, his pathway being strewn with palm-leaves, and himself or rather his

case, crowned with amaranth-blossoms and bay-leaves. Then it was entombed, with more of gladness than of wailing, his entrance to the tomb being but a type of the glorious admission of his spirit to the heavenly goal.

On his tomb, amid many other records, was invariably inscribed that of his acquittal by the grave jury, the sure passport admitting him to final rest. Thenceforth the name of Thmei, goddess of justice, was inscribed beside his own, in token of his assured justification. Nevertheless services on behalf of the dead, and offerings to them (or rather to that Divine essence which dwelt in them, and which has now been re-united with Osiris, the Supreme) continued to be celebrated from time to time so long as the survivors continued to pay the priests.

It is supposed that when they omitted to do so, their tombs were occasionally sold a second time, to a more generous family: this may account for our sometimes finding a new name inscribed over that of the original inmate! The tombs were a source of considerable revenue to the priests, who could always delay a funeral by refusing to supply one unless it were paid for in advance, and a family of dubious means sometimes found it a difficult matter to obtain credit. Of course, a sensible man prepared his own, early in life, for the Egyptian looked on his tomb as in truth his 'long home,' while his palace was to him only as an inn where he tarried for a little while.

Once entombed, it might be supposed that the poor body would be left in peace with its kindred.

Yet even then this rest could scarcely be held secure, inasmuch as every mummy was a sort of family property; in fact, part of the personality, which was liable to be siezed in cases of debt, and was at all times considered the safest security on which to lend money. It was established by law that any man who should find himself helplessly involved in debt, was bound to give the mummy of his nearest relation in pledge to his creditor, who might, if he pleased, carry it to his own home, and assign it a special cabinet among his treasures. This would, however, have been so terrible an insult to the debtor, that possession of the tomb was generally considered to be a sufficient security, and the debt was pretty certain to be paid by some member of the family. Hence it was quite a common custom for a man to pawn the body of his father; a pledge which he would surely redeem with all possible speed, as, failing so to do, his own body would in turn be excluded from burial.

Meanwhile the soul had passed into Amenti, the unseen world, and was there met by Thoth, the recorder, in whose book is written the whole history of every human life, and all its secret motives for good or evil. The soul did not enter that awful presence untaught. Among the sacred books of the Egyptians was one known as the Book of the Dead; and either the whole, or at least some chapters of this, were

invariably laid with the mummy, or else inscribed on his sarcophagus. Fragments of the book are still common, and are to be seen in all Egyptian museums. And yet, four thousand years ago, it was so old, that the language in which it was written was apparently obsolete, for an interpretation was generally appended to every quotation from it.

This was a book of minute directions to guide the pilgrim in his transit to the spirit world, and it taught him what hymns and prayers to utter, and how to answer during the awful final judgment; when, in the presence of Osiris, the judge of the dead; of Anubis, the accuser; and of Thoth, recorder of the dread sentence, he should stand by and see his own heart weighed in the divine balance, the figure of stern justice being the weight in the opposite scale. Forty-two distinct charges were then brought against him, in respect of the forty-two recognised sins,—his accusers being as many ape-faced demons, who stood by, with pitiless knife in hand, to claim each one his pound of flesh, should the balance prove him to be guilty on any given score. Most of these charges had reference to the ordinary laws of all nations, though some were peculiarly Egyptian, such as those which bore on the ceremonial law, or which applied to a fair use of water for irrigation, and to due care not to prejudice a neighbour's farm.

When, at last, this dread ordeal was past, and the just soul who had been found true in the balance would fain speed on his sunward road, there still lay many difficulties and dangers before him, for all of which, however, he found instruction in his guide-book to eternity. He passed through halls haunted and guarded by demons, who had to be overcome by the use of mystical words; snares and nets were spread in his path; manifold temptations assailed him; he passed through a region of fiery trial, and through a world of gross darkness, where dwelt a furious dragon.

But in all these trials the faithful spirit (which adhered closely to the rubric laid down in the sacred book) was more than conqueror, and at length attained to the realms of purity and light at the gate of the sun, where he was welcomed by the gods, and passed into a condition of bliss indescribable, of which the mortal mind could form no conception. Therefore it was left undescribed; all that was revealed to the faithful was that in that land there was a tree of life, the fruit of which made all who ate of it, to be as gods, and on these fruits the gods inscribed the names of all mortals destined to immortality.

The entrance to this city of bliss was guarded by a fierce dog (the original Cerberus, hence adopted by the Greeks), which was ready to fall on the guilty. These were doomed to return to earth with a guard of monkeys, and there recommence their weary lives in form of some vile animal—wolves, frogs, scorpions, and such like. Their fate may be seen portrayed on some of the tombs near Thebes, on one of

which is shown a miserable dejected pig, with bristling back, in a boat sailing away from heaven, and in charge of cruel and malicious monkeys, who steer the boat and whip the poor humbled pig with gleeful enjoyment.

We lingered for several hours in the wonderful museum. Then, attracted by the calm beauty of the river, we followed its course for some distance, while one, well versed in the subject, gave us many interesting particulars relating to that topic of never-failing interest to the Egyptian farmer—the annual flood of the Great River.

On the green island of Rhoda stands the Nilometer, a graduated pillar in a large square well, having a subterranean communication with the river, which tells how the precious waters rise and fall. Here, during the inundations, the citizens of Cairo assemble, as our capitalists might do, to discuss the prospects of the golden harvest—a harvest which varies according to the rise, sixteen cubits being the regulation average, as all will remember who have seen that beautiful statue in the Vatican of Old Father Nile and his sixteen merry little babies (a Cupid to represent each cubit). The statue was carried to Rome by Vespasian, and placed in the Temple of Peace as a most suitable offering.

What the measure of the cubit represents in English inches I cannot say. We were told that at Rhoda it is a fraction over twenty-one inches, but Wilkinson states that the cubit in the Nilometer at Elephantine measured nineteen and a half inches. Moreover the actual rise at these two points is of course very different, so that while one writer speaks of sixteen cubits as a fair average, while twenty overwhelms the land with ruin, another, from further up the country, speaks of eighteen cubits as a very insufficient rise, and twenty-two as perfection. In short, a good inundation should give a rise of forty feet at the Tropic of Capricorn; this means twenty-seven feet at Cairo, and less than four at the mouths of the river. The chief marvel is that there should be any flood at all in the delta, considering that for the last fifteen hundred miles (that is, since its junction with the Atbara) the Nile receives no tributary whatever, but flows calmly on, beneath the burning sun, and surrounded on every hand by the scorching desert.

Truly it is one of the strangest mysteries of nature that, from the earliest ages, the Abyssinian mountains should continue, year by year, to attract the same clouds, and produce a rainfall sufficient to flood two thousand miles of country to almost the very same depth, and at the very same season, within a few inches and a few hours. The inundation begins on the 25th of June. For three months it continues to rise; then for about twelve days it remains stationary; after which it slowly subsides. The best flood is accompanied by a prevalent wind from the north. One peculiarity of a flood in excess is that not only are many villages flooded, but the land usually under

cultivation is left so long under water that it cannot be sowed, and so of course yields no harvest; but, on the other hand, land usually desert, becomes for once fertile.

The lowest rise ever recorded was twelve cubits (in the year A.D. 966); and once again, two centuries later (A.D. 1199), it was nearly as low; in each case followed by an appalling famine.

Of the latter we have a terrible account left us by an old French traveller, Abdallatif, who was eye-witness of sufferings and atrocities utterly beyond description, and tells how the revolting cannibalism (which, when first practised secretly by the lowest scum of the cities, had excited wild horror throughout the nation) gradually spread till human flesh became a recognised item of food, and men began to relish it, and to stock their larders with it, and to devise divers means of cooking it; so that throughout the land of Egypt there was no place, from Syene to Alexandria, where this detestable food was not found in use. Where murder to obtain it was suspected, the culprit was tried, and if convicted he was put to death. Thus, within a few days, thirty women were burnt (each confessing that she had eaten several children), and their burnt remains were in their turn eagerly snatched by the bystanders as dainty morsels, and moreover ready cooked!

He tells of one dinner at Alexandria at which five children's heads had been detected in one boiler, prepared with exquisite spices! But in spite of this desperate expedient, the mortality grew day by day more appalling. You could not pass along the streets without seeing poor wretches in the agonies of death, or lying already dead. Some days as many as five hundred corpses were carried forth from Cairo, as long as the living had strength to bury the dead; but after a while no attempt was made to remove them, and they were left where they died, in shops or dwellings. In countless villages the whole population died, so that there remained not one living soul within them, only a fearful solitude and stillness; and when next the blessed waters overspread the land, men had to be hired from afar to sow the fields; their first task, however, being to cast the dead into the river.

But a second time the rains were deficient. The waters rose slowly—so slowly that for three days they stopped altogether, and the people gave up all for lost; but again the flood rose at irregular intervals till it reached sixteen cubits, and straightway began to subside, ere the thirsty soil had time to imbibe the healing draught. Matters were made worse because there were no labourers to close the sluices and detain the water, and even where the land was duly soaked, much remained fallow because the owner of the soil could neither provide seed nor labour. In many places where the land *was* sown, swarms of vermin appeared to eat up every green thing.

After this of course, to make matters worse, a deadly pestilence swept the land. Many labourers perished successively at the same plough ere the land was tilled. In some cases the ploughing, sowing,

and reaping were all done by successive bands of labourers gathered together to fill the ranks of the dead.

Then came a terrible earthquake to add horror to the whole. A third time the inundation was due, and again slowly rose to sixteen cubits, stayed, and subsided, and the remnant of the people, now used to famine, and moreover few in number, worked and waited, in hopes of better times, which did come at last.

The gathering place of the citizens on the island of Rhoda is round a flight of steps which bear the name of Moses, tradition affirming that on this very spot Thermusis, the daughter of Pharaoh, found the Hebrew baby floating in its frail ark of bulrushes.

Here too, in ancient days, many fair daughters of Egypt were devoted to old Nilus, for should he delay his rising for a single day, the terror of possible famine was so sore, that to avert this danger the most beautiful maiden in the city was taken, clothed in richest raiment, and cast into the waters, to secure the favour of the kindly, philanthropic old river, who surely needed no such bribe to induce him to do his very utmost for the public good.

In later times, the Mohammedan caliphs of course abolished this custom, but substituted a strangely weak ceremony—namely, that of throwing into the river an official document commanding the waters to rise, if it were the will of God—a saving clause which lent a neat veil of reverence to impotence. The Egyptians, however, introduced a new custom of their own, and instead of a living damsel, cast into the river an earthen figure, which they called ‘the Betrothed Bride.’

But the Mighty River, heedless alike of earthen doll or beauteous maiden, fulfils its appointed task, as it has done through countless centuries; and the traveller who cares to climb to the summit of the Mokattam Crags—that rocky ridge which rises behind Cairo—will see outstretched before him a silvery stream, bordered on either side by a belt of most vivid green, traversing the vast expanse of yellow sand which forms the great Libyan Desert.

The edge of that green belt marks the boundary beyond which the life-giving waters have failed to rise, and he whose eyes have once rested on that sharp line of demarcation, which divides the barren wilderness from the fertile field, can never again fail to sympathise in the anxiety with which the Egyptian farmers watch the rise and fall of the Great River.

ODDS AND ENDS OF WORK IN A CITY PARISH.

BY G. M. M., AUTHOR OF 'MAY LANE,' 'THE EARL PRINTER.'

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

NOWADAYS, when so much is thought and so much is written about work among the poor, and when so many great movements are set on foot for their benefit, it may seem almost presumptuous for two workers in a very commonplace parish to expect that any one will care to hear about their work there. For we have nothing to tell about new systems of parish management, or new methods of dealing with poverty and sickness—nothing but our experiences in the more remote corners of parish work, so to speak, where our efforts have for their object, directly or indirectly, the making the homes of our poor a little happier and brighter, and more homelike, than they would otherwise be.

And yet we cannot help thinking that the little we have to tell may be interesting to some, and perhaps helpful to those who have work like our own to do, or are anxious to find it; for although we know that no one can work exactly on some one else's plan, and that no scheme can be transplanted bodily from one parish or school to another, yet we know, too, that to hear of some one else's work and successes and failures, always interests us, and generally teaches us something for our own use. And as there are many—and especially many girls—who are longing to be of use to the poor, and who think that because they have but little money, and perhaps but little time to spare, they can do nothing for them that is worth doing, it may be that some of these will find among our plans for our school children something that they can carry out for those among whom their own work lies.

We cannot help appearing egotistical in telling our story—not because we think our own way of working necessarily the best, but because we think a truthful account of our own successes and failures is a great deal more likely to be useful than any mere theorising founded on it could be; for we shall tell nothing in these pages but what has actually happened, and put nothing into the mouths of our poor people but what we have actually heard from them. However, we shall put off speaking of ourselves until we have said something of the people among whom we work.

Our parish is a large city parish, too large, it sometimes seems, for

any appreciable good to be done in it by any number of workers, so closely are the people crowded together in the narrow streets, and the courts and alleys that lie behind them. And it is, as I said before, a commonplace parish. There is not the great mass of absolute savagism and heathenism which gives to Church work in some parts of London all the difficulties, and all the interest too, of a foreign mission; there is a fair amount of respectability and comfort among the shopkeepers and artisans, and a great deal of bitter privation in the classes below them, sometimes bravely hidden away and battled with unhelped, and sometimes yielded to with folded hands.

And all these classes, from the well-to-do shopkeeper, whose child is as well and as neatly dressed as the little ladies and gentlemen who visit the school now and then, to the very poor, whose little daughters' bare feet are a pitiful sight on winter days, are represented in our parish schools, the great bulk of the children being however from the classes between these two extremes—classes where the parents have to pinch and contrive hard and sorely to give their children the barest necessities of life, but yet manage to preserve more or less of a respectable appearance, and when that fails, take the children away from school until better times, or a little judicious help in the matter of frocks and jackets enables them to come back again.

The schools consist of an infant school, where somewhere about 150 children assemble every day; a boys' school, with an average of 90; and a girls' school, with upwards of 80 names, and an average of 70. Then at the Sunday school, there are a great many lads and young women who have left school, and are working at trades or shops or dressmaking, but who come as regularly to Sunday school as in their childish days, and nearly all the children attending the daily schools are of course with us on Sunday as well.

And among these school children our work lies—children whose wits are sharpened by early contact with very hard realities, and who yet, among all the privations they must bear, and all the evil they must see, every day of their lives, have yet kept for the most part the blessed gift of childhood—have kept it, I know not how; unless it may be that the hours they spend at school, in bright airy rooms, and under gentle control, with anxieties and privations out of sight and out of mind for a while, may help to shield them from that premature old age, which, coming before infancy is well over, is, says Charles Lamb, 'none of the least frightful features in the condition of the very poor.'

And if, during the few short years of this short childhood—for with the poor it must always come very soon to an end—we can do even a little to make it brighter and happier while it lasts, and to give them a few more pleasant memories to carry with them into the hard life that lies before them, surely it is well worth while, quite apart from the habits we may be forming for their after life, to do what we can

for them in small things as well as great, remembering that He who was Himself a little Child, has said that not even a cup of cold water given in His Name, shall in any wise lose its reward.

II.

FLOWERS.

'We are always glad when we come to a poor man's home, and see the flowers in the garden, or pictures or engravings on the wall. It seems to us there is something there that raises the poor man above his daily toil, and has elevated him one step in civilization, refinement, and happiness.'—BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, at a meeting of the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

'Are they not all proofs
That man immured in cities, still retains
His inborn, inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnished with the means of life,
And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
Still feel the burning instinct—overhead
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick
And watered duly; there the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there;
Sad witnesses, how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.'

COWPER.

DID you ever try to realise what it must be to live always surrounded by what is grimy and sordid and ugly? how you would feel if you had nothing beautiful to rest your eyes on, when they were tired of looking at the dingy room within, and the dull narrow street without, that were all you ever saw, for at all events six days out of the seven; nothing bright or fresh for your tired mind to dwell on for a few minutes, before it went back again to its planning and contriving how five shillings should do the work of six, its calculations how long some sorely needed thing could yet be done without, and how many little pinchings and self-denials must be practised when at length it must be obtained?

And did it ever occur to you what, in the midst of a life like this, which thousands and thousands lead every day and all day long, it would be to lose sight, even for a minute or two, of all that was sordid and ugly, and to rest your eyes on a few flowers, as bright and fresh, in the middle of all the griminess and dinginess, as the first flowers that were growing up out of the earth on the evening of that fourth day, when God, looking down from Heaven, 'saw all that He had made, and behold, it was very good'?

And when it has perhaps been said to you that the poor are too much absorbed in the hard struggle for life to care about flowers,

did you ever think how sad this would be if it were true?—how, if you could help to open the eyes of their mind to some of the beauty that God, Who hath made all things beautiful in their season, has spread abroad in the world, it would be just as much your duty to do so, as it would be to help to give back to the blind their bodily sight, if that lay in your power to do?

If you have thought of all this (and the number of those who do think of it is happily growing larger every day), you will probably care to be told what we are doing in our parish to put such a source of enjoyment within our people's reach, and to draw out the love of flowers that, in spite of hardship and anxiety, seems after all to exist in nearly every heart, if only some one will take the trouble to awaken it.

'God Almighty,' says Lord Bacon, 'first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures, it is the greatest refreshment of the spirits of men.' And although a garden is far out of the reach of one whose home is a single room in a narrow street, yet the few sickly window plants that struggle for life against smoke and dust and fog, take its place, and, as the poet says—

'Serve him with a hint
That Nature lives—that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear.'

And may we not hope that they will sometimes whisper to him higher and holier lessons too—of Him Who watches over every seed that lies mouldering under the clay, and raises up from it, when the time comes, a fresh and beautiful flower, even as He watches over the bodies of the holy dead, and will one day raise them up again to the life everlasting?

Very often we talked and thought of all this, and wished that we could set on foot in our own parish some of the plans that were in use elsewhere for encouraging the love and cultivation of flowers, but as it did not for a long time occur to us to begin with anything short of a full-grown parish flower show, the beginning seemed very hard to make. Like many other things, however, our 'Parish Flower Mission' grew after all, when it *did* begin, from something very small indeed.

It happened one spring that a very difficult chapter from one of the Epistles was given in the Sunday-school Calendar to be learnt by heart, and we were anxious to offer some special reward in our own two classes for the perfect repetition of it, as without some little stimulus of the kind the children would hardly have had courage to begin it. But what were we to offer? Books had lost their value a little just then, as the library, of which we shall have more to say by and by, had just been opened; more utilitarian rewards seemed out of place in Sunday school, and we were utterly puzzled, when in a happy moment it occurred to us to promise to the successful competitor 'a

flower growing in a pot.' The effect was like magic ; the novelty of the thing had something to do with it, of course, and the wish to possess an actual living flower did the rest. Never was a difficult lesson so perseveringly studied, and when at length the repetition-day came, we found that out of the ten or twelve children who composed each class, two or three missed not a single word of the chapter, and at least as many more said it with such slight stumbles that we could not help judging them worthy of some reward, so with half a dozen geraniums for first, and common field-ferns for second prizes, began our distribution of flowers to our school children.

They were delighted, and so were we ; it was a new idea both for us and them, and we carried it out enthusiastically.

We had been in the habit of giving minor rewards in our Sunday classes for a certain number of good-conduct tickets, and we began forthwith to give small packages of nasturtium and mignonette seeds which, like the growing flowers, were at first eagerly sought after. But by and by the children's ardour cooled, we could not tell why. Very doleful accounts came to us, Sunday after Sunday, of the progress of the seeds, some of which came up as sickly and flowerless plants, and some of which absolutely refused to come up at all ; and we soon found, that whenever a choice was given them, the children chose anything rather than flower-seeds ; so, discouraged and disappointed, we returned to the beaten track of penny books, and left flowers alone for a while.

We can see now many causes that contributed to our failure, though it puzzled us at the time. First—and this was probably the principal one—we gave out the seeds without sufficient regard to the proper time for sowing them ; and although seeds with everything in their favour *may* flourish, even when planted a few weeks too late, yet seeds with everything against them are scarcely likely to do so. Next, the children had, for the most part, no proper earth for planting them in, and we had not yet thought of giving, as we always do now, a bag of mould, enough for the flower pot or box, with every packet of seeds.

Then we had been a little unfortunate, too, in our choice of flowers, for nasturtiums, although with moderately pure air they grow with very little attention, yet dwindle and pine, for the most part, in the close atmosphere of the streets ; and mignonette has scarcely energy to grow from seed against such disadvantages, although if it be well started before it is given away, it often thrives fairly enough. And although it is undoubtedly well, where it is at all possible, to let the children have the enjoyment of sowing the seed themselves, yet anything is better than a failure that will discourage the little gardeners, and perhaps give them an absolute dislike to trying again ; so it is very often advisable that the seed shall have been planted by more experienced hands, and (if it be at all tender) that it shall have begun

to show itself above ground before it is given up to impure air and the loving, but not over wise, tendance of the children.

Something of all this dawned gradually on us as we thought over our failure, so by and by we took courage again, and when prizes were needed for our sewing classes at Christmas, we gave pots of crocuses, ready planted, but in which, of course, nothing had as yet shown itself above ground. At first, the watching for their appearance was a source of great interest to all their happy owners, but they had just grown a little tired of it when one morning half a dozen eager voices announced that 'Lizzie said she had *three teeth* coming up in her pot!' And from that day the interest never flagged; indeed many of the younger ones could tell, and *did* tell us from week to week, how many 'teeth' had come up, not only in their own pot, but in each of their neighbours' as well. Of course, as the crocuses reached maturity, they came in for their full share of the casualties that flowers grown by poor children in town must make up their minds to, and many were the melancholy reports that reached us from time to time, of plants 'knocked down by the cat,' 'eaten by the hens,' 'broken by the baby,' ('the baby' or 'the child' as some of our very small children call him, is the natural enemy of flowers and library books), or worse still, of buds that withered away without opening, or of plants that for no reason that any one could discover, never produced any buds or blossoms at all. But still a sufficient number of them did prosper and grow up, and gladden with their white and purple and golden flowers the eyes of their little possessors, and of many others besides, in the dingy streets where they lived; and we found that, when next the promise of flowers as a reward was held out to them, even many children who had had the most signal failures, were quite eager to have another plant, and quite sanguine that with a little additional care it would be sure to succeed.

So the flowers became the most general form of reward in our sewing classes, and as these included at the time nearly the whole of the girls' school, and the prizes in each class were tolerably numerous, there were soon a good many flowers in the parish thriving with varied degrees of success. One of our Sunday-school classes, however, consisted entirely of girls from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who had passed through the school, and left it for work of various kinds; and these were of course out of reach of our scheme, except now and then, when some special competition took place, like the one that had originated the whole thing. So to make up to them for their disadvantages in this way, it occurred to us to present them all—there were twelve of them, I think—with window-boxes after a simple and inexpensive plan that we had learned from an ingenious friend.

First we begged from a few tradesmen in the neighbourhood soap and candle boxes, of a size and shape fit for standing on a window sill, and most of the shopkeepers gave them very willingly when they

learned what we wanted them for. Then we washed and scraped off the papers that covered them ; next we made a few holes for drainage in the bottom of each by burning them with a red-hot poker ; and finally, we bought six pennyworth of green paint, and gave them two coats of it, which lent to them so completely the appearance of respectable window boxes, that even we ourselves could scarcely believe they had been holding soap and candles only a little while before. These, filled with earth, and with a few hardy flowers planted in them, were very gladly accepted by our elder girls, to whom they are like a permanent little garden, the possession of which has lent double value to any seeds or bulbs we have given them ever since.

We could tell many stories of the loving care that the children give their flowers. 'They are like live things to them,' an intelligent working woman said once when we told her about it, and indeed the constant watching and tending bestowed on them are more like what are generally given to pet animals than what usually fall to the lot of plants. One child has to keep her flower in a window where the sun never shines, but whenever a gleam appears at the staircase window, which it does now and then, she runs to put her plant there, taking it back to the safety of her own room as soon as the brightness is gone. Another child, who lives in the school-house, has to move her flowers every morning from the window sill, which is their ordinary abode, and climb up to put them on top of a cistern, that they may be out of reach of the Infant-school children who play in the school yard ; and to climb up again every afternoon to take them down when the infants have gone home ; and if we went over every name on our list, there is scarcely one about whom we should not have something of the same sort to tell.

We shall not readily forget the doleful little face that met us one evening when we were summoned from the dinner-table, and to see Maggie, let us call her, who wanted to speak to us most particularly, and whom we found, the picture of dejection, in the hall, holding a flower-pot, with a still more dejected-looking little geranium growing, or rather existing, in it ; for it showed no sign of life at all, but stood up bare and dry and withered, in the middle of the pot, where, when we gave it to her, a very promising little cutting was growing.

'We think it's dying, ma'am,' she said, with something of the sad solemnity with which one might speak of a sick child, 'and father said I ought to show it to you.'

We carried the melancholy-looking little plant into the dining-room, where we held a council over it, and discovered that it was starved for want of sufficient water, as, knowing the tendency of very young gardeners to kill their plants with too much watering, we had delivered so many injunctions against doing so, that this unhappy geranium was suffering from exactly the opposite extreme of treatment. We were afraid our prescription came too late to save its life, but the next day

we had good accounts of its health, and a few months later it was able to take a very creditable place at our autumn flower show.

All our experience up to the present time has shown us that there is nothing so good for bearing hardship and bad air as the hardier varieties of geraniums, cuttings of which can be obtained for very little in the early spring, or for still less at the end of autumn, if one has any warm dry place where they can be stored during the frost. Of course to any one who has even a tolerable garden, or who can persuade any of her friends with good gardens to save cuttings and common plants for her poor people, the expense of such a work as this is very small indeed; time and care, and as much knowledge of simple gardening as can easily be learned from any popular manual on the subject, will be nearly all that a 'flower mission,' even for a whole school, will require. And even without a garden, a great deal can be done with a few shillings to expend on pots and seeds, and a window, or a corner of a spare room, to keep them in when they are first planted. Nasturtiums, as we have said, are very good, where anything of an open space gives them room to breathe, but very seldom come to any perfection in close streets or lanes. Mignonette does well, if it be well above ground before it is given away, and like all sweet scented things, it is a wonderful favourite; for no beauty of form or glory of colour is of any value to children in comparison with 'a nice smell.' And for this reason, they have over and over again, when given their choice, passed over showy and even valuable flowers, and selected without an instant's hesitation, a small pot of musk, which is one of the very best plants for town distribution; indeed it sometimes seems as if it actually enjoyed dark rooms and bad air, so vigorously does it flourish in spite of them. French nettle, or balm of Gilead, is liked for its green foliage, and the common little creeper called saxifrage is very popular just at present with our children. One pot of it will produce almost an unlimited number of plants, and one of these with the addition of broad scarlet braid for hanging it up in the window makes a child very happy.

There are of course very many other flowers suitable for town culture, but we are speaking only of what, up to the present, we ourselves have tried, so we have to add to our list only field-ferns, which can be obtained in any visit to the country, and kept until wanted, and spring bulbs of all kinds. Of crocuses we shall have more to say when we come to speak of our flower show; tulips and hyacinths we have kept for very special rewards; the hyacinths have prospered, but of the two pots of tulips that we gave away last spring, only one lived to come into blossom, the other being, as its owner mournfully told us a few days afterwards, 'eaten by the hens.'

As our work went on, and the number of growing flowers given out increased, the question of a flower show was often and anxiously debated between us. There was a great deal said for it, but not a little

against it. It certainly would encourage the children, and still more their parents, in caring for the flowers, by showing them that the ladies of the parish cared to come and look at them ; it would be good for the children to see each other's flowers, and would probably stir up the few careless ones to try and do as well as their neighbours ; and it would be a help and satisfaction to ourselves to see so tangible a result from our work. But against it was the difficulty—the actual impossibility—of awarding prizes with perfect fairness ; for the poor child, for instance, with the sunless window, would find the dwarfed, sickly little plant, that was the best all her care could produce, far surpassed by the vigorous one that the well-to-do shop-keeper's daughter had reared, with one quarter of the trouble, in her mother's large and airy best parlour, and would go home crying and mortified, with her love for her nursing changed into something very much resembling dislike. Of course it is perfectly different with grown-up people who compete in parish flower shows on a large scale, and of course too, if the offering of prizes be the only way to introduce the cultivation of flowers, they ought to be offered without any hesitation ; but where by far the larger number of the competitors are under twelve years old, one has to be careful about exposing them to disappointment ; and besides, when children are already willing to cultivate flowers for the love of them, one is unwilling to bring in the element of competition, and to teach the little mind, that is so easily moulded by every impression, to look on the flowers, not as friends and pets to be taken care of, but as merely a means to the end of winning prizes.

So it remained for a long time, until one autumn, when we were giving a pot of crocuses ready planted to each girl in the school, it occurred to us to promise that in spring, when they were all in blossom, they might bring them some day to the schoolhouse, for us to see how they had taken care of them, and that every one who *had* taken proper care, would receive a geranium or some other flower to plant in her pot when the crocuses were gone.

Spring came at last, and we made ready for our flower show, with many doubts as to the result, and with not a few fears that all we might have to show when the half dozen visitors invited should arrive, would be a score or less of smoky-looking plants with dusty blossoms, or no blossoms at all.

But the reality was very different indeed, for never have we seen anything more fresh and spring-like than the schoolroom looked that sunny March morning, with the long school table covered with a white cloth, and bright with all the glory of yellow and white and purple blossoms, growing gladly and vigorously as if life were very pleasant to them, and as if nothing dark or grimy had ever come near them ; while all round crowded the children looking bright and fresh too—

‘ Like spring flowers, in their best array.’

All smiles, certainly, but decidedly not *all silence*, as they eagerly pointed out their own flowers and each other's, and chatted and laughed so incessantly that the task of arranging the table and affixing the labels was no easy one to perform.

We had prepared the labels a day or two before, by cutting to the requisite size common blank visiting cards, writing on them very distinctly the names of the exhibitors, and fixing them on small gardening stakes. Of course we might have required each child to bring her plant marked with her name, but the uniformity of the labels added very much to the general effect of the plants.

We had a few other plants besides the crocuses, ferns, and geraniums, that we had given them at different times; a pot of musk, that had survived the winter when all our own had died; one or two of the window-boxes already mentioned; and a beautiful spirea, just coming into flower, which deserved the place of honour we gave it in the middle of the table, both for its absolute merit, and for the care and watching that it represented. For the owner—a working girl engaged all day long in a shop—had devoted her few spare minutes in the morning and evening to this and other flowers, and having no space for them indoors had kept them outside her window through all the frost and snow of an unusually severe winter, covering them with a bit of old carpet, and removing it to give them a little fresh air whenever the morning sun was strong enough to make it safe to do so.

Everything was in order by the time the visitors arrived, and the children, ranged in their places along the desks in the middle of the room, eagerly watched the ladies as they examined the plants. Then came a procession from the next room of the Infant-school children, who marched round the table to see the flowers, singing one of their favourite school songs about 'Buttercups and Daisies,' as they went; afterwards the girls gathered round the harmonium, and sang Lowe's well-known carol 'Holy is the Seed-time,' and one or two other appropriate hymns, and then followed a distribution of tickets to the exhibitors, which tickets were to entitle them to the promised geraniums by and by when the crocuses were withered.

It happened that a kind-hearted parishioner, who had promised a treat of buns and oranges to our children, had settled upon this very day for sending them, and with some fears lest it might be taken as a precedent for all future flower shows, we wound up our proceedings by giving a bun and an orange to each child. It was a simple programme enough, but the children looked on it as a high festival, and one eagerly applied to us, in the name of sundry of her school-fellows, to know, 'Was it as nice as a *real* flower show?' And measuring it by the amount of actual pleasure it gave to ourselves as well as to the children, we could truthfully say that it was.

Encouraged by our success, we decided to hold another flower show

in August when the geraniums given out in the spring were in blossom, and although as regards the general effect it was not to be compared with the spring one (for geraniums and nasturtiums show more traces of their unfavourable surroundings than the hardy little crocuses), yet in reality it was much better than the first. The number of exhibitors had risen from forty or thereabouts to fifty, and of plants exhibited from fifty to sixty-seven, and it had taken more care to nurse most of the flowers shown, up to even the degree of excellence they had reached, than had been needed to bring the spring flowers to their state of vigorous bloom. Not only the geraniums, but sundry ferns and nasturtiums won as prizes at Midsummer, were exhibited, and two saxifrages in their scarlet loops hung one at each side of the room. Our programme was like the first one, except that there were no buns or oranges, but the children were very well content to have their place supplied by a bunch of cut flowers, bestowed on each exhibitor, while their names were taken down for crocuses to be given in October or November, and to form, if we are all living and well when the spring comes round, the nucleus of another school flower show after the same simple pattern.

We must say something before we have done with our flowers on the amount of pleasure that cut flowers will give to town people. Sometimes it has been our good fortune to be sent a supply from a large central flower mission in our city, and whether given in Sunday school or on week days they have never failed to delight our children, for there seems to be a great charm in having a few for their very own to take home with them, and we have often seen them, many days after we have given them, still alive, and carefully placed in water in the most conspicuous position in the window that they may catch our eye as we pass.

Once, in talking to one of the junior classes, we found that most of the children in it had but the haziest idea as to what a snow-drop was, so we purchased a small bunch next day and gave one to each in the class, while a child from another class came to beg very earnestly for a poor little crushed blossom that had fallen from our hands and been trampled over by many little feet until its snowy tint was all gone.

We always try, as far as we possibly can, to let no school festival pass by without flowers; our own garden can give little or no help, but we and the others interested in the school beg them from country friends, who are generally very good to us in the matter, and to whom it is often a new idea that the common flowers disdained by their gardeners should be so highly prized.

On the Midsummer examination day, which is also the breaking-up day, we have a few flowers for every one to whom a prize has been awarded (the prizes themselves are not given till after the holidays), and at our infant school feast we have plenty of flowers on the dinner table and every place else in the large schoolroom where we can put

them, and when everything is over they are divided among the little ones and taken home by them.

They were given, too, to our exhibitors at our last flower show as we have said, and one little girl, the baby and spoilt pet of the school, who takes more than a baby's delight in flowers, had some of the brightest and choicest for their share. It happened that on the same day a poor girl, a former pupil, had died after a long illness in a street close by, and the schoolmistress came to ask for some of the flowers to place over her as she lay in her last sleep. We were only too glad to give them the best in our basket for such a use, and to help even by so very little to lessen that grimness and gloom which, at all events among the poor, seem to be looked on in this country as so necessary a part of everything connected with death, that a stranger to our religion would never think the holy dead were laid in their last resting-place in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

'What did you do with your flowers, Lottie?' we asked the little one later in the afternoon when we met her; and we wondered at first at her hesitation, but one of the elder ones answered gravely for her—'She took them over to Mrs. Brown's to put them on poor Emily.'

We would not spoil by a word the simplicity of her self-denial, for it was a very real self-denial to Lottie; but we thought very often that evening of the contrast between life and death in that poor room, the child only half understanding what death was, with the fresh flowers in her baby hands, and the poor worn-out sufferer who was gone

'From the desolate distress
Of this world's great loneliness,
From the withering and the blight,
From the shadow of its night,
Into God's pure sunshine bright.'

But if the school festivals are marked with flowers, much more do we try to mark in the same way at least the one greatest festival of the Church, and it seems to us that no words of ours, however impressive, could have so taught our children that Easter Day is different from all other days, as do the bunches of yellow primroses that year after year we give them in Sunday school on Easter morning.

We ourselves cannot help feeling more of the joyfulness of the day when we look round at our whole class bright with the flowers that are somehow like no other flowers that come the whole year long; and who shall say how the early association of Easter with the freshness and brightness of the primroses may cling to them and influence them in their after life.

'I'll try and be at the school on Easter Sunday,' said a girl to us who had left one of our classes for service, but happened to be at home for a short holiday; 'I always *love* to see you coming in on Easter morning with the primroses—it's lovely!'

At first we bought a few bunches of primroses in town and divided them into smaller ones for our own classes, but all other primroses are eclipsed in our minds by the recollection of the hamper that reached us from some country friends last Easter Eve, full of green moss and of primroses with their indescribable pure, bright look—primroses such as it seemed to us we had never seen before, perhaps because with us the season was so cold and late that not a single blossom was to be had in town, and the snow and biting wind made us feel more as if we were preparing to keep Christmas than Easter.

It had been a long morning's work, even though many willing hands had joined in it, to gather the pile of primroses that met our eyes when we opened the basket; but if only those who had given some of the quiet hours of Holy Week to helping in this way the poor and sick and the little children in our town parish to celebrate our Lord's Resurrection had seen half the happiness the flowers gave, they would have been more than repaid. That basket gave us a feeling of wealth that only workers in the city can understand; it was such a luxury to have plenty of flowers on that day, of all days in the year.

Of course our Sunday classes were the first to be provided for, and their bunches were laid carefully aside until next morning; then came a number of the children from our day-school classes selected for some special merit, each of whom received her primroses on Easter Eve on condition of their being placed next morning on the breakfast-table, and afterwards as many bunches as there were patients in the children's ward were sent to a large hospital in the parish, where the good-natured matron kept them in water in her own dominions and carried them to each little bed the first thing on Easter Day.

We were still busy with our treasures when we were summoned to see an old woman whom we shall call Mrs. Martin. She was very old, and very poor, and she and her infirm husband and the little orphan grandchild whom they supported had had so hard a struggle all the winter with poverty and cold and sickness, and had been for so many months so near starvation on the one hand or the nearly equally dreaded workhouse on the other, that it never entered our heads when we sent for her on this Easter Eve to give her anything but substantial help, and we were not a little astonished to see her holding fast and tenderly a crushed and withered primrose which some one had dropped on the steps.

'Do you care for that flower?' we asked her, and we were as tonished at the earnestness of her answer. 'Oh yes, ma'am, indeed I do; it reminds me of the country when I was young.'

And the thanks with which she left us a little later were at least as much for the large bunch of primroses she carried home to her 'old man' as for the more practically useful presents she took away with her at the same time.

'They have such a look of life about them,' a poor dying girl in a

Hospital for Incurables said, as she raised herself up to take them in her thin hands—and our other friends among the patients there seemed to think as she did. Then we had some aged people to take them to, who were more or less pleased to get them; and one grim old lady, in a dingy lodging, who was not pleased at all, and who, after we had braved a snow shower to carry them to her, conveyed to us by her manner, and *almost* by her words, that she did not care in the least about them, and yet we could not help hoping that the primroses were not wasted after all, and that she or some one in that dreary house would be the better for their presence there before they withered away.

And at Sunday school the children's bright faces grew brighter at the sight of the flowers, and the holy Lesson of the morning gathered a new reality from them when, after reading the Resurrection story in the Gospel for the day, we took a primrose in our hand and told them how one autumn day, on a green bank in the country, a little seed had fallen down into the cold ground and had lain mouldering there a long time, and then a few days ago had sprung into new life, not as a little seed any longer, but as a fresh and glorious flower. And how, 'so also is the Resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in strength; It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory."' "

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

SOPHOCLES (*continued*).

THE REMAINING PLAYS—AJAX.

BESIDES the Theban Trilogy, there are four plays of Sophocles on independent subjects: *Ajax*, *The Maidens of Trachis*, *Electra*, *Philoctetes*. With these we must be content to deal, as it were, in glimpses, which shall give something of what is most characteristic in each.

Ajax is the companion figure to Antigone. Like her, although in a different way and under differing circumstances, he dies for an idea. If he greatly errs where she was only deeply unfortunate, it is because his temptation was great, and from a burning sense that his high aspirations have been unjustly frustrated by meaner men. His punishment, too, while it more than atones for his fault, chastens and purifies him till only his nobler self remains, and when he dies, we feel that, in leaving a world unworthy of it, his spirit must have passed into some ampler sphere.

The outline of the drama is as follows:—

After the death of Achilles before Troy, it was decided that his armour

should be bestowed on the bravest chieftain of the Greeks. Now Ajax was the mightiest man of all the host, but Agamemnon and Menelaus, through jealousy, assigned the armour to Odysseus. Then Ajax, being wroth, thought to slay them, but Athena darkened his mind, so that he fell instead upon the flocks and herds. Being come to his senses and perceiving how he was dishonoured, Ajax presently slew himself. And Agamemnon would have refused his body burial, but, on the exhortation of Odysseus, he relented.

To the Athenian spectator, for whom he was one of the national ancestors and heroes, the Burial of Ajax formed as interesting a part of the play as his Madness and his Suicide. To us Ajax appeals rather as a grand tragic character, unfolded by subtle gradations of Sophoclean art.

To his enemies Ajax is merely the rough, thick-witted soldier, but the spectator is shown how grand a heart beats beneath that rugged exterior. We recognise it as akin to Othello's. Ajax is as home-loving as he is adventurous, as tender as he is strong, as thoughtful for those he loves as he is 'sudden and rash' towards those who would thwart him. His ideal is honour. His dream is to return home, with the 'prize of valour,' to his aged father Telamon :—

'And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son.'

Now, by his own act, that dream is over. Henceforth, 'Ajax's occupation's gone.' His honour lost, his enemies triumphant, the nature that—like Antigone's—'scorns to yield,' feels clearly that nought remains but to die. And in his final act he resembles Antigone too. His resolve once taken, he never hesitates or wavers, however much he may look back with agonized regret to what might have been. These shifting moods show the greatness of his sacrifice; they humanize his character and reveal its deeper traits. In his first soliloquy, Ajax has just awakened to the honour of his situation without fully realizing it. Then follow fine scenes, in which he bids farewell to his son, and shows his careful thought for those he is about to leave behind and from whom he keeps back his purpose. In his final soliloquy the agony is past; he is calm and prepared to die. Yet even here the poet adds a final touch, as though to ensure our love for a character with which perhaps before we had only sympathised. To everything with which he can associate a thought of service or of kindness rendered to him, Ajax turns, and bids a last farewell. Then, the world holds absolutely nothing more for him, and on the instant he falls forward upon the 'friendly sword.'

Scene: the camp of the Greeks near Troy. Ajax is sitting within his half-opened tent; around lie the cattle he has slain.

AJAX.

Ah me, ah me, whose thought could e'er have deemed
My name* should blend thus nicely with my woes!

* The Greek word *aiai* (alas), resembles in sound the Greek word *Aias* (Ajax).

For now not only once or twice 'tis mine
 To sigh *ah me* ; such woes about me come.
 Yet from this very land of Ida came,
 With foremost meed for prowess of the host,
 My father, laden with all glory, home ;
 While I, his son, to this same realm of Troy
 Adventured, of a might not less than his—
 No lesser deeds achievèd of my hand—
 Dishonoured of the Argives here may pine.
 Yet of thus much unseems my mind is sure ;
 Had but Achilles lived to judge his arms
 His valour's meed who claimed them of desert,
 No grasp but mine had closed on them ; but now
 Have Atreus' sons * conveyed them to a man †
 Compact of guile, and thrust my worth aside.
 Yet were it not my sight and sense had swerved
 Distempered from their aim, they had not thus
 This cause decided to another's hurt.
 But now, whiles yet my hand was o'er them stretched,
 Hath she, the stern-eyed goddess-maid of Zeus, ‡
 Tripped me, and so with frenzy plagued, as I
 Did flush my hands in blood of these poor bees.
 But they, clean-'scaped, howbeit against my will,
 Laugh me to scorn ; since if a god impede,
 The coward e'en may 'scape the braver man.
 And now, for me what way ? on whom heaven's curse
 Is plainly set ; and me all Hellas' host
 Abhors, and all Troy hateth me and these plains.
 What if, home faring o'er the Ægean main,
 I left my ships at toes, and Atreus' sons
 Abandoned to their fate ? and yet how bear
 Standing before my father, Telamon,
 To meet his gaze ? how could he e'er endure
 To see me back returned and with no meed
 Of valour in my hand, whereof he had
 So great, so glorious a crown ?—the deed
 Were not to endure : how, then, to take my stand
 Under Troy walls, and one against a host
 To do some noble deed, and then—to die ?
 Nay, that were to make cheer for Atreus' sons.
 It may not be. Some trial I must seek out
 Shall show my aged sire no coward fear
 E'er stained the spirit that I bare from him.
 For shame it were a man should crave long life,
 When he can hope no respite from his woes.
 How profitless doth day to day succeed,
 Whose added sum but holds us off from death !
 I would not, at a gift, the mortal hold
 Who cheers his heart with empty gleaming hopes.
 But or to nobly live or nobly die
 The high-born soul behoves. My tale is told.

The Scene is changed to a lonely and wooded part of the shore. In the background, near a thicket, the sword of Ajax is seen fixed upright in the ground.

AJAX.

The slayer § stands up where it may keenest thrust.
 (Since leisure's here for thinking), Hector's gift—

* Agamemnon and Menelaus, the leaders of the Greeks.

† *I.e.* Athens, daughter of Zeus.

‡ Odysseus.

§ *I.e.* the sword.

The man my soul most hated, and in my sight
 More loathed than any not my countrymen,
 And in this Troy, this hostile soil, 'tis fixed,
 With edge new fined on the steel-biting stone.
 In the firm earth I wedged it, and it seems
 To bid me friendly to a speedy death.
 Thus far, then, all is well ; and next do thou,
 Oh Zeus, as is but right, first grant me aid.
 'Tis no great boon I'd have ; send but, I pray,
 Some messenger, fraught with this dismal tale,
 To Teucer,* that his hand may haste to raise
 My corse prone fall'n on this new-flushed sword,
 Or ere one prying foeman leap on it,
 And cast me forth to dogs and birds a prey.
 This I beseech thee, Zeus ; nor less I call
 On herald Hermes, guider of the dead,
 To let this sharp sword pierce my side so well,
 As he may softly lull my soul to peace
 At one swift bound, with never a struggle more.
 Them too, I call, whose ever-virgin eyes
 Do constant watch the tale of human wrong—
 The dread Erinyes, furious of pursuit,
 To succour me and learn in what drear grief
 I perish at the hands of Atreus' sons.
 Go ye, oh vengeful, swift Erinyes, go,
 Glut you, and spare not, glut you on their whole host.
 And thou, who chariotest the steep of heaven,
 Oh Sun, when thou dost see my fatherland,
 Draw in thy golden rein,† and tell the tale—
 My frenzy and my doom,—to the old man
 My sire, and her, poor soul, that was my nurse.
 Sad mother ! e'en now, unseems, I hear thy wail
 Fill all the place, as thou dost hear it told.
 Yet vain all fond regrets ; 'tis still to do,
 This deed ; then to it with what speed we may.
 Oh Death ! come hither, Death, and look on me ;
 Yet soon I shall talk with thee in thy realm.
 Thee too, oh Day, that flood'st this radiant heaven,
 And Sun, high-charioting, for this last time
 I call, and never afterwards again.
 Oh Light ! oh soil revered of Salamis
 My country ! oh firm-based ancestral hearth,
 And glorious Athens, and my childhood's peers,
 Fountains and rivers and these plains of Troy
 I call, farewell, oh ye my fosterers.
 This one last word sobs Ajax forth to you,
 The rest I'll speak in Hades to the dead.
 [He falls on his sword and dies.

GERARD W. SMITH.

* Teucer was the step-brother of Ajax.

† The Sun-god was supposed to traverse the heavens in a chariot drawn by horses, and to see everything that took place on earth.

Spider Subjects.

TITANIA does not know that Acadie was the French name for Canada, and speaks of an Arcadian village. She had better have got up her history and notes. A Bee and Mignonette are very good, but Clover's is the most compact.

Nightingale's is the best Conquest of Ireland. Clover's is also very good ; Firefly and Powder Monkey, fair.

EVANGELINE.

THE Acadians were, for the most part, descendants of the Normans. They lived in the country now known as Nova Scotia. The English had, at length, gained possession of this land. On the commencement of a war between the French and the English, the Acadians were suspected of helping the French. On this pretext secret preparations were made for scattering them abroad.

Evangeline was a good and beautiful maiden, the daughter of a wealthy farmer. From her childhood she had loved Gabriel Lejeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith.

She was married to him by law on an autumn evening, and, on the following day, the ceremony was performed by the good old priest, after which there were great rejoicings in the orchard.

That same afternoon the Acadian men collected in the church to hear a message from England, brought to them by the commander of some English soldiers. No sooner were the church doors shut than they were told that their lands were forfeited, and they themselves prisoners. A desperate struggle ensued, stilled by the entrance of the good Father Felician, who spoke to them of Christian forgiveness.

After some days of misery, the women, who had been lingering about drearily, rejoined the men as they passed from the church to the ships, which were to carry them away as exiles. Evangeline's calm unselfishness was more likely to soothe and strengthen, than to unnerve, those whom she loved.

The ebb of the tide hurried the embarkation, so that many a family was broken up, many a parent and child parted, never to meet again in this life.

Evangeline remained by her father, but Gabriel was hurried from her to the ships. As darkness sank on the shore, the ships were already out at sea, and Father Felician moved amongst the desolate groups on the shore, speaking words of comfort.

Then a light made the sky and water glow with red, whilst the forlorn people turned to gaze upon their village and homes burning and flaring in the night air. At the sight Evangeline's aged father sank upon the ground and died. The poor girl fainted away.

In the dawn the farmer was buried upon the sea-beach.

PART II.

FOR many years the Acadians wandered from land to land, and with them went Evangeline, who always remained beside the aged priest. She was ever seeking Gabriel, but could not find him. Still her sympathy sometimes lightened the load of others.

They were sailing down a river, whilst the low desolate miles of forest spread around them. They spent the night on a little island, and, during the darkness, Gabriel passed them on his way to hunt in the north, but no meeting took place; only Evangeline felt that he had been near her.

The next dwelling which they reached was that of Basil the blacksmith. He greeted them gladly, and had a great feast in their honour. Gabriel, he said, had left him a few days before, because he pined for Evangeline, and longed for the excitement of hunting.

On the following day Evangeline started for the north with Basil. They met with an Indian woman, who told them of a Jesuit mission. When they reached this, they found that Gabriel had been there, but had now fairly gone on his hunting expedition. He was expected back in the spring, so Basil went home, and Evangeline remained at the mission station.

Months came and went without bringing news of Gabriel; but at length a rumour was heard that he had a hut in the depths of the Michigan forests. Evangeline went in search of him, but when they reached the place, the huts were empty and deserted.

Thus, through many years, Evangeline wandered from place to place, until a brighter and a better dawn began to touch her heart with light.

In a beautiful city on the Delaware, Evangeline's later years were spent as a sister of mercy. A terrible fever broke out, and her time was given to nursing the sick. Her presence was like sunshine, and, as she moved about, the eyes of the sufferers followed her, as if they expected to see a saintly halo around her brow.

On one calm Sunday morning she passed on her way to the almshouse. In her hands she carried flowers for her patients. She entered the wards, and looked around her. Many a sufferer had sunk to rest during the night, and many another had been carried in to take their places.

She gazed on one of these; she gave a cry; then knelt at his side and spoke to him. It was Gabriel! Gabriel at last!

Gabriel was dying; but he knew her. His lips formed the name which he had not strength to utter. She laid his head upon her breast; she knew that the long, long waiting was over for ever; she felt that life had ebbed away; and then she bowed her head, and murmured, 'Father, I thank Thee!'

Side by side, in the midst of the city, are two unnoticed graves. They are resting in the place where others work. A fresh race moves along the streets; yet still, on the shores of the Atlantic, a few Acadians linger; and, as they gather round the winter fire, they repeat the story of Evangeline.

CLOVER.

THE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND UNDER HENRY II.

THE conquest of Ireland forms one of the most important events of the reign of Henry II. The country was at that period divided into the five kingdoms of Munster, Meath, Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught, and the kings of these provinces were constantly engaged in war with each other. In short, it is said that 'war was the passion and habit of the Irish.' England had up to this time taken but little interest in the affairs of Ireland, although there appears to have been at intervals some slight communication with its kings. Henry II. had at one time entertained thoughts of visiting Ireland, and the Pope Hadrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspeare) had not only given his consent, but had granted a bull in 1155 bestowing Ireland on him. It contained these words:—'There is no doubt, and your nobility acknowledges, that Ireland and all islands upon which Christ the Sun of Righteousness has shone, and which have received the teachings of the Christian Faith, rightfully belong to the Blessed Peter, and the most holy Roman Church.' Henry's aversion to war prevented his taking any steps just then to secure Ireland, but a few years later an opportunity presented itself for the conquest of that country. Dermot Mac Murrrough, King of Leinster, was so much hated for his tyranny that he was deposed by Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, who was at that time supreme monarch. Dermot made his way to Aquitaine, where Henry II. then was, to ask for help in recovering his kingdom. The English king gave him a letter under his sign manual to take to England, granting permission to any of his subjects to assist Dermot. The deposed King of Leinster set sail for Bristol and proclaimed the contents of Henry's letter. It was not long before he had succeeded in interesting Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke (known as Strongbow) in his cause, promising to reward him with the hand of his daughter Eva and the succession to his kingdom. Strongbow promised to go to Ireland the following spring. Dermot then proceeded to Wales, where he found two adventurers, Robert FitzStephen, constable of Abertwi, and Maurice FitzGerald, a Welsh chieftain, whom he engaged in his service.

Dermot returned to Ireland, and there concealed himself in the Monastery of Ferns until the time for action should come. Fitz-Stephens was the first to fulfil his engagement. He landed at the headland of Bag-and-Bon, in the estuary of the Bannow, in May, 1169, with a small but well-chosen force of thirty knights, sixty coats of mail, and 300 foot archers. The following day he was joined by Maurice de Prendergast, who was in command of a body of ten knights and several archers. These forces, being further increased by 500 Irish partisans (whom Dermot brought into the field), proceeded to Wexford. About 2,000 Irishmen came out against them, but they were so much terrified at the sight of the armed cavalry that they set fire to the suburbs and retired within the walls of the city. For two days the Welshmen remained outside; on the first day their disorderly assault was repulsed, but the second day the Irish surrendered the city. The invaders next marched against the King of Ossory, in Queen's county. The Irish protected themselves in their woods and marshes, but being enticed into a plain were soon routed by the English cavalry. This province was forced to submit, but the successes of the English

so much alarmed the Irish that the King of Connaught as 'supreme monarch,' convoked a general council of the native chieftains. Their unanimous decision was to rise in arms and expel the invaders.

FitzStephen entrenched himself near Ferns, on a rugged hill, surrounded with bog and water, and covered with a thick wood. Through the intervention of the clergy, however, a treaty was made, by which it was agreed that Dermot should be restored to his throne on condition of acknowledging Roderick O'Connor as supreme insular monarch, of dismissing his foreign troops, and of giving up his son and others as hostages. Maurice FitzGerald landed at Wexford (with ten knights, thirty gentleman, and 100 archers) at this juncture, and his arrival inspired FitzStephen with fresh courage. FitzStephen decided to proceed with the erection of a fort on the banks of the Slaney near Wexford, and but little persuasion was needed to induce Dermot to break through his treaty with Roderick. Dermot and the invaders once more combined forces, and reduced Dublin to submission by devastating the neighbouring district of Fingal. They sent to Strongbow to urge him to come as speedily as possible. He despatched Raymond le Gros with a force of ten knights and seventy archers. Raymond landed on a rock four miles below Wexford, strengthening his position with twigs and turf. Three thousand Irishmen came out of Waterford against him, but he defeated them after a desperate struggle, slew above 800, and precipitated many into the sea.

This victory can only be explained by the fact that it was a struggle of the rude natives, fighting with lances and hatchets, against armed men. Strongbow soon afterwards landed with 200 men and upwards of 1,000 archers, on August 23rd, 1170. He and Dermot captured Waterford, and then marched to Dublin, which they took by assault. Some historians declare that Roderick was so much enraged at the perfidious conduct of Dermot that he beheaded his son. However that may be, Dermot died shortly after, and Strongbow took possession of his domains; but the Irish chieftains looked upon Strongbow as an intruder, and blockaded him in Dublin. He, with but a small number of men, was thus opposed to the whole Irish army, and the only terms offered him were the immediate evacuation of the country. Mito de Cogan proposed a sally; Strongbow took his advice, and at the head of a select body of ninety knights attacked the Irish camp. So unexpected was the sally that the panic became general among the Irish, and they fled in all directions. The English then marched to Carrig Castle, to relieve FitzStephen. On the way thither they were attacked in the passes of Idrone by O'Ryan, the dynast of the territory, and it was only his death which decided the day in favour of the English.

All these events are thus briefly described in the native Irish chronicle, the *Annals of Lough Cé*.—'Earl Strongbow came into Erin with Dermot M'Murrough to avenge his expulsion by Roderick, son of Turlough O'Connor; and Dermot gave him his own daughter and part of his patrimony. And Saxon foreigners have been in Erin since then.'

These extraordinary successes of the English aroused the jealousy of Henry II., who forbade any more of his subjects to go to Ireland, and commanded those already there to return. Strongbow did the best thing he could do under the circumstances; he went himself to England, and surrendered all his newly-acquired possessions to the

king, to be held 'at his good pleasure.' He was restored to favour, and appointed seneschal of the conquered parts of Ireland, with the exception of Dublin and the other fortified cities, which the king himself retained. Henry II. determined to visit Ireland himself, taking the precaution to have Pope Hadrian's grant confirmed by Alexander III., so as to gain the support of the Irish clergy. He landed near Waterford on October 18th, 1172, with a train of 500 knights and many other soldiers. He proceeded at once to Dublin, where he was well received by a large number of the principal chieftains, who paid him homage, and were then entertained by him in a pavilion made of wickerwork, outside the walls of the city. The remaining kings willingly submitted. Henry held a great council at Limerick, by which the English laws were received. He went as far west as Cashel, where Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond, paid him homage. A famous synod of the clergy was held at Cashel, in which a resolution was passed to adopt the rules and discipline of the English Church. Henry's sovereignty was also acknowledged. Christian O'Conarchy, Bishop of Lismore (and Papal Legate), presided; and the Archbishops of Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam were present, as well as many abbots and other dignitaries. Henry spent Christmas at Dublin; he divided the districts acknowledging his authority among the principal of the invaders; and he returned to England early in the spring.

Many were the disputes which arose among the English nobles after his departure. This encouraged the natives to revolt, and Roderick made another attempt to regain his lost independence. He invaded Limerick, but without success, and becoming convinced of his inability to cope with the English, he made peace, on condition of doing homage and paying a stipulated tribute; in return for which he was to retain Connaught and all his other possessions, although no longer as an independent sovereign. On Strongbow's death William Fitz Adelm was appointed Viceroy; but his administration was so corrupt, and excited such general indignation, that he was forced to resign. Henry II. appointed his youngest son, John, 'Lord of Ireland.' John landed at Waterford in 1185, and the native princes hastened to pay homage to the king's son. He and his followers, however, treated the Irish princes so disdainfully that they left the court; their cause was espoused by all, and the alarm of war spread. John stayed in Ireland for eight months, and then returned to England, still retaining the title of *Dominus Hibernie*.

Roderick O'Connor, the last native sovereign of Ireland, died in extreme old age, at the monastery of Cong, in 1198, his latter years having been further embittered by the rebellious conduct of his sons.

NIGHTINGALE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Describe the interior of the sitting room of a gentleman's house in 1582, 1682, 1782, 1822, and 1882.

Give the history and derivation of the words—nice, dainty, silly, fastidious, and particular.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

June Subject.—*Rubiaceæ*. Twenty-eight exercises, that is to say, twelve defaulters—too many, surely, for the Midsummer bundle.

On the other hand, the exercises this month are, with very few exceptions, most praiseworthy, and, in several cases, highly interesting.

A very respectable average has now been reached by the society. Naturally the highest degree of excellence is attained by those members who have all along been conspicuous for regularity and intelligent industry; but the later additions to our numbers are coming on very hopefully.

As many are now getting beyond 'Johns,' which does not profess to be more than quite an elementary guide, Vertumnus considers that a more advanced Manual of Botany will soon be required. Personally, he inclines to 'Babington,' though the cost of that work is no doubt an objection. Perhaps, between this and the end of the year, members will kindly let Vertumnus know what they think on this subject.

Some members require to be again reminded that their exercises are due on the 15th of the month following that for which the subject is proposed. Thus, the August subject ought to reach Preston Vicarage on September 15. There is nothing gained by sending the packets before the time, and it is inconvenient if they arrive *much* after it.

VERTUMNUS.

Notices to Correspondents.

Edith.—We have not the poem by us, but the lines evidently refer to Prometheus. Damaris was the Athenian woman converted by St. Paul. See Acts xvii.

Enquirer.—Guipure is apparently formed from gimp or guimpe, which is the French form of wimpel.

M. R.—'Breast the Wave' is by Joseph Stammers, a barrister of the northern circuit, born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1801.

Maude.—

'Lord Jesus make Thyself to me'

is by Miss C. Elliot. It is to be found in *Specimen Glasses* by Miss Havergal.

E. S. C.—

'For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind,'

are in 'Come to Jesus,' page 289 of *Hymns*, by Frederick William Faber, published by Richardson.

E. S. C.—

'And I also have been in Arcadia,'

is a translation from a poem of Schiller's called *Resignation*.

F. H. S.

'I too in Arcadia.'

In Leslie and Taylor's *Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, vol. i., p. 323

there is :—‘On a tomb in this year’s (1769) picture of the two beautiful friends (Mrs. Fawkenor and Mrs. Crewe, by Sir Joshua) was written, “Et in Arcadia Ego.” “What can this mean?” said Dr. Johnson; “it seems very nonsensical, ‘I am in Arcadia.’” “The king could have told you,” replied the painter. “He saw it yesterday, and said at once, ‘Oh there is a tombstone in the background; ay, ay, death is even in Arcadia.’”’ The thought is borrowed from Guercino, where the gay frolickers stumble over a death’s head, with a scroll proceeding from his mouth inscribed ‘Et in Arcadia ego.’ Guercino is probably a mistake for Schidone, whose picture in the Schiarra palace in Rome, represents shepherds contemplating a skull with this motto. Schidone lived A.D. 1560—1615. I know no earlier instance of the phrase.

E. M.

R. F.—It was considered that the best stories being equal, and likewise by persons who had had the prize before, it was hardly possible to declare one.

A Canadian Girl.—The Cagots were a proscribed mysterious race living in the southern parts of France, Catholics, but kept separate from other persons, and by some supposed to be descended from the Arian Goths. They had been there from time immemorial, and the prejudice against them has hardly yet died away.

The Sister-in-Charge gratefully acknowledges the following anonymous donations since June 15th :—E. M. W., 10s.; E. B., 1l.; Anon, 5s.; Well-wisher, 2s.; M. E. E. D., 2s. 6d.; Anon, 10s.; M. F. F. L. B., 3s. 8d.; E. B., 10s.; E. M. H., 3s.; A Mother and Children, 6s. 3d.; A Mother and Children, 4s.; E. E., 5s.; A Friend, 2s.; Annie, 2s.; Anon, 5s.; M. A. C. G., 10s.; M., 1l.; A Lover of Children, 5s.; A Poor Governess, 1s.; H. M., 1s.

Charles Irons wishes to acknowledge the receipt of 8s. 6d. from Two Kathleens for S. Alphege Mission, Southwark, S.E.

Margaret Field would be much obliged to any reader of the *Monthly Packet* who could give her the origin and words of the song, ‘O, Richard! O, mon Roi,’ sung at that Versailles banquet which had so fatal a share in exciting the mob against Marie Antoinette.

E. M. asks where the following quotation comes from :—

‘As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro’ all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest.’

E. M. F. would be much obliged if any one could tell her where to find

‘Son and mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin;’

also—

‘Her fate and the broken lute’s were one—
The light, the vision, the gift of power
Passed from her soul in that mortal hour.’

This last is very like Mrs. Hemans’, but I have looked in her poetry in vain.

C. G. C. desires an answer to the following question :—Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Thoughts on Immortality*, says: ‘The epitaph on

Hadrian's horse has been preserved, while that of his master has perished.' What was that epitaph?

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* give me the idea where to find the legend of the Archangel; it is a very old legend.—*Nora*.

Q. L. L. would be very grateful to any one who would tell her the name of the King of England who was such a gourmet that he occasionally had a dish of nightingale's tongues at his entertainments?

Timothy will be glad if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* will solve this riddle; to be found in Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay*, vol. ii. p. 358:—'There was much laughing about Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and what we were to give her. I referred the ladies to Goldsmith's poems for what I should give; nobody but Hannah understood me; but some of them have since been thumbing Goldsmith to make out the riddle.' (*Note*.—The riddle is not difficult, and its solution is well worth the trouble of turning over the few dozen pages of Goldsmith's poems.)

The Monthly Packet.

OCTOBER, 1882.

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER X.

ENGAGED.

'I cannot say—the things are good :
Bread is it, if not angels' food ;
But Love ? Alas ! I cannot say.'

—A. H. CLOUGH.

ON Saturday evening Mrs. Landor and her son dined at the Place. Nobody else was there, except Sir Michael Harvey, James's brother, who had come down that afternoon. He was a bald, pale man in bad health, with straight features and an air of utter weariness. Miss Ethelston found it impossible to make him talk at dinner. He had done everything, seen everything, lived his life out in less than forty years, and found it and all its pleasures vanity. He had been in the army, and had then gone into Parliament, and had been at one time in office, helping to govern his country, but now, for anything one could see, he might as well be in the family mausoleum. If he believed in anything, it was in annihilation ; so much as that he let fall early in the evening. Tom Landor, who was sitting opposite him, with a flush on his face and an eager light in his dark eyes, half wished to rush into an argument, but Miss Ethelston looked at him, with a faint, sad smile, and made him understand that the exhausted politician had better be let alone. Tom thought the poor fellow was in a shocking state, but he gave in at once. After all, though his blood boiled at letting such things pass uncontradicted, Hetty Stewart was sitting on the other side of him, and his first and best duty seemed to be to her.

Margaret went on patiently trying to entertain Sir Michael, but she heard a good deal of the talk on her left hand, and she could not help

admiring her young rector. She knew nothing of his feelings, and he certainly had none of the dismalness of disappointment. His business was to amuse and interest Miss Stewart. He had seldom had an opportunity of doing it before, and he threw his whole heart into it now. They talked like two enthusiastic children about the south of France; they were wandering on the Mediterranean shore, while the other people were gravely eating their dinner at Alding Place. Herbert looked particularly grave. Mrs. Landor thought once more that he was the dullest young man she had ever met. He sat at his end of the table looking almost sulky, though not indifferent like Sir Michael. Still there was plenty of talk going on, for James and Gertrude never ceased, and Mrs. Landor did her full share.

In the midst of her talk with Tom, Hetty remembered that the Ethelstons disapproved of these French enjoyments, and looked up suddenly, not at Herbert, but at Margaret, meeting eyes so full of calm approval that she felt quite happy. No one could help seeing—except perhaps Sir Michael—that Hetty was looking wonderfully pretty that evening. She wore a rose that Herbert had brought in for her; she had a little more colour than usual; her eyes seemed more than ever to draw their thoughtful shady sweetness from a heart full of kindness and content, and were touched that evening, too, with a brightness that made them lovely. No one was more aware of all this than her neighbour, but it did not make him envious or rebellious. It had been necessary from the first to conquer himself in this matter, and the victory had been gained long ago. No one but his mother had ever suspected the struggle. Now he could sit by her, talking and smiling, and watching her answering smiles, his heart beating only a little faster than usual, a new eloquence coming to him as she listened, with a sort of wild exultation in her looking so happy and so beautiful. Poor Herbert need not have let his eyes wander gloomily that way. Tom knew very well that this prize was not for him.

When the ladies went back into the drawing-room, Gertrude sat down to the piano and began to play waltzes. Hetty, who did not feel much inclined to talk, put herself into a low chair not far off, folded her hands, and sat dreaming and listening. Music seemed to be the very thing she wanted, and Gertrude was playing as she only played now and then, softly and feelingly.

Mrs. Landor and Miss Ethelston went out of the window, and walked up and down in the glory of the sunset. The calm of that evening seemed to make all jars and discord impossible, and they talked together more agreeably than ever before. Bessie Landor in her girlish days had a friend who used to say that her 'gentle fits' were worth waiting for; in them she suddenly forgot her prejudices, and was a most amiable woman for an hour. One of them came to her that night at the Place, and surprised Margaret Ethelston,

who, however, having a better regulated mind, did not forget her prejudices.

'I love Saturday night,' said Mrs. Landor, as they stood at the western end of the terrace in the golden glow. 'Thirty-six hours of rest for so many poor creatures. Sunday is such a delicious day, even if one has to walk to Church in the rain.'

'Dust is the great drawback just now,' remarked Margaret. 'By the bye, I suppose you have to alter your breakfast-time on Sundays?'

'Yes; we have to give way to custom, and live like our fellow English. Here we might perhaps manage to breakfast after Church, but in London the service was so long, it was impossible. We can't even breakfast at ten here, because of the school and the distance. Tom likes to attend to everything himself. A parson's life is tiresome in some ways, but I can't wish that he had taken to any other profession. Except perhaps the army. I can fancy Tom leading a cavalry charge.'

Margaret smiled softly; she thought this very amusing.

'My brother had at one time a wish to go into the army,' she said.

'All boys have, who are worth anything. Why didn't he? He would have made a splendid guardsman.'

'We were very glad that he gave up the idea,' said Margaret.

'I always think there is a sort of fraternity between soldiers and clergymen,' said Mrs. Landor. 'They fight different enemies, that's all. And one knows that some of the best clergymen have begun life as soldiers.'

'Still it is surely better for a man to keep to his own profession,' said Margaret.

'One would think so. But people generally know what is best for themselves. I had an old friend once,' said Bessie, her voice and eyes softening, 'who left the army and took orders when I was a girl—Major Lyon. I wonder what kind of parson he has turned into.'

'You have never seen him since?'

'Never. We have quite lost sight of each other. He went out to some place in Australia, and I don't even know whether he ever came home. I have not heard of him for six and twenty years.'

'You will meet him again some day, when you least expect it,' said Margaret.

'Yes, I think I shall. That is the way one's life is generally arranged. Things come over again, don't they! It is a funny world. Do you remember all the doubts you had about Harry Dane?'

The sudden transition was almost too much for Margaret; she stared helplessly for a moment. Her manner stiffened suddenly as she answered Mrs. Landor's question.

'I have had no reason to change my opinion of Dane.'

'Oh yes, you have, I am glad to say, though you don't know it.'

Tom has got a wonderful influence over him. They are the greatest friends. Harry comes several evenings in the week to be talked and read to. I think you will see him at Church before long, and then you will believe that he is a reformed character.'

'I hope Mr. Landor is not deceived in him,' said Margaret, still with coldness. 'We know the Danes too well. It is difficult for us to believe in one of them turning out well. And in fact, there has been poaching going on during the last week or two, and the keeper mentioned Dane to my brother as one of the men that he suspected. You are not inclined to believe me, Mrs. Landor,' she went on in a more friendly tone. 'You have not lived much in the country, and of course you kindly wish to think well of the people. But we know only too well that this poaching is an incurable disease. We learned from our father that nothing but severity could be of any use. Kindness is wasted on such people. By making friends with them, as you say, you only add to their boldness and conceit. I am very sorry, for I know Mr. Landor means well.'

'Yes. He does not believe in incurable diseases of that kind,' said Mrs. Landor.

Just then Tom appeared on the terrace, with the two Harveys. Herbert had stayed where his attraction was, in the drawing-room. Tom came up to his mother with the *exalté* look that she knew well and feared a little; it was so often followed by depression. Bessie fixed her eyes on her boy's bright face, for she saw he had something to tell her.

'Sir Michael Harvey wants to talk to you, mother. He remembers my father, at Portsmouth, you know.'

She turned round and looked at Sir Michael suddenly, a little pale. There was something defiant and incredulous in her eyes, for she had thought to herself at dinner that the man looked odious. But he did not seem quite so bad now. He was more awake, and he returned her glance with a certain polite interest, if not something more.

'You knew my husband?' she said.

'Yes. I remember you. I knew your face when you came in, but I didn't catch your name. Your son has been knocking things into my head ever since you left the dining-room, and at last we found out the old acquaintance.'

'What has he been doing?' said Mrs. Landor, half absently.

She was trying in vain to find a place for him among her own or Captain Landor's old associates. Soon after her husband's death the regiment had been ordered abroad, and in her quiet life of educating Tom she had lost sight of many familiar names. Besides, a majority of the officers and their wives had never been very friendly to her.

'Trying to upset all my beliefs,' said Sir Michael lazily. 'You don't remember me, Mrs. Landor. Harvey joined two years or so before, you left us. I wasn't in poor Landor's company, but I liked him

better than any man in the regiment, and after he was gone I got out of it as soon as I could—they were such a puritanical set of fellows. The colonel—by Jove! he did credit to all your theories’—turning to Tom with a feeble smile.

‘I won’t begin again now,’ said Tom, answering it with a bright one.

‘No, don’t. Well, Mrs. Landor, you remember me now, don’t you?’

‘Oh, I remember young Harvey—a pretty boy who was fond of his mother. But I don’t remember *you*. Why, it is not much more than twenty years ago. You can’t be the same.’

‘I am though, unfortunately—you are awfully unflattering—but I like my old mother still. Don’t I, Jim? Time flies, to be sure. But I have lived a good deal in these twenty years, and when a fellow’s health gives way, you ought not to be hard upon him.’

‘Certainly not,’ said Mrs. Landor. ‘Are you ill? I am very sorry.’

‘You don’t look a day older,’ said Sir Michael. ‘Can’t believe that fellow is your son. That I should live to be pulled over the coals by your son—it’s absurd! Well, yes, the doctors say I can’t live. I am going to Egypt, but it’s a horrid bore, and I would rather stay and die at home.’

‘Why does your brother talk like this, Mr. Harvey?’ said Mrs. Landor, turning rather fiercely on James.

‘It is a way he has,’ answered James. ‘I believe that if he pleased he could live as long as any of us.’

‘Don’t humbug,’ said Sir Michael. ‘It’s horribly cold out here. Come indoors, Mrs. Landor, won’t you? Let us sit in a corner, and talk about Portsmouth. You seem to bring it all back, somehow.’

Mrs. Landor was quite ready to do as he wished. Any one who was sad, or ill, or who appealed to her, had a key to her heart, but most of all any one who came to her from those happy days of her youth, so soon over and gone. James Harvey gazed after them, as they walked away, in silent surprise, and then went up to Margaret Ethelston and Tom, who were talking a little way off. ‘Is it my brother? or am I dreaming?’ he said, with a half smile to Margaret.

‘I am very glad your brother has found somebody to entertain him,’ she answered.

Herbert, sitting by Hetty in the drawing-room, and talking to her in low tones under cover of the music, looked up and wondered what that old stick Harvey had found to say to Mrs. Landor. He had never seen him talking so much before, and generally regarded him as a useless log who would never do any good, and was only keeping James out of the property. Herbert did not mean to make such a mess of his life as poor Sir Michael had done. On the contrary, it was to be a perfect success, satisfactory to himself and every one connected with him.

Presently Gertrude stopped playing and went out on the terrace. The two groups left in the drawing-room carried on their two conver-

sations in subdued voices. Herbert and Hetty at last settled to finish theirs by moonlight in the wilderness when all these people were gone. Sir Michael and Mrs. Landor did not take that line, but they were much interested in each other, and were fast becoming very good friends. Sir Michael said a great many things that his companion contradicted flatly; her views of life were naturally not the same as his. He took her contradictions with perfect good humour, remarking that people were born to think differently—which she contradicted—and finally delighted her by praising Tom. He was glad, he said, to see any one so utterly unlike himself. He was a man who had done no good in his life, and was approaching its end with indifference, yet he touched her strangely, and she listened to him with as much sympathy as she would have felt for the young ensign of twenty years ago. She was angry with him for his weary hopelessness, and she told him so. Probably it was long since Sir Michael Harvey had found himself so interesting, and all this was owing to the tiresome, enthusiastic young man who had attacked him on his want of belief in immortality. Altogether it was fresh and pleasant; something had turned up in the life that seemed so thoroughly worn to shreds. The other people were coming back into the room, and Sir Michael raised himself slowly from his chair.

‘There’s a great deal more to say,’ he remarked, ‘but one can’t talk in a crowd. Do you live far from here?’

‘Only at the Rectory. A mile and a half away.’

‘Well, may I come to see you to-morrow? You’re not in Church all day, I suppose, if your son is.’

‘I am in Church whenever he is,’ said Mrs. Landor, ‘that is, in the morning and the evening. But if you like to come and see me in the afternoon, Sir Michael, I shall be very glad.’

‘Thank you. I will if I can. Does your son preach well?’

‘I think so. I don’t know whether you would.’

‘Ah, mothers are very bad critics. Mine thinks me a decent fellow, so you see’—shrugging his shoulders. ‘I have not been to Church for years, but I should rather like to hear him too. He means what he says, and they don’t generally, you know.’

‘There you are quite wrong,’ said Bessie, with indignation.

‘Am I? Well, you ought to know more about them than I do.’

After this Sir Michael, who seemed to be quite roused out of himself, lounged across the room to Miss Ethelston, and explained to her what old friends he and Mrs. Landor were. Margaret said how glad she was that they had happened to meet.

‘I am uncommonly glad,’ said Sir Michael. ‘She is tremendously handsome, always was. And she doesn’t look more than eight or nine and twenty now. A great piece of luck for you to have her as a neighbour.’

Margaret made no more answer to this than was absolutely necessary.

Sir Michael strolled away, confirmed in his doctrine that all women were furiously jealous of each other, and wondering whether Miss Ethelston thought herself either handsomer or younger-looking than Mrs. Landor.

He went to Herbert and remarked to him that Mrs. Landor had a beautiful voice, a hint which Herbert took, and asked her to sing to them. She sang one or two old songs that one never hears nowadays, and which even Tom was surprised at her singing, but he understood that the talk with Sir Michael had taken twenty years out of her life for that evening. Sir Michael himself, who was generally much bored by singing, listened attentively from the distant solitary corner where he had placed himself. The only person near the piano, for Mrs. Landor had no leaves to be turned over, was Hetty Stewart in her low chair, sitting where the singer could just see her face. Her eyes often rested on it, full as it was of some happy dream or other. She could not help loving things that were young and pretty, though they might disappoint her, and she did not dislike the consciousness that her old songs, sung without thought or effort in that deep, sweet voice of hers, were mingling pleasantly with a girl's young fancies, though those might be weaving themselves about any one so uninteresting as Herbert Ethelston.

'After all, he is a good solid fellow,' said Bessie to herself in these softened moments. 'He and those sisters of his will make a great deal of her, and she won't know that there is anything better in the world.'

The song was done, but she went on playing a half improvised accompaniment, and looked at Hetty till Hetty looked at her. Then she bent forward, smiling, and playing all the time.

'It is a wonderful thing to be young, isn't it?' she said.

She looked so kind that Hetty got up and came forward, standing close by the piano. She saw plainly, with a sort of happy and puzzled wonder, that Mrs. Landor knew all about it, and she was half afraid that somebody else might hear.

'I am very fond of girls,' said Mrs. Landor. 'I always wanted a little girl of my own, instead of a troublesome boy. I should have liked her to have a face like yours, always telling tales. I wish you were my child, and my Tom's sister.'

Hetty gazed at her and smiled. She had been thinking of a different relationship; it was odd that in one evening her lonely self should be offered a mother, a brother, and that as well. There was something shining on Mrs. Landor's thick black eyelashes. Hetty thought it was altogether very wonderful.

'You would not have found me a bad mother,' said Mrs. Landor, with a slight laugh.

'I am sure I should not,' said Hetty, earnestly. 'Thank you; you are very, very good.'

What can it have been, what presentiment entirely apart from the workings of her own clear and simple mind, that made her add in a lower tone—

‘Perhaps some day I may remind you of what you have been saying.’

‘No danger of that; you will never want me,’ said Mrs. Landor. ‘But all the same, dear, I meant it, and I don’t often change my mind.’

There was a group of old cedars in the garden at Alding, near the end of the great terrace, where people who wanted to talk to each other undisturbed were generally wise enough to take refuge. It was lonely in the daytime, on the soft floor and under the thick, green roof, but at night it was too solemn and ghostly, when a stealing gleam of moonlight could hardly make its way in through the heavy branches. The path through the wilderness, its smooth grass banks and overhanging trees, here and there a rosebush scenting the air, was the pleasantest place at night for those who wished to wander away from their fellow-creatures.

Everything looked beautiful beyond words that night, spiritualised in the pale glory of the moon. Hetty thought so, when after Mrs. Landor and her son were gone Herbert beckoned her out of the window. They lingered a minute or two on the terrace, and then he proposed that they should go a little further. He was carried out of himself that night by the seldom-waked enthusiasm that lies hidden somewhere in everybody’s nature. That night his character touched its highest point: he forgot all his own attractions, and was only afraid that this dear, beautiful girl did not care enough for him; that he had not been enough devoted to her; that she did not know how he really admired her more than all the rest of the world.

‘I’ve made you understand, haven’t I?’ he said to her. ‘You know what I mean, and now you’ll tell me what you think about it, won’t you? Don’t you see,’ he went on, as Hetty was silent, ‘they have always wanted me to marry, but I never cared a rush for any one till I met you last autumn. And I’ve cared for you ever since, don’t you know! You *do* know, I’m sure you must. You are too good and straightforward to pretend that you don’t.’

It was an honest voice, and it trembled a little, with more feeling than Herbert had ever shown before. Hetty certainly had no reason to doubt that he meant every word he said. It was strange to hear him pleading like this, the man that she looked up to and admired so heartily. She could not at that moment have given him any answer but one, feeling herself a silly girl with a want of proper pride, almost in the same position as King Cophetua’s beggarmaid.

‘You’ll say yes, dear Hetty, won’t you?’ Herbert whispered. ‘You do love me a little, I think. You shall never regret it, I promise you.’

It was drawing near midnight when Miss Ethelston, having wished

her guests good-night, and waited anxiously in the drawing-room for some time, went out on the terrace to see if there were any signs of those two returning. She had not been there a minute when they came up together out of the shadowy garden, and Margaret saw at once that it was all settled.

Hetty came a step or two forward, looking eagerly in her face. Margaret was pale with agitation; she took the girl in her arms and kissed her most affectionately. Then Hetty hurried on into the house, and Margaret went to her brother, took both his hands, and kissed him too.

'I am very, very glad,' she said. 'I feel quite certain you will never regret it. I love and admire her with all my heart. You may believe that, as I think her almost good enough for you.'

'All right,' said Herbert. 'We have kept you up rather late, but it was so jolly down in the wilderness. Look here; we have agreed not to say anything just yet, except to Gertrude. She can tell her aunt when she goes home, but it is such a stupid bore to have these things proclaimed directly all over the place. No occasion to tell either of the Harveys. They are going back to town on Monday, and James is one of the worst gossips I know. I hope you will make Gertrude understand all that.'

'Certainly. I will do exactly as you wish about it,' said his sister.

CHAPTER XI.

SUNDAY MORNING.

'Ah, cool and quiet places where men pray!'

—*Spectator*, June, 1880.

THE great red-lined pew in Alding Church was well filled that Sunday morning. The three Ethelstons were there—Hetty Stewart, who found herself in a new and happy chapter of her fairy-tale, as she sat between Herbert and Margaret in the quaint little old building—Sir Michael Harvey, who had astonished them all by joining them at the last moment—James, looking rather grave, after a long talk with his brother the night before. The Church was well filled with poor people, one or two of the old men in smock frocks, quite ancient and wonderful pieces of handiwork to modern eyes. 'That part of England is still very primitive in some ways.

On one of the benches just outside the great pew was a good-looking man in black clothes, with thick, curly, auburn hair and quick, red-brown eyes. Hetty might not have noticed him, but she became aware that he was standing sideways during the Psalms, and staring at Herbert in an angry, defiant sort of way. Herbert looked over his head with an air of stately indifference, and appeared to see nothing. At last the man glanced a little further and caught Hetty's eyes,

perhaps with some anxiety in them ; and then to her relief he took his eyes away, and bestowed his attention somewhere else during the rest of the service.

This was the only thing that happened to disturb Hetty's peace of mind ; everything else was tranquillising—the rector's musical voice ; his mother's clear, strong notes that led the little choir ; the hot, deep blue sky that looked in through the old round-arched windows ; the green tangle of branches and leaves that gave the ugly east window its background of delicate colour. From her place Hetty could see out into the churchyard through a door that stood open on Sundays in summer. She could see a green grave with some little yellow flowers growing on it, and a bird that came and sat on the mossy old stone at its head. When the people in the Church began to sing, the bird sang too, finishing off with a few clear notes after they had done. Then it would sometimes fly away for a few minutes, but it always came back to its place, ready for the music when it began again. Beyond the grave there was a small space of green churchyard, and then the palings with the limes shading them. Now and then a soft wind breathing from the south would pass over the limes, and carry the faintest recollection of their scent in at the open church door.

Two little village children had died in the past week, and Tom referred to them in his sermon, which was on immortality. The sermon was short and in the plainest words. Tom knew very well that the more high-flown a sermon was, the better village people often liked it, and he now suspected, from all he had heard, that this had been the secret of Mr. Vernon's 'beautiful preaching.' But Tom's aim was to be understood, and not to be called a 'beautiful preacher,' and certainly at present he seemed to be successful. For all those worn, stolid faces were turned towards him, and the dullest mind amongst them could hardly miss the meaning of a word. And yet it was a sermon that could not have been imagined by any but an educated, poetical, and refined mind. Herbert and Gertrude were the only two people in the Church who yawned, and he, at least, looked a little ashamed of himself. Sir Michael Harvey smiled and gnawed his moustache when he heard the text, but listened gravely afterwards, with his eyes fixed on the young preacher, and whispered to Margaret before they went out of Church—

'Our friend is something of a speaker.'

One or two more opinions were given as they walked home across the park. Margaret said she thought it a good sermon ; Mr. Landor had a very pleasing voice. Herbert looked at Hetty and confessed that he was not listening. Gertrude said she wished Mr. Landor would not preach like a Sunday-school primer. Sir Michael Harvey remarked that with such a congregation the good taste and sense of preaching simply had specially struck him.

'The fellow has a good deal of power in reserve,' he said.

James walked by Gertrude and did not offer an opinion.

'Who was that man in the black coat, that turned round and stared in the Psalms?' Hetty asked Herbert presently.

He looked at her and smiled: their new relationship had made her shy of speaking to him before all the others.

'Did he stare at *you*, insolent rascal?' he said. 'If I had known that, I would have taken some notice of him.'

'No, no; not at all. It was you he stared at, and I couldn't help wondering why.'

'I'll tell you why. Because he and his chums have been robbing me for years, and I have never yet been able to bring it home to them. Didn't you know him, really? That is the fellow that Landor has chosen to take up and make a pet of. He looks gentle and promising, doesn't he? A nice sort of character to be coming about your house at all hours.'

'But, Herbert,' said Margaret, 'we have often met Harry Dane on the road, and he has never looked so fierce and disagreeable as he did to-day.'

'He was in Church, don't you see, where all men are equal,' said Herbert.

'There is some other explanation, I am sure,' said Margaret, anxiously. 'Is it anything you can't tell us?'

The Harveys and Gertrude were now walking a little in advance, and Herbert was to all purposes alone with the two people who had a right to his confidence.

'Margaret always gets nervous,' he said to Hetty, 'when she thinks there are likely to be any poaching troubles. I suppose you are not up in that subject. Don't let her frighten you.'

'I never attempt to frighten any one,' said Margaret. 'Henrietta will soon learn for herself what one's anxieties must be. Of course—if you insist upon it—I must ask no more questions.'

Herbert laughed.

'It is nothing terrible, after all,' he said. 'I was up late last night. I often stroll round the place in the small hours with Slater—my old keeper, you know—to Hetty. He fetches me out sometimes, when he thinks that any light-fingered gentry are abroad, and that is rather often the case on Saturday night. Do you know, one Sunday morning at two o'clock, Slater and I came on a cart full of rabbits waiting at the corner of the long cover—that spinney that runs down by the road. There was a boy on the watch, who ran off when he saw us, and of course gave warning to his elders. It was rather dark, and they and their ferrets got clear off. That was a thorough piece of impudence—so near the house. Old Slater was in a fearful rage.'

'But you were telling us about last night?' suggested Margaret.

'Yes—well—last night Slater declared that he had heard a shot in the little wood over there, and he proposed that I should go one way,

and he the other, and see if we could find anybody. I was walking down across that corner of the park, just where the people made that footpath we stopped up last year. It was moonlight, and as clear as day. I saw that fellow Dane coming to meet me through the trees, walking in that very path, as if he had just as much right there as myself. He had a stick in his hand, and most likely a ferret in his pocket. He touched his cap and wished me good-morning or something as he came up to me, and was going on, but I stopped him, and asked him what he was doing on my ground at that time of night. He told me his daughter was worse, and he was going to fetch the doctor—a lie, of course. I asked him again what brought him on my ground. He said it was the short cut to Dr. Jones's; it saved two miles or more. I told him that was no excuse for trespassing; he knew very well that the path had been closed, and that he had no more right to make a road through my park than through my house. I asked him if his daughter was dying. He said he hoped not, but he didn't know. He said he was not in the habit of going through the park now, but in a matter of life and death he supposed he might go through the Queen's ground. I told him he was mistaken, and I added that if he was a fellow who bore a good character I might have spoken to him differently, but that my keeper did not consider him fit to be trusted on the land, and therefore he must go back by the way that he came.'

'Oh, poor man! Mrs. Landor says he is so fond of his daughter,' exclaimed Hetty. 'But she can't have died, as he was at Church this morning.'

She was half frightened at having let herself speak out like this, but Margaret seconded her instantly.

'Wasn't it rather hard, Herbert? But of course you know best.'

'Don't you see,' said Herbert, 'it does not do to be pitying everybody all round, and making exceptions in favour of this case and that case. You *must* show these fellows what you mean. Then they know what to expect, and how far they may go. I have been too easy with them all this time, instead of too hard. Well, I had not much trouble with Dane. He turned round and ran back by the way he had come, without wasting any more words. I was soon rid of him. But you saw how he looked at me in Church this morning. And I suppose you would have believed his doctor-fetching story last night, wouldn't you, both you soft-hearted women?'

'Did you disbelieve it?' said Margaret.

'Certainly I did. I knew very well that it was invented on the spur of the moment. He was going to join some friend and have a little private sport in the wood. I was the last man he expected to meet down there at half-past one in the morning. I think I let him off very easy, for I did not even hint that he was telling lies. But I never caught Mr. Dane so nearly in the fact before.'

There was a short silence. Then Hetty looked up at her lover, and asked him—

‘But why shouldn’t he have been going to fetch the doctor?’

‘Because he wasn’t,’ said Herbert, smiling.

That seemed to be quite explanation enough for a girl, even though she was going to be his wife, and to be interested in his people all her life long. She could not learn too soon that interference in men’s affairs, or even curiosity about them, was quite out of her province.

‘Don’t you see, Henrietta,’ said Margaret, ‘one must judge people’s present by their past. We have known this man all his life, and we know his character. No doubt Herbert is quite right.’

Hetty coloured a little; she was distressed at having hinted that Herbert could be wrong. Of course he must be right: how could his strong mind and cool judgment be mistaken? And yet in her heart she was not quite satisfied.

‘Can’t we find anything more interesting to talk about?’ said Herbert. ‘I don’t like you to give one thought to a fellow like that, Hetty. The Landors have been foolish enough to take him up, but they will drop him as soon as they find him out. It is no use telling them; people never believe anything but their own experience. By the bye, Margaret, did it strike you last night that Michael Harvey was smitten with Mrs. Lander?’

Margaret quite started with consternation. She and Hetty both exclaimed.

‘I know James thought so, though he has not told me in so many words,’ said Herbert. ‘And don’t you notice how down in the mouth he is this morning? It would spoil his prospects. He couldn’t live on his expectations any longer.’

‘Surely Sir Michael could not be so foolish!’ said Margaret. ‘He seemed interested last night, certainly—but it was only the old acquaintance. I hope you are mistaken. It really would be almost ludicrous—and he in such miserable health too.’

‘They were very confidential last night in the drawing-room—didn’t you notice them, Hetty?’ said Herbert.

‘I saw them talking a great deal,’ said Hetty. ‘But of course Mrs. Lander never would. So I don’t think Mr. Harvey need be frightened.’

‘You don’t think Mrs. Lander would—why?’ said Herbert.

‘Because—a man like that—she couldn’t like him,’ said Hetty.

‘She ought not to like him,’ said Margaret. ‘But, dear Hetty, I wish human nature was as good as you think it. For wealth and position people often overlook a great deal—present and past both.’

‘I know some people do,’ answered Hetty. ‘But Mrs. Lander is not that sort of person.’

‘We know so little of Mrs. Lander, that it is really impossible to judge,’ said Margaret, after a moment’s pause.

'Anyhow, Michael Harvey is going to see her this afternoon,' said Herbert.

Hetty confessed to herself, when they reached the house, that she did not feel quite so radiantly happy as it was her duty to be. It was entirely her own fault, she thought: how could she expect to find herself agreeing in everything with these people, who, after all, knew much more of the world than she did, and who at any rate loved her most heartily, and could not be angry with her for differing with them in a few little things. No doubt they would have to make great allowances for her all her life long. Nobody had ever taken the trouble to teach her how to think; it was only a wonder that on the whole Margaret found her satisfactory. It was a grand thing to belong to people with such a high standard, and such a complete knowledge of the world and of human nature. Then Hetty caught herself wishing that she could go home that afternoon—Eastmarsh still was more home than anywhere else—and tell Aunt Eva all about it, and be kissed, and joked, and congratulated, and make all sorts of brilliant plans with Conny, who would talk so much nonsense on the occasion. Hetty felt as if she would rather like to hear and talk some nonsense, and to scream, and run up stairs, and lounge in an arm-chair. Conny, who always did whatever she felt inclined to do, had often laughed at Hetty for her proper ways. Now, just as Hetty was saying good-bye to the old ill-regulated life for ever, she felt its attractions very strongly.

But what was she thinking about! Had not she accepted the new life with joy and confidence? and had she ever been so perfectly happy as last night with Herbert in the moonshiny garden? Ah! it was all right. Herbert was everything that was noble, and good, and wise, and so was Margaret; only her mind was too silly and ignorant quite to understand them. And by and by, when she was mistress of Alding, and she and Herbert lived with the one idea of making each other happy, how could there be any clouds? how could she help being the happiest woman in the world? One thing she resolved—always to tell Herbert everything, and not even to let Margaret come between them—but of course Margaret never would or could do that. On the whole Hetty reasoned herself out of her little misgivings, and went down stairs to luncheon quite calm and happy.

In the long, still afternoon everybody disappeared except Herbert, and she spent most of it with him under the cedars. Gertrude and Margaret took themselves considerably out of the way. James walked off by himself somewhere, and the pony-carriage took Sir Michael to pay his visit at the Rectory.

CHAPTER XII.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

'Et continuant de parler d'elle, c'est, ajoutait-il, comme une nuance de raison et d'agrément qui occupe les yeux et le cœur de ceux qui lui parlent; on ne sait si on l'aime ou si on l'admire: il y a en elle de quoi faire une parfaite amie, il y a aussi de quoi vous mener plus loin que l'amitié.'—*La Bruyère*.

Mrs. LANDOR was not in the house when her visitor arrived. The maid took him up the low, broad staircase, with its twisting three-cornered old steps, across the landing full of flowers, into the drawing-room, which was dark and cool, with green blinds pulled down over two of the windows. The third was wide open, and a cluster of yellow roses was looking in at it. The room was simply furnished and rather foreign-looking, with a polished floor. Some of the Vallauris treasures stood about in it: there was a large pot-pourri vase in a corner, a work-table near a light little sofa, and an oak table with a few magazines and library books. On the walls, which were brownish-green, a few photographs were hung, and one pretty portrait in coloured chalks of Mrs. Landor soon after her marriage. Sir Michael Harvey's eyes, which had glanced indifferently round the room, fell on this; he walked across and stood before it for some minutes, leaning on the back of a chair. Then he lounged to the window and looked at the view towards Eastmarsh, over cornfields glowing with poppies, and stared up the garden past the lily-bed, and wondered which way she was gone. He put out his thin white hand among the roses, but even they felt hot, and he drew it back again and sighed. He looked at his watch, and began to consider whether he should be angry with her for keeping him waiting. But just then she and her son appeared together at the far end of the lawn, among the oak trees.

She had not expected him so early, and she and Tom had wandered off for the usual Sunday stroll in their own meadow, where the Alderney cows were feeding, and where many mushrooms grew. There was plenty of shade in the meadow, which might account for their both being bareheaded, and for her making no use of the parasol she was swinging in her hand.

'The woman must be mad,' soliloquised Sir Michael, 'to expose herself to the sun in that barbarous way. And she has a very pretty complexion to lose too.'

He watched them for a minute or two, drawing back a little from the window, heard them talking, and heard her laugh merrily at something Tom said. Tom interested him, to do him justice, not entirely for his mother's sake, but at this moment, feeling rather weary and ill-used, he thought Tom a bore, and hoped she would have the sense to leave her tall boy down stairs.

'What business has she to have a son like that?—it's preposterous!' he said to himself.

They might have guessed his feelings, for Tom stayed down stairs, and Mrs. Landor came up alone to receive her old acquaintance. She thought he looked terribly ill, poor fellow, worse even than yesterday, and her heart warmed towards him at once.

'Now, if I am a bore, you must send me away,' said Sir Michael. 'But if you *had* half an hour to waste on a useless thing like me——'

'I am very glad to see you,' said Mrs. Landor; 'but you must sit in a comfortable chair, and not call yourself names.'

'You were out somewhere under the trees,' he said, settling himself in the largest arm-chair. 'I suppose there is not a breath of air to be met with?'

'No. I believe it is cooler in the house; but I like my son to be out of doors as much as he can on Sunday. It is always a trying day for him, though we both call it our holiday.'

'I don't understand that,' said Sir Michael, lazily.

'I dare say not. George Herbert is a favourite poet of Tom's, and he is not much in your line.'

'No. Somebody quoted him once, and I remember looking through him out of curiosity, in those early days when I was curious. Curiosity is a fine thing.'

'I suppose you know everything now?' said Mrs. Landor, gravely. 'There is nothing left for you to find out.'

Sir Michael paused a moment before he answered her. 'You do me injustice,' he said, with a tired smile. 'I am not quite such an ass as that.'

'I don't think you are an ass at all,' said Bessie, in her frank way. 'But it does provoke me, I must confess, to hear a man in the prime of life talk as you do.'

'The prime of life! I tell you I am dying.'

She looked at him and remembered the smart young ensign, with his bright complexion and curly hair, fresh from school, full of fun and mischief, and one of her many slaves and companions in the old army days. She had always been like a sister to the young officers; they had come to her with all their scrapes—debts, love-affairs, whatever they might be; she had advised and helped and scolded, as it seemed necessary. Harvey had only joined within the last two years, but she had listened to his confidences more than once, and his liking for her had been as sincere as that of any of them.

It was strange enough to see him again now, sitting in her drawing-room in this quiet country parsonage, and to think that while with herself life had only gone on deepening, and gaining in interest and nobleness, he in these twenty years had managed to exhaust himself physically and mentally. His sleepy eyes, his bare forehead, with its thin fringe of hair; his pale, cadaverous complexion, which almost

matched the dust-coloured overcoat he wore; his listless figure and helpless drooping hands, the tired sound in his voice, the cough now and then that disturbed his unexpressive features with a look of pain—to Bessie all this was one of the saddest things she had ever met with. Perhaps Sir Michael, who was not so unobservant as he looked, was aware of the softness in her eyes, and the kind sorrowful feeling which brought a little more colour into her face.

‘You don’t believe I’m dying?’ he said. ‘Nobody does except the doctor and myself, but we know, you see.’

‘I hope you are not; I don’t see why you should be,’ said Mrs. Landor.

‘Well, there’s Egypt, to be sure,’ he said; ‘but I don’t believe in it myself, and without faith of course it will do no good.’

‘Try and think that you believe in it—that may do as well.’

He shook his head. ‘There is a great deal I want to say to you that I left unsaid last night. You are so good as not to mind me, and—you don’t know, Mrs. Landor, really, what a pleasant thing it is to meet you again. Do you remember how all the boys in the regiment used to tell you their troubles? I recollect so well, it makes one want to tell you one’s troubles now.’

She looked at him gravely. ‘I *should* like to know how these twenty years have made you out of the Mr. Harvey I remember,’ she said.

He did not want much more encouragement. No man would have been more shy of talking about himself to a woman of the world, such as most of his acquaintance were. And yet there was something confiding in his nature, something of youthfulness remaining. He had kept his love for his mother, to whom he was such a sad trouble, and now that he had met an old friend, a sympathising, warm-hearted woman, whose blue eyes shone upon him kindly and pityingly, the temptation to make her pity him still more was irresistible.

He told her a long and dismal story—first about his engagement to a girl at Portsmouth, who had treated him abominably, and jilted him for a richer man; then going on to a sketch of his life since, which gave Mrs. Landor more of the feeling of a confessor than she quite cared to have. But she listened patiently, only half wishing that Tom, who had hoped the visitor would not stay long, might come in and interrupt him. But Tom did not come, and she heard the story to the end. Darkness and failure, a cold heart and a dead soul, an utter weariness of everything, and of life itself more than all—this was the impression that Sir Michael did his best to give her.

‘There, now, what do you think of me?’ he said at last; and he lay back in his chair almost gasping for breath. He had become quite animated as he talked; he was flushed, his eyes were alight, and he looked almost young again. ‘I have a right to be tired of it all, haven’t I?’

'I can't enter into that, you know,' said Bessie; 'I can't allow that any one has such a right. As to you, I'll just say that you are mistaken. You are not tired of life, or of duty, or of amusement. It is only that you are ill. You will laugh at yourself, when you come back from Egypt in the spring, to think how you grumbled to me to-day.'

Rather to her surprise, Sir Michael did not contradict her. He did not answer at all for a minute or two, but sat staring at the wall beyond her—the wall, she afterwards realised, where her picture hung.

'Well, you see,' he said slowly, 'in the last twenty-four hours I have been plunged suddenly into fresh air. Your life, yourself, your son'—he began to smile as he went on—'the whole thing seems like going back to one's boyhood, when the grass was green and the roses were red, and one believed in the truth and goodness of human nature.'

'You never really disbelieved in all that?'

'I did, and I do. Perhaps, at this moment—but it will all come back when I have done talking to you. Your way of looking at things is infectious, I dare say—but what's the use? you are not everywhere.'

'Poor fellow, he is very odd,' thought Mrs. Landor.

She got up and rang the bell. Sir Michael watched her with a face of dismay.

'Are you tired of me?' he said.

'Not at all,' she answered, smiling. 'I rang for some coffee. I hope you won't go yet.'

Presently he said, still looking at her, 'I wonder if I might tell you something without offending you.'

She looked at him steadily and rather gravely. 'If you feel doubtful yourself, you had better not risk it,' she said.

'Well, I may never see you again, and I should like you to know it. You won't be offended—you will only laugh; it is a confession of twenty years ago. In those old days you know how we all worshipped you. As for myself, I was determined never to marry till I found a woman like you. And you see I never did.'

It was a silly little confession, certainly; but Bessie was aware that the faint flush had come back into his face, and that his hands were trembling. She was rather horrified, more by his manner than his words, but she felt that a laugh from her would be his best tonic, and she did laugh, the more easily that the thing had a comic side.

'Very juvenile,' she said. 'I have a right to be offended, though, for by your own account you were inconstant enough.'

'Ah, but *l'on revient toujours*—don't you know!'

Bessie rang the bell, more sharply than before; this sentimentalism was beginning to be a bore to her. Her maid brought in the coffee almost instantly, and the next minute she was relieved by

hearing Tom's step on the stairs. He met her eyes as he came in, and the look of welcome was not lost upon him.

Sir Michael took his coffee almost in silence; to be interrupted in his confidences was evidently a grievance. But Tom talked to him, and he was obliged to rouse himself and answer, though at first very indifferently. Tom's lively, gentle manner soon made its way, however. Sir Michael recovered himself; Mrs. Landor joined in their talk naturally and easily, and another half-hour slipped by before the visitor thought of going. When at last he got up, he asked her when he might come and see her again.

'I thought you were going away to-morrow!' said Bessie.

'So I am—from Alding, but not from England. You don't live fifty miles from town. May I not have the pleasure of coming again before I start for Egypt?'

'My son and I will be glad to see you at any time,' she said, with a little stiffness in her manner. 'I am afraid, though, you will find it rather too far to run down conveniently.'

She would not give anything more of an invitation, and Tom always left that sort of thing to her. So Sir Michael was obliged to go away with this permission to come again if he chose.

When he was gone—having stayed more than two hours—Tom ran up stairs again to his mother, and found her sitting on the sofa fanning herself, and looking unusually grave and thoughtful. Tom threw himself into an armchair opposite.

'What an odd chap that is!' he remarked. 'I like him though, don't you?'

'I don't know,' said his mother. 'You don't generally like those world-hardened creatures.'

'Oh, the crust is very thin—one is always breaking through it. I found that out last night. I would rather have him for my squire than his brother—or perhaps than Ethelston himself. He told me as we went down just now that he wished me many converts, and that he was rather sorry we had left London; he would have liked to see a great deal of me. And just as he was getting into the carriage he asked me if I would go with him to Egypt.'

'What did you say?' said Mrs. Landor, looking with amused eyes over her fan.

'I thanked him, and said it sounded very jolly, but quite impossible. I think I have got my work cut out for me here at present, don't you? Fancy, if after a year's work I was to bolt off to warm climates again! No, I'll wait till that is necessary. I won't deny that I should enjoy going with him, if I was an idle man like himself.'

'I daresay he makes himself out worse than he is—if that is a virtue, which I doubt,' said Mrs. Landor.

'Better than the other way, anyhow,' said Tom.

'But did my ears deceive me just now,' his mother went on, 'or did I hear you say that you would rather have him as your squire than Mr. Ethelston? What has that king among men done to lose your allegiance, Tom?'

'He is blind, and only because he won't see. You saw Harry Dane in church this morning, keeping his promise—and perhaps you saw too how sulky he looked.'

'He did not look happy. I thought the silly fellow fancied that we were all staring at him. But I was glad to see him, because it showed that Annie must be suffering less.'

'Well, you know, when he came to fetch me last night, I told him to fetch Jones as quickly as he could. He was much longer than I expected, and I quite thought the girl would be dead before they came, but I did not know the meaning of it all till just now. This afternoon Harry was here, and told me he had taken the short cut across the park, which saves two miles between his house and the doctor's. That path, don't you know, that is closed to people now. Well, he had the bad luck to meet Ethelston. He said he told him the reason; but he did not seem to believe him, and turned him back to go all the way round, so that on the whole he lost a considerable time. Of course he is furious with Ethelston. He even says that if his little girl had died in the interval, he knows who would be guilty of manslaughter.'

'That is rather too much,' said Mrs. Landor. 'Foolish fellow! does he go talking like that about the village?'

'I suspect most of his neighbours have heard something of it. But Harry is not very popular, and many of them would be afraid to take his part, besides. What a rebel the fellow is! I have not come to the end of my trouble with him yet, by any means. He knows I like him, but still he would hardly bear what I said this afternoon. I told him that the law hindered him from going across the park, and he had no business to do it, and Ethelston had a full right to turn him back, though most likely he would not have done so, if he had borne a good character.'

'In fact, you spoke like a rector. But I doubt whether you felt like one, Tom. Suppose poor Annie *had* died, and all because of a wretched parish quarrel about a right of way!'

'It is not that at all. The pathway was illegally made, and Ethelston was quite justified in shutting it up, if he found, as he told me he did, that people came that way to look after his ga e besides injuring his trees. At the same time I think it was a most blundering thing of Ethelston, turning Dane back last night. He ought to have believed the fellow, when he gave him such a reason as that. Mind you, I daresay Harry's manner was not of the smoothest. He has been at war all his life, and his father before him, with the squire and his people. He *has* been out on a moonlight night

before this, and he knows every stick and feather on the estate too well to please any landlord. There are excuses for Ethelston. But he might have seen Dane safe out of the park at the other end, or sent one of his men. Dane says the keeper was not far off. Turning him back, when he was more than half way across on such an errand, was a most unfortunate thing to do.'

'Did he mention your name to Mr. Ethelston?'

'No. He says he had no time to stand making explanations. The squire ordered him back and he went back, and made the best of his way round. I shall speak to Ethelston about it, that he may know he made a mistake for once.'

'That will do no good. He certainly won't agree with you.'

'I don't see how he can help agreeing with me. Anyhow, just as my poor old Harry is being pulled on shore, I can't have him washed out to sea again by a wave of prejudice. If I don't stand by him now he will certainly be done for. Ethelston *must* listen to me. The fellow's a Christian, isn't he! He won't wish to deprive a man of his last chance.'

'He won't wish to give up his own opinion,' said Mrs. Landor, shaking her head. 'You have to do with a thick-skinned person, my dear Tom, so much above Harry Dane that he can't possibly feel any sympathy for him. You seem to forget that.'

'Are there really people who forget they are human?'

'Plenty of them, to be found among the justest, and most excellent, and most reliable of our fellow-countrymen,' said Mrs. Landor.

'I don't think Ethelston is one, mother. He isn't old enough.'

'Young men are often quite as hard as old ones.'

'Well, I shall try him. Now I must go and think about my sermon.'

He went out of the room. His mother remained where she was, sitting upright, fanning herself, and thinking. It was the strangest thing for her to be sitting thus in idleness, even for ten minutes; but just then something seemed to puzzle her. She frowned, gazed out of the window, gazed at the chair where Sir Michael Harvey had been sitting, and at last shut her fan sharply, got up and went away.

Driving back to the Place, Sir Michael overtook his brother, who got into the carriage and took the reins from the groom.

'Where have you been?' said Sir Michael, with an exhausted air.

'I have been calling at a house near Eastmarsh, where there lives a certain Mrs. Bell. Don't you remember my telling you about her—a rich Indian widow?'

'What! she's fifty-five, isn't she? I hope you are not going to make yourself ridiculous.'

'You ought not to blame me for thinking of my own advantage,' said James, with a faint smile. 'However, you may make yourself easy. I am not going to be ridiculous—not in that line, at least. She is a good sort of woman. Miss Wade is there as her companion.'

'Who is Miss Wade?'

'Old Frank's step-daughter; don't you remember?'

'That pretty girl? Yes, I know who you mean. Do you want to know what I have been doing?'

'Getting deeper in?' said James, and he whipped the ponies with an air of cheerful resignation.

'I have spent a very pleasant afternoon,' Sir Michael replied. 'I'll tell you more about it by and by.'

(To be continued.)

POVERINA.

(Translated from the French of the Princess Olga Cantacuzène by A. M. CHRISTIE.)

CHAPTER VI.

ROSINA never sang now. For a month she had been working hard at the cigar factory. Her gaiety had completely left her; her face had grown thin and anxious; she was never now seen to make those goat-like bounds which used to excite Fido to playfulness. In the evenings when she came home with Tonina, who was always lively and talkative, happy at having been able to exchange a few words with Geppino, she seemed depressed and weary, and would sit down on the steps of the verandah by the side of Fido, who overwhelmed her with caresses to make up for having been parted from her the whole day, and who seemed puzzled by his mistress's melancholy. Morino himself, after loudly extolling her wise resolution to work, ended by regretting his blithe nightingale.

'Have you forgotten how to sing?' he would say, impatiently.

She answered with a sad smile: 'Spring is past; there are no more roses. The nightingales too are silent now.'

Hitherto Rosina had scarcely known the meaning of the word 'sadness.' Thanks to the happy joyousness of her nature, and the influence exercised over her by a wild and powerful imagination, she had never known a sorrowful thought. Never having been subjected to any restraint, free and independent as the birds, and as careless of the future as they, she lived joyously from day to day. It was love which was now teaching her to suffer. When she first met Neri, she loved him, not from choice or reflection, scarcely even from attraction, but simply because her hour had come to love, and he was the first to speak to her words of love. The moment had come for the bud to blossom into the flower. A more superficial heart, a nature lighter or more coquettish, would later on have easily shaken off this first thoughtless attachment; but to Rosina's deep and steadfast soul obstacles became fetters, and sacrifices had a fatal charm.

In order to please Neri, to earn money as he wished, she subdued the natural repugnances of her independent nature, and resigned herself to work which was odious to her, to confinement which was torture, in the close and nauseous atmosphere of a tobacco manufactory, and in the daily company of women whose incessant chatter was intolerable. But Neri was satisfied, and that was enough for her. And then she looked forward to the happy time when he would say, 'Now we are rich enough; you have worked enough, and suffered enough. Come with me to the mountain, and we will live there happy

and free.' With what joy would she follow him to those happy heights, to live alone with him and Fido! They would have flocks of goats and sheep. Fido would keep guard over them, and they would never again come down into the plain. And in the evenings when she came home from her hard day's work, her feet covered with dust, her eyes red with weeping, her lips parched and swollen, she would look up at the hill and give a half-smile as she saw the white column of smoke rising from the charcoal-burner's hut. It was there that Neri was—there that happiness awaited her.

Giuditta never having seen her again with Neri, nor heard her mention his name, did not in the least suspect the cause of her assiduity at work. She encouraged her in it, praised her perseverance, and feeling convinced that Rosina carefully saved up the money she earned every week, never once asked her for an account of it. The good woman little thought that the money gained at the price of so much patient endurance, and so many tears, was swallowed up Sunday after Sunday in Neri's pocket.

From time to time Rosina ventured timidly to ask him if they would soon have enough money to be married?

'Oh yes, very soon,' he answered. 'A little more patience and there will be enough over to buy a coral necklace for you.'

'Oh, but I don't want one!' she said.

'But I want people to say that my wife is the most beautiful and best-dressed woman in the country.'

Rosina sighed.

'If we stay up there on the hills, we sha'n't see anybody.'

'Do you suppose I should marry a pretty girl like you in order to hide her?' said Neri. 'I shall want to show you about in the streets of Lucca.'

The streets of Lucca! the mere thought of them made her shudder.

Half-way between Lucca and Vicopelago there was an inn which was much frequented, not only because of its convenient situation at the juncture of several roads, but also owing to the beauty of the rich proprietor's daughter, Ersilia. She was a buxom maiden, with cheeks as red as a poppy, eyes black and sparkling, and a neat little figure tending rather to over-plumpness, partly from the inactive life she led, and partly too, perhaps, from the habit she had acquired of taking snacks from morning to night. Her father combined with his wine trade a drug and grocery business, and Ersilia used to help herself right and left from the barrels of figs and dry raisins. She committed more devastation than a whole army of rats, her father would sometimes tell her, but as he knew that he owed the greater part of his custom to her black eyes and pretty white teeth, he was not too hard upon her.

Every day as Rosina passed the inn on her way to the factory she used to see this girl standing outside the wall as idle as a lizard in the

sunshine, with bare arms, a gown very open at the neck, and displaying a red coral necklace, and a pair of gold pins stuck coquettishly in her black hair. She always smiled and nodded her head familiarly to Rosina as she passed, though Rosina had never spoken a word to her.

One day, passing by as usual, Rosina fancied she caught sight of Neri's figure through the doorway. She stopped for a moment hesitatingly. Should she go in, or pass on? She made a step towards the door, but as she was about to cross the threshold, the figure had disappeared mysteriously, and the shop was empty.

'How foolish of me!' she thought. 'I must have been dreaming. As if it was likely that Neri would come to such places as this when he has no money to spend!'

As she went by again the next day, she looked round involuntarily to see who was inside the shop.

'You look tired,' said Ersilia, with her most engaging smile. 'How hot it is! Come in and rest.'

Rosina answered stiffly: 'No thank you. I don't go into inns.'

Ersilia gave a sneer.

'Of course not,' she said. 'You prefer drinking water at the spring in the chestnut wood, don't you?'

Rosina winced as if a serpent had bitten her. She went about with an aching heart till the following Sunday. This was the only day now on which she went to the spring, and she used to bring back with her a stock of strength for the week. Sometimes she did not come in till dark, but the *strega*, who knew what efforts and suffering the daily work at the factory cost this wild independent nature, never reproached her for her long absences, the cause of which she had not the faintest suspicion of. And then it sometimes happened that after her Sunday's roaming she would sing as in former days, and this gladdened Giuditta's heart.

On this particular Sunday there was a solemn procession at Vicopelago, which attracted people from neighbouring parishes. It was the middle of summer; the grasshoppers were chirping loudly under the olive trees, the grass was brown and parched, there was not a drop of water in the ravine, nor a breath stirring in the air. Rosina sighed as she thought of the delicious breeze that would be blowing through the lavender and the immortelles at the top of the mountain—there where it was never hot and stifling as down here in the plain. Neri was already waiting for her at the spring. He received her as usual with all the demonstrations of tenderness and love which had first captivated her young heart; but for the first time Rosina remained cold and silent; the young man's impassioned speeches rang falsely in her ear. She had never been able to dissemble, and she did not even attempt to hide her suspicions from him.

'Neri,' she said, 'do you often go to Ersilia's shop at Pontebello?'

'Never!' was the indignant answer.

He protested and swore that he had never even set foot in the house. It was a lie, and she knew that it was, and not the first he had told her. She sighed and said nothing.

'Why do you ask me such a question?' he said, with a tone of authority.

'From curiosity,' she answered, coldly.

He flew into a passion.

'Then I'll tell you the real reason, for I can guess it. You are jealous, you suspect me; you have been acting the spy; you have no confidence in me!'

Seeing her face redden, he was emboldened, and growing fierce and threatening, he went on with gestures that would have made the fortune of an actor—

'Well then, if you have your suspicions, I have mine! Do you suppose I can have any peace of mind whilst you are living under the same roof as Stefanino? Do you think I'm not devoured with jealousy?'

'Stefanino?' muttered the poor child, stupefied with fear; 'but he has never spoken a word to me—'

'What's that matter? If you choose to be jealous of Ersilia whom I never see, haven't I a right to be jealous of this boy whom you see every day?'

He worked himself up into such a state of mind, and acted his part so well, that the frightened girl at last burst into tears and begged his pardon as if she had been really guilty towards him. He had the magnanimity to forgive her.

She went back to Vicopelago with an anxious face and a heavy heart. Neri was unjust; Neri had lied; this was not the first wound he had inflicted on the tender sensitive love which had unfortunately taken such deep root in her heart. She still loved Neri, because she could not help it, but she no longer respected or trusted him.

CHAPTER VII.

A SCORCHING wind had risen; the sun was nearing the horizon; the church bells were ringing far and near. Silk hangings floated from the windows of even the poorest cottages, flowers and sweet-scented grasses strewed the roads which the procession was to pass along. Rosina, tearful and heavy-hearted, avoided the crowd, and chose the most solitary by-paths. When at last she reached Morino's house, she saw, waiting at the door, a young man with a trunk and a cage of foreign birds. At the first glance she guessed that he must be the *strega's* eldest son from his striking likeness to his mother. He was making fruitless efforts to open the door which was carefully barri-

caded, for the whole household had gone out to join the procession. Fido showed his teeth and growled at him, taking him for a thief.

'*Per Bacco!*' exclaimed the new-comer; 'to be devoured in front of one's own door is rather too much of a good thing!'

'Wait a moment! I will open the door for you!' called to him a voice whose silvery tones rang like music in his ears. He turned round quickly and encountered the most marvellous pair of sapphire eyes that he had ever seen. Angelino, who had travelled a good deal, knew that a face of such refined and pure and perfect beauty as this was rarely met with in any country, and still more rarely in the class to which he himself belonged. He stood for a moment motionless, surveying her with a look of mingled admiration and wonder, then, yielding to an irresistible impulse, he presented her with his cage of bright-plumed birds.

'There,' he said, 'I don't know who you are, but never mind. I brought back these birds, as is the custom with us peasants, to give them to the prettiest girl of the country, and I have travelled all over the world without meeting any that can be compared to you.'

Rosina blushed crimson, which heightened her beauty, and smiling sweetly, she took the cage and hung it up on one of the pillars of the *loggia*.

'It can stay here,' she said.

'No, you must take it to your own home, and hang it up at your window, so that every one may know that I think you the prettiest girl.'

'My home is here,' she said, with a laugh; and taking a key from her pocket, she quietly opened the door and signed to Angelino to follow her.

'But who are you?' he asked. 'It's five years now since I left the country, and I suppose you were a little girl then, and that's why I don't know you again.'

Rosina shook her head.

'Five years ago I was up there in the mountains. I'm a poor shepherd girl whom your mother keeps out of charity. Are you hungry? Shall I make you some *polenta* or some fritters of chestnut flour?'

'Yes, by all means! some *polenta*; I've not had any worth eating since my mother made it for me here.'

Never had any meal seemed to him so excellent as this one, cooked and served up by this lovely girl, whose wild untutored grace intoxicated him. Angelino felt as if in paradise. Certainly, if angels ate any food at all, it must be *polenta* like this, and when they lifted their eyes from their plates they would certainly see faces such as this one looking down on them with great, sad, beautiful eyes.

When the family returned from the procession, there were such loud and joyful exclamations at seeing Angelino, that Rosina, feeling

herself useless and forgotten, slipped out of the house. When after an hour or two's incessant talking, nearly everything had been heard and said, there was a momentary lull, and then, in the silence of the night which was coming on, a voice was heard outside, pure and limpid, sweet and thrilling as a nightingale's. Rosina, determined not to give way to weeping, was singing to forget her grief, but there were tears and sobs in her voice. Angelino had imposed silence on all around, and was listening with breathless attention.

'Who is it?' he asked in a whisper, when the voice had ceased.

'Rosina, the *poverina*.'

He sat on, silent and abstracted. The *strega* watched him from the corner of her eye. She knew her son too well not to be aware of the impression that her *protégés* had made on him at first sight; she knew him too to be firm, upright, and high-principled, and she said to herself that this first impression might very likely become permanent and result in making Rosina her daughter-in-law. It was not the first time that such a possibility had suggested itself to the mind of the *strega*, who for years had been expecting her son back from day to day. Rosina's beauty and gentleness had won her motherly heart from the first, and since she had seen her for some time past so persevering at work which was hateful to her, Giuditta had begun to respect as well as love the young shepherd girl. True, she was poor and without parents, but then she must have saved up a neat little sum from the money she earned at the factory. One hundred *lire*s at least, Giuditta calculated. And as for her having no parents—well, so much the better! Her interests would be centred in her husband's family, and she herself would not be tormented with inquisitive, indiscreet people, assuming the right to dictate to her as she had often seen with parents-in-law. 'Let them love each other,' thought the good woman; 'let them be happy, and I shall die tranquilly with that young girl installed in my place. She will not waste the substance of the house.'

The return of Angelino—who by common consent was surnamed the American—led to great events in the family. He had brought back more money than they had hoped for, and Morino and Giuditta, in the gladness of their hearts, finally gave their consent to the marriage of Tonina. Moreover, the reports given of Geppino by the curé of his parish were excellent. The conduct of the young carpenter had been exemplary since his engagement. Then Gabriello, Gelsomina's *damo*, returned from Corsica, bringing a small sum of money, which softened Morino's feelings, and seemed amply sufficient to the *strega*. The latter had long been putting by pieces of linen, skeins of wool, and bits of money, to help to swell her daughter's modest trousseaux. From morning to night she span, she sewed, she knitted.

'Will you help me with my work?' she said one day to Rosina. 'Now that Gelsomina is going to leave us, there will be a great deal

for me to do in the house. Teresona is still but a child, and you who are almost my own daughter ought to stay at home and help me now.'

'I cannot,' Rosina said, mournfully. 'Don't ask me why, but I cannot. I will help you early in the morning and in the evening, and all night long if you like, but I must go to the factory.'

She gave a sigh, which was very much like a sob. The *strega* eyed her attentively. If she had not been assured by Tonina that she never spoke a word to anybody in the town, she would have begun to suspect her industry to be due to some other motive than love of work.

'You find your work very interesting then?' she said kindly. 'You must have saved up quite a large sum by this time. Tonina was able to buy her silk wedding-gown and her lace veil out of her savings, and she has even got something over. When your turn comes you will be quite rich.'

Rosina looked up at Giuditta, as if a perfectly new idea were occurring to her mind.

'How much money must one have to be married?' she asked.

'That depends; Tonina has 300 *liras*, Gelsomina has fifty; I had nothing at all. I was poorer even than you. Everybody said Morino was very foolish to marry me. But I don't think he has ever repented it.'

'Then it's possible to be married without money,' thought Rosina. 'I wonder, then, why Neri is so anxious to have some, when he does nothing to earn it?'

'Yes,' Giuditta went on advisedly, 'and a pretty girl, good and intelligent like you, has less need of money than others have. What you have earned at the factory is more than enough to enable you to marry an honest lad.'

Rosina looked forward to the following Sunday with feverish impatience.

'Oh, Neri! Neri!' she exclaimed, the instant she caught sight of him, throwing down her empty pitcher, which went rolling down the ravine with a metallic sound, 'I thought this moment would never come.'

'I thought so too, my love,' he answered calmly. 'But what has happened?'

'Nothing, and yet so many things! Tonina and Gelsomina are going to be married, and the *strega* wants me to stay at home to help her. And oh, dear Neri, do let me give up working at the factory! The *strega* was married without any money at all, and why shouldn't we do the same? And then you don't know all . . . people follow us in the streets of Lucca. Tonina laughs about it, but I get so frightened.'

'Frightened at what? Why, don't you know I've got a gun, and I should kill the first person who dared look at you, as if he were a mad

dog. Haven't I much more reason to be afraid, when I know that you are living in the same house as that American ?'

Rosina blushed, for she knew there was truth in what he said, and that Angelino loved her as Neri had never done, in spite of all his eloquent protestations.

And Neri was sincere when he spoke of his anxiety. Since the return of the American, he had lost all confidence. What if the *strega's* son became sufficiently in love with Rosina to wish to marry her ! Neri felt nervously in his pocket for the little packet of franc notes which had just been slipped in, and thought to himself that it would be very hard to go without this weekly income. Dirty little bits of greasy crumpled paper, which represented so many days of painful restraint, of silent anguish, of faithful love, and which went from that little innocent, confiding hand to fall into Ersilia's greedy grasp, without even leaving a pang of remorse with Neri as a trace of their passage. How would it be if Rosina, discouraged at length by these efforts without any seeming end, gave him up to marry Angelino ? He could, of course, prevent such a marriage by declaring himself Rosina's *damo*, and revealing their secret interviews, but this would not give him back his weekly payments. Besides, he really loved Rosina after his fashion, and as much as he was capable of loving anybody. He was far too true a Tuscan not to appreciate her singular beauty, and though his love did not make him sincere, or generous, or honest, it existed nevertheless, such as it was, and caused him to boil with anger at the thought of this beautiful girl becoming the wife of another man. This youth, who would have shrunk from no deed, however bad, provided it could be accomplished prudently and without violence, had like all his race, an innate need of poetry in his life. Rosina supplied this need, but Neri had room in his affections for Ersilia as well. Love-making was to him chiefly a profitable pastime. He knew how to make use of Rosina's affection to assure himself an income, and he combined the useful with the agreeable by seasoning with a little tender sentiment the good wine he drank at Ersilia's father's, and the cards which he manipulated dexterously on his counter. But he saw plainly now that this state of things could not go on much longer. So long as he had only to reckon with the patience and tenderness of Rosina, he felt safe, but the return of Angelino filled him with uneasiness. He remained for some moments as if deep in thought, and then putting on one of the imposing airs, which inspired the poor girl with such awe and respect, he said, in a tone of condescension—

'Rosina, my dearest, you are a good girl. There are women certainly who will work all their lives to support the man whom they love ; but as you have not so much courage, we must be content with what you have already earned. It's not much, and we shall be very poor, but I'll tell you what we'll do. You have no parents, and so you need

not ask anybody's consent to your marriage; but as the *strega* has been very good to you, it would not do to seem ungrateful, would it? Well, then, on the day of their daughter's wedding, I will bring my gun like the other country youths, and when the *strega* is merry and happy, and Morino excited by wine, you will say to them, "Here is Neri, the charcoal-burner; he is my *damo*, and we are only waiting for your consent to be married. I shall be well dressed, and when they see me——'

Rosina made an exclamation of discouragement.

'What's the matter?' asked Neri.

She shook her head sadly.

'If you wait for the *strega's* consent to our marriage——'

'And why not?'

She grew red and embarrassed. Neri struck his hands violently on his knees.

'I'll bet anything they've been speaking ill of me to you. What have they told you? I insist on knowing.'

And as she still held her tongue, he grew menacing.

'I command you to speak,' he exclaimed. 'What have they been saying?'

Rosina was very frightened.

'They said,' she stammered out, 'that your father was a brigand, that it was you who had stolen the priest's oil and Morino's chickens, and——'

Neri cut her short by a burst of contemptuous laughter, and a sublime shrug of the shoulders—

'And you believed this wicked slander, of course?'

'No, since it has not prevented my coming here, my Neri.'

'My love,' murmured the young man tenderly, 'they may say all the evil they like of me; so long as you don't believe it, what does it matter to me? You know, don't you, darling, that your Neri's a good honest man? And then I haven't told you yet, that next year I'm going off to be a soldier, and when they see me with my fine uniform all over gold, and my sword at my side, I promise you they'll change their opinion about me. Oh, Rosina dearest, if you would only have patience to wait, you would see with what respect Morino would open his door to me.'

A year—a whole long year! Was he going to ask her to work all that time at the factory? She felt her courage failing, and did not dare even hint at the subject, from dread of having her worst fears realised. Her wild unfettered nature had been so completely subjugated by his tenderness, that she had lost all power of resistance to a yoke which, though she scarcely acknowledged it to herself, she was beginning to loathe.

True, the solitary life of the hills seemed to her no less attractive than before; but she was beginning to feel that she should miss Giuditta's

motherly kindness. Her affections had gradually twined themselves round this honest industrious household where every one loved her ; and then Neri seemed to her changed ; there were times now when she was afraid of him ; his imperious tone, so different from Angelino's manner, caused her to make bitter reflections.

Whilst all was mirth and rejoicing in Morino's house, she kept aloof, sad and dispirited. Angelino watched her attentively. Several times he surprised her with her eyes full of tears, and in the honest sincerity of his heart it seemed to him that he understood the feelings of this poor girl, and that her position as a stranger in the midst of this joyous family circle could not be otherwise than painful. He left no means untried to dissipate her melancholy. This was an added torture to Rosina, who, still believing in Neri's loyalty, saw in Angelino a victim of his jealousy. How was she to make known to this kind and generous man, with his tender and considerate affection for her, that he must cease to occupy himself about her ? She thought long over the matter, and finally made up her mind that on the day of Tonina's marriage she would confess to Angelino that her heart was no longer hers to dispose of.

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. MARGARET AND THE DRAGON.

(By Annora.)

A FINE country to live in was *la belle France*, where a godly, modest, discreet, and well-living widow could be spirited away by main force from her sister and her servants, on the king's highway in broad daylight, and by soldiers wearing the King's own uniform! 'In the name of the Prince!' said they. Verily, I think it was in the name of the Prince of darkness. They tore poor Meg from me, though we both fought and struggled as hard as we could, in hopes of some one coming to our rescue. Luckily my gloves were off, and I think I gave a few tolerable scratches to somebody's face, in spite of his abominable *cache nez*. If the servants had had a tenth part of the valour of our poor fellows who lie dead at Newbury and Chalgrove, we could have brought her off; but these were but Frenchmen, and were overawed by those dragoons, or dragons, in their cuirasses.

When poor Meg was dragged out, I held her fast, and tumbled out with her; but even as we fell, she was rent from me, and I think I must have been half stunned. At any rate, I found myself flung back into our own carriage, and the door shut upon me, while the horses were turned round, and we were made to gallop back by the road we had come.

Our women, screaming and crying like mad things, helped me up from the bottom of the carriage. I bade them hold their tongues and stop the carriage. The one they could not do, the other they would not. So I was forced to open the door myself, and shout to the coachman to stop that instant. He would not at first, but happily I saw a pistol, which one of the wretches had dropped in the scuffle, and I threatened him with it. Then when my voice could be heard, I ordered the two outriders to gallop after the coach in which my sister had been carried off, and see where she was taken, while we made as much speed as we could after them; but the cowardly rogues absolutely began to cry, and say that the leader of the party had turned the horses' heads, and declared that he would shoot any one dead who attempted to follow.

Luckily I was in a close-fitting black cloth suit, being still in

mourning for our blessed martyr, and intending to make my toilette at Rambouillet. I bade one of the fellows who had dismounted, to give me his cloak, and while they were still staring at me, I sprang into the saddle, arranged the cloak, and rode off in pursuit. I knew I could keep my seat even on a man's saddle, for cavaliers' daughters had had to do strange things, and it was thus that I was obliged to come away from my dear Berenger's side. But then I rode between my father and Eustace. Now, if I did not find out where my poor Margaret was gone, who was to deliver her?

The men had heart of grace enough to follow me, more of them, indeed, than I wanted, as of course it was better to go quietly than to have them clattering with me. I told them to keep a little in the rear, and I rode on, trying to see above the hedges the glancing of the helmets of the dragoons. Across some vineyards, I once caught sight of something like a carriage and a troop of horse, quite in a different direction from what I expected, and presently, when I came to a cross road, I saw by the marks in the mud and mire that they must have turned that way. I must follow by such guidance as these supplied, and fortunately there had recently been rain, so that the wheel and hoof marks could be tracked. To my amazement they led through many turns and twists at last towards Paris; but to my dismay, when I came to the paved roads that surround the city, I lost all traces. I knew I was a remarkable figure when we were on the high roads, and so I kept back, making one of the servants inquire at a little *cabaret* on the road whether a carriage, attended by dragoons, had passed that way.

'Yes,' they brought me word. 'A close carriage, no doubt containing a state prisoner, had been escorted by dragoons on the way to the Bastille.'

The man brought me back the answer, weeping. I scolded the fellow well for thinking that these rogues *saying* Madame was at the Bastille made it so, and yet it echoed my own alarm. I had at least ascertained one point. She had not been transported to some solitary castle in the country, but must be near at hand.

I must now go home, and see what help was to be had; but as they would never let me pass the gates of Paris looking as I knew I must look, I was obliged to ride back and meet the carriage, which I had bidden to follow us, and return to it in order to re-enter the city.

My mother was at S. Germain with our own Queen, who would be my resource. I thought I had better first go home and see what Sir Francis Ommaney's counsel would be, and whether he thought the English ambassador, Sir Richard Browne, could give any help, though, unfortunately, poor Meg was no longer an English subject. There was consternation enough when I came in with my terrible news, but at least there was common sense, and not shrieking. Sir Francis recommended me at once to dress myself to go to S. Germain, while he would repair to the embassy, since Sir Richard was the most likely

person to be able to advise him. We also thought of sending a courier to Solivet, who was with the army on the frontier; and I put on a dress fit to obtain admission at St. Germain. Lady Ommaney was scolding me into taking some food before starting, and crying, because she had a bad attack of rheumatism, and her husband would not let her go with us, when there was a knock, and one of the women ran in. 'News, news, Mademoiselle! news of Madame la Vicomtesse! But ah! she is in a sad plight.'

Down I ran headlong, and whom should I find but the dear and excellent Madame Darpent. She, who never left her home but for church, had come to help us in our extremity. It seemed that Meg's dragoon (about whom she has told her own story) had disguised himself as soon as he came within Paris, and come in hot haste to M. Darpent, telling him how once my brave sister had repulsed the whole crew of villains, and how he had hurried away while the gentlemen (pretty gentlemen indeed!) were drinking wine to get up their courage for another encounter, in which they were determined to succeed since there were heavy bets at the Prince's camp that the pride of *la grande Anglaise* should be subdued before midnight. The dragoon had not ventured to come any farther than Maison Darpent, lest he should be missed and his comrades should not be able to conceal his absence, but he assured M. Darpent that though they might appear to obey orders, they were resolved to give the lady every opportunity of resistance. Was she not the wife of the best captain they had ever had, and had she not knelt like one of the holy saints in a mystery play?

I was for setting forth at once with Sir Francis, sure that the iniquity could not proceed when it was made public. Of course we would have risked it, but we might not have been able to force our way in without authority, since the vile Abbé was on his own ground, and Madame Darpent told us her son had devised a better plan. He had gone to the Coadjutor, who in the dotage of his uncle, the Archbishop of Paris, exercised all his powers. As one of their monkish clergy, this same Abbé was not precisely under his jurisdiction, but the celebration of a marriage, and at such an hour, in a Priory Chapel, was an invasion of the privileges of the parish priest, and thus the Bishop of the See had every right to interfere. And this same Coadjutor was sure to have an especial delight in detecting a scandal, and overthrowing a plan of the Prince of Condé and the ruling party at Court, so that if he could be found there was little doubt of his assistance.

In order to lose no time, Clément Darpent had gone instantly in search of him, and his good mother had come at once in her sedan to see if I were returned, relieve our minds about my sister, and if my mother were within reach, prepare her to go in search of Marguerite, since the Coadjutor, bishop though he were, was still young, and not at all the sort of man who could be suffered to bring her home without some elder matron as her escort. Or if my mother were out of reach,

Madame Darpent was prepared, as an act of charity and goodness, to go herself in quest of our poor Meg. The carriage had followed her to the door for the purpose as soon as it could be got ready, and to add to my exceeding gratitude, she was willing to take me with her. Sir Francis insisted on going to my mother. He said it was right, but we doubted whether it would do any good. We waited only for tidings which her son had promised to send, and they came at last in a small billet sent by one of his clerks. The Coadjutor had absolutely fired at the notion of such a hit to the opposite party, and was only getting together what were called the 'First of Corinthians,' namely, the corps who had belonged to him during the siege, and had obtained the nickname because he was titular Archbishop of Corinth.

Clément would not leave him a moment, lest he should be diverted from his purpose, but sent word to Madame Darpent that she, or whoever was to escort Madame de Bellaise, was to meet him at seven o'clock in the open space by the Barrière, showing a green light through the carriage window, when he would show a red one.

Oh! what might not have happened before we could get there! I thought I was used enough to suspense, I who had heard the rattle of the musketry in more than one battle, but I should have been wild, had not that best of women held my hands and soothed me and helped me to say my prayers.

Hours seemed to go by, as we sat in the dark with our lamp behind the green curtain over the window, but at last the trampling of horses was heard and the red light appeared. Presently Clément came to our door, and exchanged a few words, but he said he must return to the Coadjutor, who was in the best humour in the world.

The gates were closed, but the Coadjutor had no difficulty in passing them, and we followed in his train. It was a dark night, but mounted servants carried flambeaux, and we saw the light glance on the Corinthians who guarded us. At last we stopped. We could not see then, but I visited the place afterwards, and saw it was a tall brick house, with a high wall round a court-yard. Here the Coadjutor's carriage drew up, and entrance was demanded for 'Monseigneur l'Archêvêque de Corinthe, Coadjuteur de Paris.' It may be supposed that the dragoon who kept the door made no difficulty.

The carriage moved on, we drew up, and Clément, who had waited, handed us out saying, 'He tells me we are just in time. Be as silent as possible.'

We found the Court lighted with torches, the Coadjutor's chaplain arranging his purple robe, as he walked on through the doors that were opened for him. Sir Francis led Madame Darpent, Clément gave me his hand, as we followed closely and noiselessly.

The chapel had its great wax candles alight on the altar. We could see in as we passed in the dark of the antechapel outside the screen, while the Coadjutor advanced to the door. My Margaret

knelt, clinging closely to a great stone image. The vile coward D'Aubépine was commanding—for we heard him—his soldiers to seize her. The Abbé stood finding the place in his book; Lamont was at a safe distance, however, trying to induce her to rise. The Coadjutor's clear voice was heard.

'Benedicite, messieurs,' he said, and oh! the start they gave! 'What holy function am I interrupting, M. l'Abbé? The lady is in the attitude of a penitent, but I was not aware that it was one of the customs of your order to absolve thus in public.'

'Monseigneur,' said the Abbé, 'neither was I aware that episcopal surveillance extended to religious houses.'

Margaret here broke in. She had risen to her feet, and looking at the Archbishop, with eyes beaming in her pale face, she cried, 'Oh! monseigneur, you are come to save me! These wicked men are striving to marry me against my will.'

'To perform the marriage sacrament,' continued the Coadjutor, in his calm sneering tone; 'then M. l'Abbé, I suppose you have procured the necessary permission from the curate of the parish to perform the rite at this strange time and place? I am sorry, messieurs, to break up so romantic a plan, savouring of the fine days of the Quatre fils Aymon, but I must stand up for the claims of the diocese and the parish.'

M. de Lamont turned round to my sister, and made one of his lowest bows, such as no one but a French courtier *can* make (thank Heaven!).

'Madame,' he said, 'we are disconcerted, but I shall still put my trust in the truth that beauty ever pardons the efforts of love.'

'So it may be, monsieur,' returned Margaret, already fully herself, and looking as tall, white, and dignified among them as a goddess among apes, 'So it may be, where there is either beauty or love,' and she made him a most annihilating courtesy. Then turning to the Coadjutor she said, 'Monseigneur, I cannot express my obligations to you;' and then as Clément stood behind him, she added, 'Ah, monsieur, I knew I might reckon on you,' holding out her hand, English fashion. She did not see us, but M. d'Aubépine, who was slinking off the scene, like a beaten hound, as well he might, unaware that we were in the antechapel, caught his foot and spur in Madame Darpent's long trailing cloak, and came down at full length on the stone floor, being perhaps a little flustered with wine. He lay still for the first moment, and there was an outcry. One of the soldiers cried out to the other as Madame Darpent's black dress and white cap flashed into the light,

'It is the holy saint who has appeared to avenge the sacrilege! She has struck him dead.'

And behold the superstition affected even the licentious, good for nothing Abbé. Down he dropped upon his knees, hiding his eyes and

sobbing out, 'Sancta Margarita, spare me, spare me! I vow thee a silver image. I vow to lead a changed life. I was drawn into it, holy Lady Saint. They showed me the Prince's letter.'

He got it all out in one breath, while some of them were lifting up d'Aubépine, and the Coadjutor was in convulsions of suppressed laughter, and catching hold of Clément's arm whispered, 'No, no, monsieur, I entreat of you, do not undeceive him. Such a scene is worth anything! Madame, I entreat of you,' to Meg, who was stepping forward.

However, of course it could not last long, though as d'Aubépine almost instantly began to swear, as he recovered his senses, Madame Darpent unconsciously maintained the delusion, by saying solemnly in her voice, the gravest and deepest that I ever heard in a French-woman, 'Add not another sin, sir, to those with which you have profaned this holy place.'

The Abbé thereupon took one look and broke into another tempest of entreaties and vows, which Madame Darpent by this time heard. 'M. l'Abbé,' she said, 'I pray you to be silent, I am no saint, but a friend, if madame will allow me so to call myself, who has come to see her to her home. But oh! monsieur,' she added, with the wonderful dignity that surrounded her, 'forget not, I pray you, that what is invisible is the more real, and that the vows and resolution you have addressed to me in error, are none the less registered in Heaven.'

Mocker as the Coadjutor habitually was, he stood impressed, and uttered no word to mar the effect, simply saying, 'Madame, we thank you for the lesson you have given us! And now, I think, these ladies will be glad to close this painful scene.'

Meg, who with Madame Darpent, had satisfied herself that the wretch d'Aubépine had not hurt himself anything like as much as he deserved, declared herself ready and thankful to go away. The Abbé and Lamont both entreated that she would take some refreshment before returning home, but she shuddered, and said she could taste nothing there, and holding tight by my arm, she moved away, though we paused while Madame Darpent was kneeling down and asking the Archbishop to bless her. He did so, and her spirit seemed to have touched his lighter and gayer one, and to have made him feel what he was, for he gave the benediction with real solemnity and unaffected reverence for the old lady.

He himself handed her into the carriage, and he must greatly have respected her, for though he whispered something to her son about the grand deliverance of the victim through S. Margaret and the Dragon (an irresistible pun on the dragoon), yet excellent story as could have been made of the free-thinking Abbé on his knees to the old Frondeurs' widow, he never did make it public property. I believe that it is quite true, as my sister's clever friend, Madame de Sevigné declares,

that there was always more good in Cardinal de Retz, as he now is called, than was supposed.

Poor Meg had kept up gallantly through all her terrible struggle of many hours, but when we had her safely in the carriage in the dark, she sank back like one exhausted, and only held my hand and Madame Darpent's to her lips by turns. I wanted to ask whether she felt ill or hurt in any way, but after she had gently answered 'Oh, no; only so thankful, so worn out,' Madame Darpent advised me not to agitate her by talking to her, but to let her rest. Only the kind motherly woman wanted to know how long it was since she had eaten, and seeing the light of a little cabaret on the road, she stopped the carriage and sent her son to fetch some bread and a draught of wine.

For I should have said that M. Darpent had been obliged to return in the same carriage with us, since he could not accompany the Coadjutor on his way back. He wished to have gone outside, lest his presence should incommode our poor Meg, but it had begun to rain, and we could not consent. Nor was Meg like a Frenchwoman to want to break out in fits the moment the strain was over.

He brought us out some galettes as they call them, and each of us sisters had a drink of wine, which did us a great deal of good. Then we drove on in the dark, as fast as we could, for the Coadjutor's carriage had passed us while we were halting, and we wanted to enter the gates at the same time with him.

I sat beside my sister, holding her hand, as it seemed to give her a sense of safety; Madame Darpent was on her other side, Clément opposite. We kept silence, for Madame Darpent declared that no questions ought to be asked of Madame de Bellaise till the next morning.

Presently we heard an unmistakable snoring from the old lady's corner, and soon after I felt my sister's fingers relax and drop mine, so that I knew she slept. Then I could not but begin to tell, in the quiet and stillness, how my dear brother would thank and bless him for what he had done for us.

I am an old woman now, but I have only to shut my eyes, and it all comes back on me—the dark carriage, the rain-drops against the window glancing in the light of the flambeaux, the crashing of the wheels, and the steady breathing of the sleepers, while we two softly talked on, and our hearts went out to one another, so that we knew our own feelings for one another.

I think it came of talking of Eustace, and his not being able to keep back, that, though Eustace was in some sort the guiding star of his life, yet what he had done for us was not merely for my brother's sake, but for another much more unworthy, had he only known it.

Then he found he had betrayed himself, and asked my pardon, declaring that he had only meant to watch me at a distance (poor me), knowing well the vast gulf between our stations. What could I

answer, but that this was only French nonsense ; we knew better in England what a gentleman meant, and I was sure that my brother would freely and joyfully give me to him, poor broken, ruined cavalier exile as I was ; and then we got hold of each other's hands, and he called me all sorts of pretty names in French and in English ; and I felt myself the proudest and happiest maiden in France, or England to boot, for was not mine the very noblest, most upright and disinterested of hearts ?

Only we agreed that it would be better to let no one here know what was between us until my brother should return. We knew that he would be the most likely person to obtain my mother's consent, and he really stood in the place of a father to me ; while if we disclosed it at once, there was no knowing what my mother might not attempt in his absence, and his mother would never permit us to be in opposition to mine. She would not understand that, though I might not disobey my mother, it was quite impossible that my feelings and opinions should be guided by one of different religion, nation, and principles altogether.

However, we agreed to write to my brother in Holland, as soon as we could find a safe conveyance, and when there were signs of waking on the part of our companions we unlocked the hands that had been clasping one another so tightly.

(Finished by Marguerite.)

So you thought I was asleep, did you, mademoiselle ? I suppose after all these years you will not be ready to box my ears for having heard. It was no feigning, I really was so worn and wearied out that I lay back on the cushions they had arranged for me in a sort of *assoupissement*, only at first able to feel that I was safe, and that Annora was with me. She says I dropped her hand. Well, perhaps I may have dozed for a moment, but it seems to me that I never lost the knowledge of the sound of the wheels, nor of the murmuring voices, though I could not stir, nor move hand or foot, and though I heard it all, it was not till I was lying in bed the next morning that I recollected any part of it, and then it was more as if I had dreamt it than as a reality.

Moreover, Annora was hovering over me, looking perfectly innocent, and intent on making me rest, and feeding me upon possets, and burning to hear my story. Then came my mother from St. Germain, having received a courier who had been despatched at dawn. She embraced me and wept over me, and yet, and yet I think there mingled with her feeling something of vexation and annoyance. If I were to be carried off at all by a man of rank and station, it would have been almost better if he had succeeded in marrying me than that the affair should be a mere matter of gossip. Certainly, that my rescue

should be owing to one of the factious lawyers and to that mischievous party leader the Coadjutor, was an unmixed grievance. After all my follies at Nidemerle, I was quite sufficiently in ill odour with the Court to make it needful to be very careful. If I had only waited till morning the Queen would have taken care to deliver me without my having given a triumph which the Frondeurs would not fail to make the most of.

'Where should I have been in the morning?' I said. 'Did she not know that the horrible wager related to midnight?'

She supposed any woman could take care of herself. At any rate, I had contrived to offend everybody. The Prince was paramount at Court and carried all before him. Mademoiselle, in her devotion to him, would be very angry that I had dared to resist him, and the Queen Regent would never forgive my trafficking with the Frondeurs. On the whole, my mother really thought that the best way to regain my favour or even toleration, would be to accept M. de Lamont with a good grace, since he was certainly distractedly in love with me, and if I fell into disgrace with the authorities, I might have my son and the administration of his property taken away from me in a still more distressing manner, whereas it would only depend on myself to rule M. de Lamont.

'I have only to say,' observed Annora, 'that if she were to do such a thing, I should never speak to her again.'

Whereupon my mother severely reprov'd my sister, declaring that it was all her fault, and that she had gone beyond all bounds when left to herself, and would be a disgrace to the family.

Annora coloured furiously, and said she did not know what might be esteemed a disgrace in France, but she should certainly do nothing that would disgrace her English name. Then it flashed on me that what had passed in the carriage had been a reality, and I saw what she meant.

Of course, however, I did not betray my perception. Disputes between my mother and sister were what we all chiefly dreaded; it was so impossible to make them see anything from the same point of view, so I thought it best to turn the conversation back to my own affairs, by saying that I thought that to marry M. de Lamont would only make matters worse, and that no loss of favour or any other misfortune could be equal to that of being bound to such a husband as he had shown himself.

I had them all against me, except my sister and my English friends, and my saintly guide, Father Vincent de Paul, who assured me that I was by no means bound to accept a man like that; and as for silencing scandal, it was much better to live it down. That devout widow, Madame de Miramion, had endured such an abduction as mine at the hands of Bussy Rabutin, and had been rescued by her mother-in-law, who had raised the country people. No one thought a bit the worse

of her for it, and she was one of the foremost in her works of charity.

This gave me the comfort of knowing that I was right, and I knew besides that such a marriage would be a sore grief to my brother, so I resolved to hold out against all persuasions; but it was a wretched time that now began; for Lamont would not desist from persecuting me with his suit, and I had no remission from him either at Court or in my own house, for if I excluded him, my mother admitted him. My mother dragged me to Court as a matter of form, but I was unwelcome there, and was plainly shown it.

The Queen could not forgive me for being rescued by the Frondeurs; Mademoiselle was in the Prince's interest; the Prince was dominant, and all his satellites made it a point of honour that none of them should fail in carrying any point. Even Cécile d'Aubépine followed the stream. Her husband was very angry with her, and said I had put on grand airs, and made myself ridiculous; and the foolish little thing not only obeyed but believed him, though he neglected her as much as ever. I never dared to drive, scarcely ever to walk out, without escort enough to prevent any fresh attempt at abduction; and even my poor Gaspard was in disgrace, because he was not courtier enough to bear in silence taunts about his mother.

I had only one thing to look forward to, and that was the return of my brother. The new King of England had arrived, and we trusted that he would appear with him; but alas! no, he was detained on the King's business in Jersey, and could not come.

Meantime, Annora kept her own counsel, and though she was my only supporter, except of course the Ommanays, in my resistance, the want of confidence made a certain separation between us. I do not think she had any secret communication with Clément Darpent; they were too honourable for that, but she drew more to old Lady Ommaney than to me during this time.

Reports began to circulate that the Prince's insolence had gone too far, and that the Cardinal had been holding secret conferences with the Coadjutor, to see whether his help and that of Paris could be relied on for the overthrow of the Prince. I remember Annora was in high spirits, and declared that now was the time for honest men if they only knew how to profit by it.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXCI.

1600—1603.

THE LAST TUDOR TRAGEDY.

THE last Tudor tragedy is in some respects the saddest of all, as it broke the heart of the perpetrator, while it fell upon an unusually noble victim.

The Earl of Essex was a strange mixture ; circumstances had made him the spoilt child of the Court, but beneath the outer shell of vanity and petulance there was growing on him the spirit of a Montfort, as he looked upon the tyrannies that had been imposed on the nation by the Tudors. If he had lived to a maturer age, and seen the new reign begin, he might have secured alterations which would have prevented the rebellion in which his son took a leading part. It is strange to think of Queen Elizabeth's gay courtiers and poets as Puritans at heart, yet such had Leicester and Spenser been, and such was Essex, probably because Spain and Rome were then at their worst, and all that savoured of connection with them was hateful.

Essex surrounded himself with Puritan preachers, who inflamed him with the dread that Elizabeth among her vacillations would leave the kingdom open to the Infanta and her husband. He entered into correspondence with James of Scotland, who eagerly accepted his advice on the means of securing his own accession. At the same time, Essex, who was really Earl Marshal of England, listened to all sorts of complaints from those who were pressed heavily by the customs that had grown up in the Tudor times. He believed that, as Earl Marshal, he had a right to interfere with the administration of upstarts like Cecil, Raleigh, and Cobham, who, according to his view, secluded the Queen from hearing the truth from him, and he hoped to drive them from her presence, get a Parliament summoned, and begin a course of reform.

It was unfortunate, however, for his reputation, that he did not perceive that his reforms ought to begin at home, with a self-denying ordinance. Monopolies were among the abuses of the time. The sovereigns granted, to certain persons, licences to be the sole vendors of certain articles at any price they chose for a certain period of years. Essex derived no less than 50,000*l.* a year from a monopoly on sweet wines, and as it expired just at the period of his disgrace, he sent petition on petition to the Queen for its renewal.

She answered that she would inquire into it, and that when horses were unmanageable they were best tamed by being stinted in their food. The Earl was so deep in debt that he knew not how to dispense with this income, and he petitioned again, but Elizabeth had resolved to appropriate the revenue, and answered him contemptuously.

Once again, on the 17th of November, the anniversary of her coronation, he wrote her a letter appealing to her old kindness for him, and entreating its restoration; but she paid no attention to it, and he lost patience, and began to talk wildly and foolishly, consorting with the discontented.

His house at Temple Bar, and his friend Southampton's at Drury Lane, were the resort of all the disaffected. The Puritan connections of Leicester and of Walsingham made him the favourite champion of those who were discontented with the Church government of Elizabeth and Whitgift, and they preached before him and crowds of hearers of their own persuasion. He even put to them, as a case of conscience, whether a sovereign might be compelled by force to govern according to law.

The Queen was nearing the age of man, and had lived and reigned longer than any sovereign since Edward III., yet she still gave no sign of designating her heir, and the nation was growing uneasy on the subject. James Stewart, as a foreign sovereign, was far less obvious than he appears to us, and there was in many persons an extreme dislike of Scotland and the Scots. His cousin, Arabella, was by some looked on as a more suitable sovereign, being to all intents and purposes an Englishwoman born and bred; and some thought of Lord Beauchamp, the Tower-born son of poor Lady Katharine Grey; but there had of late been friendly negotiations with the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabel in Flanders, and this had raised a bugbear that the Queen meant actually to revive the old claim of the descent from the house of Lancaster in their behalf. As she had formerly coquetted with her lovers, so now she coquetted with her would-be heirs, being resolved that there should be no certainty. She had been shocked at the headlong rush from her sister's death-bed to greet her as Queen, and she meant to hinder anything of the kind.

But the nation could not brook the doubt. The idea that the Infanta would reign over them after all maddened the Puritans, and Raleigh, Cobham, and even Cecil were supposed to prefer this to the Scottish succession. Essex, who had worked himself up to believe them capable of anything, actually wrote to warn James that he had better send an embassy to demand a recognition of his rights, promising to risk everything for his support. James decided on sending off two envoys, one to the Queen, the other to consult with the conspirators, who were wont to meet at Southampton's house in Drury Lane. Meantime, Essex talked without restraint of his wrongs,

and called the Queen 'an old woman as crooked in mind as in person.' The city was in a state of disorder, with much rioting, and the Queen was exceedingly discomposed, pacing about the room, scarcely eating, and refusing to change her dress, or to see her friends, especially Harrington, whose knighthood at the Earl's hand was a special offence. 'Go tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home,' she said; 'it is no season to fool it here.'

Cecil had spies everywhere, through Sir Ferdinando Gorges, whom Essex supposed his great friend; and he discovered that the wild plan of the discarded Deputy was that his stepfather, Sir Christopher Blount, with a trusty band, should seize the gates of the palace, and that he himself should burst upon the Queen, fall on his knees before her, and exerting the ascendancy in which he still believed, insist on her dismissing her present advisers, and then have a Parliament called, and justice done. All this was disclosed by his supposed friends.

Orders were brought by Secretary Herbert that my Lord of Essex should appear before the Council. He was further alarmed by a message from Sir Henry Neville to take care of himself. He replied that he was unwell and could not come, but during the night he sent messengers to all his friends, who mustered at his house to the number of 300. It was Sunday, and he told them that the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors were to hear a sermon at St. Paul's Cross. Thither he meant to repair, to explain his wrongs and theirs, and lead them to obtain redress from the Queen.

However, at ten o'clock, the Lord Keeper Egerton, the Earl of Worcester, and others of the Council, were at the gate of Essex's house demanding admission. After some hesitation, the heads of the party were admitted through a wicket, but without their attendants. They asked the cause of the Court being full of armed men, and Essex began to storm about a plot against his life, and Southampton mentioned an old assault by Lord Grey's servants for which the offender had been punished.

The Lord Keeper desired Essex to explain his grievances in private, but the armed men around broke out in loud cries, 'They abuse you, my lord; they are undoing you; you lose your time!'

Egerton put on his cap, and in the Queen's name commanded the company to lay aside their arms and disperse, but this made them more tumultuous; and Essex leading the way into the house, the Keeper and his companions followed, but the mob shouted, 'Keep them for pledges! Kill them! Throw the Great Seal out of window!' They found two rooms full of musketeers, through whom Essex led them, evidently meaning to shelter them; and putting them into a room at the back of the house he begged them to have patience for half an hour, entrusted them to the care of four gentlemen, and bolted them in.

The die was now cast, and, having made the Queen's deputation

prisoners, he was forced to go on ; and, drawing his sword, he dashed out into the street, followed by his friends Southampton, Rutland, Sandys, and Mounteagle, and about eighty knights and gentlemen, besides the rabble.

The Lords Bedford and Cromwell afterwards joined him, as he rushed along Fleet Street, crying, ' England is sold to Spain by Cecil and Raleigh ! Citizens, arm for England and the Queen ! '

There was a guard at Ludgate Hill whom he entreated to let him pass, declaring that he wanted to save his life from Raleigh and Cobham. They let him through, but he found nobody at Paul's Cross, the Mayor having prudently stopped the sermon and sent orders to every one to remain within doors ; so the streets were empty as the Earl rode along shouting, ' For the Queen ! for the Queen ! ' He reached the house of Sheriff Smith, who had made him large promises, but he found it empty and deserted ; and thus seeing that his plan had failed, he shut himself into one of the rooms to recover his spirits.

The Court meanwhile was in consternation ; Cecil knew not whom to trust, and only doubled the guards ; but Elizabeth's old spirit awoke, and she declared her intention of going forth to quell the rebels with a glance of her eye. However, Cecil preferred sending his brother Lord Burghley with a herald, also the gallant and faithful Lord Cumberland and Sir Thomas Gerard, into the city in different quarters to proclaim Essex a traitor, and to offer a pardon to every one else who would return to his duty.

Essex left the house of Sheriff Smith with much smaller numbers than he had brought to it. He had tried to procure weapons at an armourer's shop, but in vain, and he found the streets barricaded with chains and carts. Lord Burghley gave way before him, and he broke the guard on Ludgate Hill by a charge headed by Sir Christopher Blount ; but a shot went through his hat, and his followers fell away from him at every street. However, he reached Queenhithe, took boat, and returned to his own house, where he trusted to make terms for his own safety by means of the Lord Keeper and the other hostages, but on his arrival he found the birds flown ; Sir Ferdinando Gorges had liberated them as soon as the mob had streamed off after him and left the way clear.

In despair he began to fortify the house, but he was presently besieged by the Lord Admiral and the Queen's guard. Sir Robert Sydney came into the garden, and parleyed with Essex and Southampton on the roof. They made demands which were refused, but a respite of two hours was granted to allow the ladies, children, and women to escape. By that time cannon had been brought from the Tower, and there was another summons to surrender. Lord Sandys wished to sally out and cut their way through the enemy, or die, sword in hand, but Essex preferred surrendering on the promise of a fair trial. He gave up his sword at ten o'clock at night, and, with his friends,

was conducted to Lambeth Palace for the night, as it was too dark to venture to shoot London Bridge. The next morning all the noblemen were lodged in the Tower.

Minds were in so excited a state that a man named Lee, who had been heard to say that, if the Earl's life were to be saved, his friends should go in a body to the Queen and refuse to depart till she had promised his pardon, was arrested among the crowd in the presence-chamber, tried for intending to murder the Queen, and summarily put to death.

A few days more, and on the 19th of February, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, were arraigned in Westminster Hall before a jury of twenty-five peers, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice Popham and the other judges. Hearing the name of Lord Grey, his great enemy, among the jury, Essex 'laughed upon the Earl of Southampton and jogged him by the sleeve;' then desired to know whether they had power to challenge any of the jury; but this privilege was denied to peers. They were accused of levying war upon the Queen, and of the imprisonment of her councillors, to which they pleaded not guilty, Essex declaring that he had done nothing but what the law of nature compelled him to do in his own defence, and that he bore a true heart to her Majesty.

Trials in those days were conducted with no small amount of invective. The Attorney-General Yelverton hotly abused Essex. 'This offence was not of the suddenness that they make show of, for my Lord of Essex ever wore a black bag about his neck, containing a catalogue of the names of such as were of his numbers—a black bag, meet for so black a cause. This treason-bird hath been secretly long a-hatching, and was hatched in such a hollow tree that it was only Providence that discovered it before it was fully ready to fly of itself.' On the other hand, when Sir Walter Raleigh was called as witness, Essex exclaimed, 'What booteth it to swear the fox?'

Indeed, Raleigh's evidence consisted of what Sir Ferdinando Gorges had betrayed to him of Essex's purpose. Essex demanded that Gorges himself should be produced, and on his appearance, said, 'Remember your reputation, and that you are a gentleman. I pray you answer me. Did you advise me to leave my enterprise?'

'My lord, I *think* I did,' was Gorges' answer, and being further pressed, he added 'I did;' whereupon Essex called upon every one to look well at Sir Ferdinando, and see whether he looked like himself, adding, 'All the world shall see by my death and his life whose testimony is the truest.' On another appeal from Southampton, Gorges allowed that he had never in any of their conferences heard anything disloyal to her Majesty's person.

The trial turned on the question whether Essex's attack on the Queen's councillors amounted to treason against herself. The animosity displayed by Yelverton and Francis Bacon in their pleadings

was certainly disgraceful, while the prisoners behaved for the most part with great dignity and decorum. The peers of the jury are said by the French ambassador to have been drinking beer, eating biscuits, and smoking tobacco all through the pleading. At the close, they each delivered their verdict singly, and every one adjudged the two earls to be guilty of high treason, and they were condemned.

Each made a speech of much dignity and pathos, Essex showing himself hopeless of pardon, forgiving his enemies, and as a testimony thereof, begging that Lord Howard of Walden, the first who had uttered a verdict against him, might share his final Communion.

They were carried back to the Tower with the edge of the axe turned towards them. Southampton, in his chamber, was visited by his favourite cat, which came from Drury Lane, and made her way down his chimney. She was his solace during the remainder of his imprisonment, which lasted till the end of the reign, and she is represented by his side in his portrait at Bulstrode.

Essex was extremely beloved at home, and much admired at foreign Courts, and there was thus a great desire to extract from him a confession which might justify his execution. The Dean of Norwich, Dr. Dove, went to him at first; but to him he said that he had not offended God in anything he had done, that, as Earl Marshal, it was his duty to reform abuses, and he added, 'If you knew how many overtures have been made to me to remove the evils which oppress this commonwealth, you would greatly wonder. But why should I reason with you, seeing we hold not one principle?'

Essex was in fact at heart a reformer as well as Puritan, such as his son, without his grace and fire, showed himself forty years later; and, with his eyes open to the tyrannies of the Tudor administration. He had an undeveloped notion of improvements, such as he might have commenced but for his childish impatience and violence. On the failure of Dr. Dove, his own chaplain, Ashton, was sent him, a man of great apparent zeal, but mean and base at heart. He persuaded Essex to give in a full confession in writing of all his wild projects, and mentioning a number of accomplices. It is thought that this document may have been tampered with, as it is hardly like the high-spirited and generous Essex.

The enemies of Essex were resolved to give the Queen no time for vacillations and relentings. They plied her with stories of his impatient, contemptuous speeches, and representations of his really liberal principles; and old stories that had frightened her before, of Hereford and Richard II., were not spared. There is full reason to believe the truth of the story that she expected the ring that she had once given Essex as a pledge by which he might implore her mercy, and that he had sent it to Lady Scrope, but it was carried by mistake to her sister, Lady Nottingham, the Lord Admiral's wife, who kept it back. At any rate Essex was condemned on the 19th of February, and his death

warrant was signed four days later, in a specially clear and steady hand, for his execution on Ash Wednesday, the 25th.

He was only thirty-three, but he had gone through a strange career of court and camp, sea and land, and had high powers and aims within him, which had made him unfit for the favouritism which had spoiled his life. Latterly his religious feelings had greatly deepened, and they enabled him to bear himself with noble resignation. 'You shall see a strong God in a weak man,' he said to the yeomen of the Tower, whom he entreated to pray for him.

Sad work it must have been for the gallant sailor, Cumberland, to have been among the peers appointed to witness the execution. Raleigh was also present, unbidden and unseen. The eight nobles had seats on the scaffold, and there beheld the Earl come forth, in all his manly beauty and valour, apparelléd in a gown of wrought velvet, a satin suit and felt hat, all black, with a small ruff, and attended by three clergymen. All the way he prayed aloud, 'O God, grant me a true and earnest repentance. Grant me patience and a true humility.' And he besought the prayers of all those about him.

On the scaffold he made a deeply penitent speech, in Scriptural terms, bewailing the sins of his lifetime, and only averring that he had never had any intention of harming the Queen. He ended by beseeching all 'to join with him in prayer that his soul might be lifted up above all earthly things.' One of the clergy requested him to pray for the forgiveness of his enemies, to which he replied, 'I thank you for it.'

After removing his ruff and collar, he knelt down, and one of the clergy encouraged him against the fear of death. His answer was a very brave and simple one, 'that having been divers times in places of danger where death was neither so present nor so certain, he had felt the weakness of the flesh, and therefore in this great conflict desired God to assist and strengthen him.' He laid his neck on the block, saying, 'Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commit my spirit.' There was some delay, and he said, 'O strike, strike!' and in a few seconds more his head was severed from his body.

His remains were laid in the grave between those of the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Arundel, and great was the lamentation for him, for, unlike his stepfather, Leicester, and indeed most other royal favourites, he had been greatly beloved of the people. Two ballads, whose quaintness attest that they were the work of the people, still exist, one beginning thus:—

'Sweet England's prize is gone,
Welladay, welladay,
Which makes her sigh and groan,
Evermore still.
He did her fame advance
In Ireland, Spain, and France,
And by a sad mischance
Is from us ta'en.

‘He was a virtuous peer,
Welladay, welladay,
And was esteemed dear,
Evermore still.
He always loved the poor,
Which makes ‘em sigh full sore ;
His death they did deplore,
In every place.’

Both ballads repeat, almost word for word, the speech he uttered on the scaffold, and there is a third, more cheerful one, ascribing to him the memorable feat of having made prisoner the son of the Emperor of Germany, who thus proposes a ransom :—

‘Give me my son, the Emperor cried,
Which thou this day hast taken from me,
And I’ll give thee three keys of gold,
The one shall be of High Germany.’

Essex, however, declined the three keys of gold, and

‘Home returned with a wonderful prize,
And brought the Emperor’s son to the Queen.

‘O then bespoke the ‘prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall,
In a kind letter sent straight to the Queen,
For Essex’s sake they would fight all.
Raderer ta, tandaro te,
Radezer, tandorer, tan do ree !’

Essex left two sons, the eldest only six years old. The Queen does not seem at first to have shown much grief for him. The audacity of his enterprise had so roused her anger that she had carried out his punishment without giving herself time to feel what he had really been to her. She was playing on the virginals when the news was brought to her that the deed was accomplished, and she did not desist. Raleigh was already in the presence-chamber, and the Earl of Oxford looking at him with the dislike of a noble to a parvenu, whispered, as the keys rose and fell under the Queen’s fingers—

‘When jacks go up, heads go down.’

Two more heads were to go down, those of Essex’s stepfather, Sir Christopher Blount, and Sir Charles Danvers ; and Raleigh was present at their execution. Blount had been an extravagant husband to the old Countess, and had sold both her jewels and lands, to supply his needs. She retired now after the loss of her brilliant son, to an ‘ill-favoured cottage’ near Taunton, while her daughter-in-law, Frances, widow of two of the most distinguished men of their day, bred up her two young children in privacy.

The Queen was sixty-nine, but so far she showed none of the infirmities of age, but walked about vigorously, and did her best to tantalise James of Scotland by contriving that his ambassador should behold her dancing to the sound of a little fiddle !

She had a great desire to have a personal interview with Henri IV., and when he went to Calais in 1601, she actually travelled to Dover in order to bring about a meeting with him, to consult on the state of Europe. She sent Sir Robert Sidney with letters to him inviting him to cross the Strait and confer with her in person. He was at first disposed to come, but his advisers represented to him that he might be pounced on by Elizabeth and detained till he surrendered Calais, a most unworthy suspicion ; and they also suggested the ridiculous idea that his Queen and Henriette d'Entragues might be jealous ! On the other hand, Elizabeth was ready to have come, only her counsellors were afraid of her being captured by Spanish cruisers. However, she wrote Henri a letter telling him that she had something to confide to him which could be entrusted to him alone.

Henri showed the letter to Rosny, who decided on going himself to England, as if only out of curiosity, so that the Queen might do as she pleased as to making any official communication. By ten o'clock in the morning he was at Dover, where he was at once recognised and saluted by Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Cobham. He pretended to be disconcerted, and begged them not to mention his presence to the Queen ; but the captain of the guardship had hurried to her with the news, and he had no sooner reached his lodgings than the captain of the body-guard clasped him round the waist and arrested him in jest, conducting him to the Queen, who received him in the same tone of gaiety—

'What, M. de Rosny, is this your way of scaling our fences to try to avoid saluting me ? I am surprised !'

However, joking apart, Elizabeth began to converse on her great castle of European policy, which filled Rosny with wonder and delight by its accordance with his master's principles. France and England united were to lower the pride of the House of Austria, to make the election of the Emperor no longer a mere confirmation of the inheritance of the Hapsburgs, to render Holland independent, and enlarge Switzerland at the expense of the empire, to free Italy and deprive Spain of the Indies ; also, to suppress all forms of worship in Europe save the Roman, Lutheran, and Calvinist. Elizabeth and Rosny were perfectly agreed over this scheme, and cut and carved with mutual satisfaction ; Rosny recording in his memoirs his genuine admiration of the genius and vigorous understanding of this great Queen. He went back, and the Duke of Biron was sent on a State mission to thank the Queen for her invitation.

It was a flattering mission in which he could hardly do any harm, and might learn some good ; and Elizabeth, who knew what had passed at Lyons, and guessed that he was by no means cured of his treason and discontent, was determined to give him a wholesome warning.

She had left Dover, and the Duke followed her to Basing House, the

seat of the Pauletts, in Hampshire. He was lodged at the Vine, Lord Sandys' house, which was supplied by the people of Southampton with seven score beds for his suite. He accompanied her when she returned to London; she pointed to the heads impaled on the Tower, and told him that was the way traitors were served in England. She even spoke of the great love she had felt for Essex, and his pride and presumption, saying she hoped her good brother's clemency would not be fatal to him.

Meantime, France was rejoicing in the birth of a Dauphin, who was born at Fontainebleau on the 14th of September, 1601. No one liked the Prince of Condé, hitherto the next heir, and as Henriette d'Entragues continued to insist that she was the King's wife, there might have been endless difficulties as to the succession. The child was at once baptized by the name of Louis, but the solemn reception into the Church was deferred till he should be old enough to receive instruction.

Biron returned to France a few weeks later, not much the better for the advice Queen Elizabeth had given him. He renewed his intrigues with the Dukes of Bouillon and La Tremouille, who seem to have shared his madness in believing that with the aid of Spain and Savoy they should be able to obtain from the King the great feudal fiefs, in the east and south, which had been united with the Crown.

Bouillon was already independent Prince of Sédan, and he hoped to obtain the adjoining territory of French Flanders, and as Huguenots both he and La Tremouille wanted more security for the observation of the Edict of Nantes. They were actually trafficking with Spain and Savoy, and full proof of it was laid before Henri by one of their accomplices named Lafin, who gave him copies of their letters. Henri was greatly grieved, for he had a real regard for the men who had shared his first campaigns, and lived intimately with him; but the peril was great, and he sent a summons to Biron to attend him at Fontainebleau, and explain accusations of correspondence with the enemy. At the same time he secured the fortresses of Biron's government, so that the Duke had no choice but to obey or to comply. He was so confident that he could hoodwink the King that he chose the latter course. The Duke of Epernon, who had some knowledge of his plans, warned him to act openly, and throw himself on the King's mercy: but near Fontainebleau, Biron met Lafin, who, as he took off his hat, said—

'Courage, master, and a good face.'

The habits of Henri's Court were very early, and at six in the morning of the 12th of June he was walking in the garden of the palace when Biron advanced, and putting a knee to the ground, kissed his hand. Henri raised him, embraced him, and said—

'You have done well, my friend, to confide in me, otherwise I was about to seek you myself.'

Then leaning on Biron's shoulder, the King walked with him into the grand avenue. There was something very touching in the manner in which Henri tried to elicit a voluntary confession from his old comrade, so as to be able to forgive him ; while Biron, unaware that he had been betrayed by Lafin, kept his secret. For two whole days the game went on ; Rosny arrived, and, by the King's orders, reiterated advice to Biron to confess all ; but the unfortunate man believed all these persuasions were meant as traps, and, having treason still in his heart, went on blindly denying that he had anything to confess.

The last scene took place in the Queen's reception-room, where Henri, taking Biron from a game at cards, made one more attempt.

'Marshal, my friend,' he said, 'confess to me your errors with your own lips, and on the word of a King, whatever they may be, I will pardon, screen you with my royal favour, and for ever forget your misdeeds ! If you drive me however against my will to prove your crime publicly, I swear I will not interfere, but leave you to abide by the chastisement you have merited.'

'Sire,' replied Biron, 'I came not to vindicate myself, but to know who are my accusers. I supplicate your Majesty to give up the names of those slanderers, that I may do myself justice.'

'Remember now that I cannot save you,' said Henri.

Leaving Biron, he went to his cabinet, and with much agitation gave his orders to the captain of the guards, who instantly drew out his soldiers. Then returning to the *salon*, Henri took his wife's hand, and gave the signal to retire, saying, as he bowed, 'Adieu, Baron de Biron,' not marshal or duke, but simply Baron, the rank from which he had raised the discontented man. One word or sign, and he was still ready to relent, but Biron went without a word, and, as he passed the threshold, he was arrested. The Count of Auvergne, his accomplice, was arrested at the same time, and they were sent off to Paris under a strong guard.

Henri bewailed the necessity of the step with tears, while Biron abused him in no measured terms, and insisted on his own innocence. But the instructions he had given to Lafin when sending him to the Duke of Savoy were in his own handwriting, and he could not deny them. A terrible course of treason and double dealing was proved beyond question, and there was no choice but to bring him before the Parliament. He was found guilty and sentenced to die. Henri was entreated by all the kindred of the unhappy man to spare him, and even by the Queen.

'Madame,' was the answer, 'I have too great an affection for you and your son to grant your request. I cannot leave in the heart of my realm so sharp a thorn when it is in my power to extract it.'

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 31st of July, Rosny, the Chancellor, and other officials, conveyed to Biron, in the chapel of the

Bastille, the intelligence that he was sentenced, and must die that evening at five o'clock. Biron, much agitated, hoarsely declared that the Chancellor would have to answer for his deed before the tribunal of Heaven, and for some time raved so that the messengers were obliged to pause.

He became calm afterwards and made his will, which the King promised should take effect. Then he made his confession to the curé, and was afterwards, according to French custom, once more interrogated on his crime, but he refused to inculpate any one. At five o'clock he was led to the lawn before the Bastille, where the scaffold was erected, and at the foot of the ladder received final absolution. Seeing the band of musketeers drawn up he cried, 'O for a musket ball through the body. Is there no mercy!' After a prayer he tied a handkerchief round his eyes, but on hearing the executioner's step he tore it off, crying, 'Is there no mercy—no pardon?' and continued repeating, 'Minime! Minime!' by which he was supposed to mean his own confessor, who was a Minimite friar. The authorities were forced to call on the executioner [to cut off his collar, but he glared with fury. 'Who dares approach me! I will strangle the first who lays a finger on me!' he cried. At last, however, he asked one of the gentlemen to bandage his eyes, but instantly tore off the handkerchief again, crying, 'One more look at the sky!' It was tied again, and he called out, 'Hasten! hasten!' but even then was about to spring up again, when the executioner swept off his head with the sword, this, the ancient Roman fashion, being still the mode of execution for nobles in France, instead of the block and axe.

Biron and Essex may be compared with interest. In both was latent aristocratic mistrust of the encroachments of the Crown, although Biron's treachery, ingratitude, and personal ambition had altogether the mastery; and if Essex had served such a master as Henri IV. he would never have swerved aside from loyalty. Nor did the young Earl ever lose his personal allegiance to the Queen, or seek for individual selfish aggrandisement. From his own point of view all he sought was to recover his influence with the beloved Queen who had petted his youth and called him her sweet Robin, to free her from a clique of parvenus, and to use his power when recovered—not to obtain a principality, but to redress the grievances and diminish the burthens of the people. And thus one met his doom like a madman, the other with the calm, heroic dignity of a hopeful repentance.

Spite of the apparent indifference she had shown, the fate of her 'sweet Robin' had smitten Elizabeth deeply. For a time she kept up her lively habits, as if in defiance of age and grief, going out a maying, hunting, and hawking, and dancing after supper, but her eye and ear were quick to perceive that the Londoners, since the death of their beloved Earl, had ceased from their former acclamations and tokens of affection. And more and more did she miss the noble face and the

true, honest tongue that had loved but had not flattered her. In the June of 1602 she spoke of Essex, with sighs and tears, to the French ambassador, Beaumont, though still justifying her own conduct; and as autumn came on she had a heavy cold, which depressed her spirits so that she often sat in a dark room, often weeping and bewailing Essex. The tidings of the treaty with Tyrone increased her gloom, probably by proving how unreasonable had been her demands to Essex, and how harsh her refusal to listen to him. She had fitful moods of merriment at times, and Cecil hoped that she might be consoled by a new favourite, the Earl of Clanricarde, who was considered strikingly like Essex. The Queen did not feel attracted by the resemblance, but the widow did, and after a time accepted him as her third husband.

So passed the end of 1602, and with January 1603 came another cold, which made the Queen remove to Richmond as a warmer spot. Soon after came the entreaty from the Lady Nottingham that her royal mistress would visit her on her death-bed, and there Elizabeth saw the fatal ring, and heard the confession that it had been brought to the Countess by mistake for her sister, Lady Scrope, and cruelly withheld. The Queen's agony was uncontrollable. 'God may forgive you, but I cannot,' she cried, as she shook the dying woman, and turned away broken-hearted.

'The burthen of her natural age' came on her, and she changed and weakened day by day. Her nights were sleepless, and her days sad and heavy, with frequent tears. There was no pain, but constant thirst and low fever, and she continually sat or lay on a pile of cushions. At last for four days she never moved from the cushions, and could not be persuaded either to take food or to lie down in bed. Cecil argued with her, till she exclaimed more than once—'I know I am not mad. You must not think to make Queen Jane of me,' referring of course to the melancholy madness of Queen Juana.

Archbishop Whitgift and Sir Robert persuaded her in vain to call in her physician. She said petulantly she knew her constitution better than they did, and was not so ill as they thought her. Then they fetched Admiral Lord Nottingham, her first cousin, from his house of mourning for his wife. He knelt down by her, kissed her hands, and persuaded her to let him feed her with a spoon with a little broth; but when he tried to induce her to go to bed she exclaimed that, if he were in the habit of seeing such things in his bed as she did in hers, he would not ask her to go there.

Cecil put in his word and asked 'if her Majesty had seen any spirits?'

'I scorn to answer you such a question,' exclaimed Elizabeth, with all her wonted dignity.

Cecil persisted in telling her that to content the people she *must* go to bed.

Then with a smile, 'wonderfully contemning' the importunate

secretary, she replied: 'Little man! little man! if your father had lived ye durst not have said so much, but ye know I must die, and that makes you so presumptuous.'

She then ordered him and the rest of the Council out of the room, only keeping the Lord Admiral, to whom, with a piteous shake of the head, she said—

'My lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck.' He spoke to her of her usual courage, but she again answered—'I am tied! I am tied! and the case is altered with me.'

Lord Nottingham's persuasions and some exertion of strength prevailed to lay her in bed, but ere long she returned to her cushions, where for ten long days she remained, not speaking more than once in two or three hours, her finger on her mouth, her eyes on the ground, accepting only a little water. At last she remained silent for four and twenty hours, and then, almost insensible, she was carried to bed, where the rest revived her a little, and she asked for some broth, and desired to have Du Plessis Mornay's *Meditations* read to her. An ulcerated sore throat seems to have been her only absolute malady except this sudden failing of her strength, and even when she became speechless she was still perfectly conscious. The Council came to demand whom she would name to succeed her. They named the King of Scotland, and she did not move, but when they spoke of Lord Beauchamp she roused herself, and said fiercely—

'I will have no rascal's son to sit in my seat, but one worthy to be a king.'

She was fifteen days in bed, seldom opening her lips, probably from the state of her throat. Once when the Archbishop came in she must have wandered back to the doctrines of her youth, for she rated him hotly, bidding him be packing, for he and the others were no better than hedge priests; but later in the evening she sent for him, and he examined her on her faith and repentance, she answering him by holding up her hand.

Once, when, to encourage her, he spoke of the great work of the Reformation which she had accomplished, she answered audibly—'My crown has given me enough of vanity, I pray you not to augment it in this hour.'

Whitgift began to pray, the ladies and attendants making the responses. After a long time, the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her and ceased, but she made a sign with her hand that he should continue, and again when, after half an hour, he paused, she signed that she still clung to his prayers; but when the hand was no longer raised, and she lay in a deep sleep, she was left to her women, and she never moved again. They found that her last breath had been drawn at three in the morning of the 24th of March, 1603, the day before her seventieth birthday, which was on the feast of the nunciation.

Elizabeth's latter days are sometimes spoken of as one of those cases which show retributive justice on ambition and cruelty, but compared with such scenes as took place at other royal death-beds, it does not appear that there was aught lacking which human care and affection could supply to the wasting frame and departing soul. It is true that the needful questions as to her successor were asked, and that Robert Carey was waiting outside the window for his sister, Lady Scrope, to drop from it a blue ring, the preconcerted signal that he was to hurry to James of Scotland with the intelligence of her death; but though this fact may jar on the feelings, there was nothing unseemly or neglectful in the treatment of the patient herself. She had, up to this last illness, hardly been touched by age. Only a few months previously the greatest statesman in Europe had been genuinely struck with her vigour and ability, and she had been as alert of foot, ready of memory, and quick of eye as ever; nor had she lost either the respect or the affection of those about her. Her nearest kindred on her mother's side were about her, and there is something very affecting in the picture of the old sailor lord, the victor of the Armada and of Cadiz, coaxing and feeding the great Queen in her weakness, brought thus together as two cousins in any rank might have been. The sadness of the drifting away beyond the reach of loving hands, helpless to aid, is felt wherever the passage through the valley of the shadow of death is long, and it was increased in this case by the silence, which seems; however, to have been chiefly caused by the condition of the throat. The mournful effect is, of course, much enhanced by the final blow having been the discovery that the brave but erring man, whoms he had thought too proud and obstinate to appeal to her, had indeed made that entreaty, and in vain. Save for that stroke she might have had power and spirit to rally against her casual ailment; but though generally vacillating and longing to spare, she had for once permitted hasty justice, and thus the last and greatest of the Tudors, just as her last enemy had been subdued, died of a broken heart.

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XIV.—THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

(Published 1600; supposed date 1597–8.)

THE connection between the *First* and *Second Parts of Henry IV.* is so close that the two have been called one play in ten acts. However, this is an overstatement of the case, for there is a decided difference between the plays, and we cannot say that the *Second Part* is altogether on a level with the *First*. How could it be so without Hotspur and his admirable foil Glendower? With them is withdrawn the interest of the rebel's proceedings, for one cannot feel a very lively concern for the Archbishop and his party, or that tiresome Northumberland who will neither fight properly nor let it alone. The story, in a manner, straggles; something is wanted to unite the different parts and link the scenes together. King Henry is still the centre on which everything turns, but there is a great change in him; we no longer see him working, fighting, *doing*, himself, but now broken down and dying, obliged to depute others to do his work. Though his influence is felt through all the action of the play, there is not much of his actual personal presence till we come to the closing scenes of his life. If this *Second Part* is inferior to the *First* as a whole, none of the historical plays can surpass some of the scenes it contains. For dramatic power and life, for truth of character and originality of humour, certain portions of this play may safely challenge criticism. It is the first of the historical plays which has a formal introduction, perhaps thought necessary to point out exactly where the story was being resumed. The quaint figure of 'Rumour, painted full of tongues,' recalls the older shows and moralities, but it has an odd effect and seems out of place considering the matter-of-fact characters which it heralds. Northumberland is intensely provoking in this play (Act 1 sc. i.). After being so stupid as to be ill and leave Hotspur to be overpowered, he now does nothing but rant when he hears of the battle of Shrewsbury, and can be twisted in any direction. There is not much sign that Shakspeare is himself interested in the surviving rebel leaders; he carefully elaborates their speeches, in which there are certainly fine passages, but we miss the vivid touches which put Hotspur, Worcester, and Glendower before us in unmistakable individuality.

When we turn to the King's party (Act 1 sc. ii.) it would be satisfactory to know what our friends have been about in the interval between the plays. The King and Prince Henry go to Wales and return to London, but it would appear that Harry arrives before his

father, unless we are to suppose that the uproar with the Chief Justice happened before the war broke out, and that Harry does not come back to London after Shrewsbury till we see him with Poin in Act 2 scene ii. In any case, there is some confusion as to the King's return and the beginning of his illness. Falstaff has evidently got back to his old quarters, and has renewed his commission to levy soldiers, which he is in no particular hurry to execute. It is a pity Shakspeare could not manage to give us the scene of Prince Hal's committal to prison, instead of talking about it, as it would certainly have been a good one, but it is difficult to see where it could have been placed. If Shakspeare had followed the *Famous Victories* he must have put it into the *First Part*, as the old play makes it a sequel to the Gadshill robbery. There would hardly have been room for it in the *First Part*, but the parallel scene in the *Famous Victories* seems to have been in Shakspeare's mind, as the Prince there, who is made a terrible ruffian, tries to release a thief of his acquaintance, and we learn here (Act 1 sc. ii.) that it was about Bardolph that Harry struck the Chief Justice. This Chief Justice is a noble figure of calm dignity, yet possessed of so much keen insight and readiness as to be a terrible opponent for Falstaff, whose brilliant excuses he crushes down ruthlessly, even while the corners of his mouth must twitch a little at Sir John's absurd cleverness. The Chief Justice is essentially a gentleman; he could not be vulgar if he tried, and his temper and emotions generally are kept under the steadiest control; everything with him is a matter of duty. In every respect he contrasts with the lawless old sensualist before him. With his boundless impudence and inexhaustible foolery, Falstaff's shifts and devices not to be cross-questioned by the Chief Justice are simply irresistible; like his cool assumption of his own merits, 'It was ever the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common,' a remark comically true in itself and comically false as applied to Falstaff.

Going back to the north (Act 1 sc. iii.) Shakspeare gives us a good deal of the discussions among the insurgent leaders, and their reasons for rising, especially the revulsion in the popular mind against the House of Lancaster, and the regret for Richard II.'s death; but he makes no allusion to the widespread idea that Richard had really escaped from Promfret and was still living, a notion adopted by the rebelling party and strongly urged on the people. Possibly he thought this would be too complicated, so he let it alone, and assigns no particular cause for the rising. There is a great want of spirit about all the plans. The leaders, Hastings, the Archbishop, and Lord Bardolph are so anxious and cautious, and have so little fire in them, that we wonder they ever get to the point of rising at all. Curiously, while the Archbishop evidently wishes to get the popular support, he makes an eloquent speech on the folly of trusting to such support, as exemplified by the violent changes of feeling with which King Richard was regarded.

Up at Warkworth (Act 2 sc. iii.) there is fire and energy enough, but it is turned to the purpose of keeping Northumberland from standing by his allies. Loss and sorrow have altered 'gentle Kate,' and taught her burning, passionate words wherewith now to urge her desires, yet her ruling idea is still the old one—her beloved hero, her 'heart's dear Harry.' Like many other gentlewomen, she is cruel from one-sidedness, and does not care how she stabs Northumberland, whom all the time she wants to save; but she does not see that to play fast and loose with rebellion, as she gets him to do, is the most certain way to lose everything, being quite misled by her own fantastic logic about Hotspur's memory.

The other woman who now becomes prominent (Act 2 sc. i.) is of a very different order to Lady Percy—the foolish, soft-hearted, soft-headed hostess, Mrs. Quickly. She represents a type much commoner in other dramatists than in Shakspeare, though he certainly makes full use of her, bringing her into four plays. Some points she has in common with Juliet's nurse, but there is a delightful wrong-headedness about her from which the Nurse is free. Mrs. Quickly is *such* a fool; she has the greatest knack of putting the cart before the horse, and generally saying and doing the wrong thing, so as to get herself into trouble. Naturally Falstaff can twist her round his finger, and when she tries to get the better of him, what a mess she makes of it! The whole scene of Falstaff's arrest is inimitably natural, just such a bit of London street life as Shakspeare might have seen any day, and has caught and handed down to us. There is the excited woman, half proud of the strong step she is taking, half frightened for the result; keeping up her courage by a voluble recital of her grievances; then the sturdy sheriff's officers, not liking the job, but taking it all in the way of business; and upon them comes the old rogue, whose better birth and breeding only serve to increase his consummate assurance. The arrest is attempted and resisted, the street rings with the disturbance, and the hostess's shrill screams and wonderful murdering of the King's English, till the Chief Justice appears to quell the riot. Now if Mrs. Quickly had any sense, she might really get an advantage over Falstaff, but being a fool, she goes off into an astounding rigmarole about his past promises, not the least to the point, but exactly like the talk of such a woman. Incidentally she shows us that there were limits to the liberties Prince Hal allowed Falstaff on the subject of the King, and when he ventured to liken 'his father to a singing man of Windsor,' the Prince's displeasure promptly showed itself in unmistakable fashion. That Falstaff rises to the present occasion is a matter of course. Assuming an aggrieved and dignified air infinitely comic, he exercises that peculiar gift which the Chief Justice aptly describes as 'wrenching the true cause the false way.' There is generally an element of truth somewhere about Falstaff's sayings, but it becomes, through being violently wrenched and put up side down, that 'lie which

is half a truth,' and 'is ever the blackest of lies.' This time he has a stronghold in the fact that he is employed by the King, which protects him from the Chief Justice, and when he begins to cajole the hostess, we see it will all end in her withdrawing her action and lending him more money, poor simpleton that she is. The last part of the scene almost requires acting to bring out the drollery of Falstaff's vain attempts to get the news of the King's return from the Chief Justice, who is too much absorbed to answer him; and then of his impudent revenge of pretending in his turn not to hear the Chief Justice's remarks, something like Suffolk and Margaret before Angers (*Henry VI.*, Part I., Act 5 sc. iii.). We are just beginning to wonder where is our Prince, when he comes in with his shadow, Poins (Act 2 sc. ii.), and not in the most satisfactory of humours. The hero of Shrewsbury doesn't feel a bit heroic, and owns to it, as well as to an unprincely desire for small beer! In fact, Harry, tired and thirsty, is as nearly cross as he can manage to get, vexed with himself, dissatisfied with the world in general, and Poins in particular, really distressed at his father's illness, and chafing at the consciousness that his past conduct prevents his being credited with natural feelings of filial anxiety. Poins takes his ill-humour quite philosophically, knowing that the half-mocking abuse which Harry flings at him is only idle talk. He is no fool, this Poins, if he does not quite comprehend his master, and we feel sure that the Prince would never talk to Falstaff as he does to him, 'as to one whom it pleases him for want of a better to call his friend.' This queer, half-scornful friendliness increases the irritation when Poins plainly tells him he does not believe in his grief at the King's illness. There may be more than one cause for Harry's unusual snappishness besides fatigue and the reaction after the excitement of campaigning, but perhaps the principal one is the sense that it is harder to break away from his old life than he has reckoned on. The trammels of old habits cling to him, the reputation recklessly lost is not to be lightly recovered, in spite of the glories of Shrewsbury; so he is between two stools, half disgusted with his old frolics and not quite prepared to take up heartily the realities of the position, therefore not knowing what to do with himself. This is all supposing that this scene represents his first return to London, but if we are to imagine that he has been back long enough before the play begins to get himself sent to prison and so forth, which is possible by the confusion of time in the play, then we need not look further for reasons for his self-dissatisfaction; he could not be easy after such a fall from his position as a princely hero. Anyway he evidently now wants something to distract him, and he slides back into the old grooves. The idea of catching Falstaff for once off his guard excites him for the moment, and silences his disturbing thoughts. So we get still lower among the phases of London life (Act 2 sc. iv.), and into decidedly bad company, where we need not linger longer than is

necessary to make Pistol's acquaintance ; and indeed Pistol is so very drunk that his conversation is rather more obscure than usual, so the advantage is not great. Certainly Prince Hal has no business here, and it is just as well that he comes in for Falstaff's description of him and Poins, and the reasons for their friendship so finely unreasonable and unflattering. Now at last Hal thinks he has got Falstaff safe in a corner for wilfully abusing him, but lo and behold, with a more impossible excuse than ever, Sir John escapes him again and turns everything into fireworks of fun as usual. Nevertheless this is the Prince's last appearance in Eastcheap, for when news comes from the north his slumbering discomfort awakes, and he hurries off to his proper scene of action. Perhaps that bit of eaves-dropping broke the spell which Falstaff exercised over him for so long. Apparently the news which thus rouses Harry, and brings the captains running after Falstaff, is the story that Northumberland and the Archbishop have joined forces.

Some fresh sense of Shakspeare's power strikes us as we pass from the last scene at Mrs. Quickly's to where the King, risen from his bed at midnight, waits for his Councillors (Act 3 sc. i.). The contrast in tone is startling, yet each scene is true in itself, and seems to be written with equal power of comprehension. The beautiful sleep soliloquy with its single thoughts fully drawn out, the characteristic of Shakspeare's verse at this time, has peculiar appropriateness in King Henry's mouth. He may well say 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' for, as we learn from Holinshed, on one occasion a diabolical machine with sharp steel points was actually hidden in his bed for the purpose of mortally injuring him when the weight of his body should come on it. Luckily it was discovered in time, and the moralising in the Chronicle over the perils of royalty as illustrated by this attempt may easily have suggested the whole passage. King Henry is changed since we left him at Shrewsbury ; his spirit seems saddened and softened as his mind goes back to the past, and ponders on the changes in human affairs, and the strange ways in which King Richard's predictions have been fulfilled. Warwick, on the other hand, inclines to regard men as always true to their own characters, however else they may change ; in his eyes Northumberland's old falsity leads to his present falsity as by necessity. How the idea of necessity rouses the King's spirit from his contemplative mood to listen to all he has to hear, and even to look past these present troubles to his old plan of an expedition to the Holy Land !

However, London and the Court cannot give us every side of English life, so as a change we have more than one scene in Gloucestershire. Falstaff seems to take a roundabout road to Yorkshire, but we suppose his commission to levy soldiers has something to do with it, as we find him recurring to his old system of 'misusing the king's press' for the good of his own pocket (Act 3 sc. ii.). Shakspeare's opinion of country intelligence was not very high, and Justice Shallow

has become a by-word for ignorant fussiness put into authority. In these country scenes, Shakspeare is more especially on his own ground, representing things and people known to him from his boyhood, and Shallow is one of the few of his imaginary characters whose originals can be traced with any certainty. Two or three lines in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* connect him with Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford, with whom *perhaps* Shakspeare had an old score to settle. He must have been a terrible bore if he was anything like Shallow, always chattering and chirping, jumbling up business and stories and scraps of morality all together, and dearly loving any body with a handle to his name. The Justice is shallow all through; his highest ambition is to be supposed to have led a wild and wicked youth, and his affectations are so poor that any one can see through them. Falstaff thoroughly understands the man and despises him, not without a feeling of envy at his prosperity, a touch of disgust that this starved-looking Justice, this 'vice's dagger' (the Vice of the old Shows always had a dagger of lath, like the sword of a modern harlequin) should have 'land and beefs,' but he consoles himself with the hope of making use of him.

If it were ever allowable to suggest that Shakspeare 'padded' a play, it might be here with regard to the two scenes in Gaultree Forest (Act 4 sc. i., ii.) representing the dealing of Prince John with the rebels and the very ugly manœuvre by which this dreadfully good young man outwits them. It is difficult to see how the long speeches of both scenes could have ever been made either interesting or effective, not being enlivened by any particular individuality among the characters. Then we do not know precisely what the rebels want, as there is now no question of Mortimer's claims to the crown; and we can hardly be deeply interested in grievances of which we do not know the nature. Mowbray's suspicious reluctance to make terms gives him a certain distinctness, and there is a noteworthy point of comparison between the Archbishop's exhilaration of feeling just before his arrest, and the wild spirits of Hastings in *Richard III.* in similar circumstances. The widespread belief that such excitement was unlucky is here expressed by the Archbishop—

'Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event,'

though he does not apply it to himself. The most interesting line in all the speechifying is one in the first scene, which contains an idea afterwards embodied in a far more famous speech—

'O when the king did throw his warder down
His own life hung upon the staff he threw,
Then threw he down himself and all their lives,'

suggesting inevitably

'O what a fall was there, my countrymen,
There you and I and all of us fell down.'

(*Julius Caesar*, Act 3 sc. ii.). But all this talk seems poor after Hotspur's

'Let each man do his best,' and we do not care to linger over these scenes, nor over the next one either, even to hear Falstaff's learned discourse on the subject with which he is certainly best acquainted, the many virtues of sherry sack. It is far more interesting to get back to London and watch the closing scenes of Henry IV.'s stormy life. He alternates between a conviction that his end is not far off, and a hope that he may yet carry out his beloved project and get to the Holy Land; perhaps the one idea even strengthens the other, for the prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem has evidently taken a strong hold on him. So we see him (Act 4 sc. iv.) sitting in that cedar-lined chamber at Westminster, with his councillors and sons about him (but Harry absent), planning the enterprise which is to follow the defeat of the rebels, if he can but get 'a little personal strength.' In truth, more than a little is wanted, and to the King's bodily languor is added the weight of his anxiety and disappointment about the Prince of Wales. Nothing is precisely stated of Harry's misdoings since he returned to London, beyond that one visit to Eastcheap, and his father may not know of this; but his old companions are still about him, and from whatever cause, it is evident that the strong feelings of gratified affection and pride with which the King regarded him after Shrewsbury have changed into mortification for the present and fear for the future. King Henry no longer thinks of his son as a degenerate fool, he recognises the great capabilities of his character; but that is poor comfort to him under the belief that these capabilities will surely be abused, and that he will only be kept straight at all by dint of extreme watchfulness and care on the part of those who may influence him hereafter. Pathetically the poor man appeals to young Thomas of Clarence to try and cultivate his influence with Prince Henry, so as to be able to protect his brother from future storms, just as if after their father's death they might naturally expect to be all executed as in the court of an Eastern despot. Surely the King might have a little more penetration, but he will not allow himself so take any comfort on this sore subject. There is a strong likeness between the excuse Warwick makes for Harry and his own soliloquy in the *First Part*, and the argument sounds better in another person's mouth; but it is a poor one at best, and seems so to the heart-weary King. Henry IV. is not a very lovely character either as Bolingbroke or as King, yet one point in him must touch our feelings, that is, the way in which the worn-out man struggles against weakness and disease by the force of his spirit, and loses sight of his own disappointment in the thought of the terrible effect on England if such a king as he fears Harry will make comes to reign over her. He cannot forget it, 'the blood weeps from his heart,' as he thinks of the evil days to come. When he is in this mood of sad agitation, it is little wonder that the sudden news of victory over all the rebels brings on some sort of seizure, to the distress of his anxious sons, who dread a change of power above all

things. Tradition says that the King was moved into the great Jericho Chamber after his fit, and points out the very spot at the end of the long room where his bed was placed, and there is nothing to prevent us from adopting the tradition for dramatic purposes. It is easy then to fill up the details of the scene (Act 4 sc. v.), the motionless figure of the dying man, the tearful group of watchers, the soft music, and the golden crown lying by the pillow. Into this solemn scene Prince Henry comes, fresh and brisk from the outer world, not realising at first upon what he is coming, jarring the stillness as newcomers must at such times, but he quickly sobers down, the rest draw gently off to the ante-room and leave him to his watch by his dying father. Few could keep such a watch without deep emotion, and Prince Henry is not one of those few. His train of thought as he sits there must be carefully noted if we would understand his after speeches. The painful contrast between the gleaming crown and the deathlike face beside it, brings to his mind all the cares and responsibilities of majesty, the anxieties, the outside glory with the secret burden wearing out life as his father's life is now wearing out before his eyes. The crown then is no such desirable possession as his lighter mood might have pictured; it is an awful one, at best a 'polished perturbation,' a 'golden care' weighing down the wearer. Suddenly in the midst of his musing, he sees that the King has ceased to breathe, no sound seems to reach his ear, the sleep his son thought so light and troubled is, to all appearance, the sleep of death. The 'golden care' comes to Harry's charge now with all the honour, the toil, and the weariness which belong to it, and he accepts it with a stern resolution to hold it against the world. For an instant the consciousness of this gift overpowers his grief for his father; but directly after the momentary exaltation of feeling gives way, and his natural passionate sorrow breaks out, as we see by Warwick's account of the state in which he finds him a minute or two later. In his confusion of mind, Harry apparently retreats into the Jerusalem Chamber, or some other close by, without giving the alarm of the King's death to the princes and attendants in the ante-room, which is at the opposite end of the hall from the spot where the King is supposed to have lain, as they see nothing of him. One can fancy the shock of indignant surprise to King Henry when he finds himself alone on awaking from his deathlike stupor, and then his growing agitation and distress at discovering that the Prince of Wales has been there, has left him, and taken the crown with him! We know he is misjudging his son, but we must feel intensely sorry for him in his mistake, for it comes on him as the last worst blow of all, and makes him feel that his old miserable doubts and suspicions were right after all, and that Harry does really desire his death. The old King's passion of feeling temporarily supplies his want of strength, and when Harry is beside him again he breaks out into that torrent of pathetic, heartbroken, stinging words which is so constantly repeated and

quoted, but remains fresh and unhackneyed in spite of it all. Every word rings with real, tortured feeling, the unhappy man's faint hopes are crushed at last, and his bitter anguish comes out in those agonizing reproaches which choke the Prince with tears and keep him from trying to defend himself.

'What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour?' Again it is not only of himself that the King thinks. It is bad enough that his son should be heartless to him, but there is a deeper agony in the thought of England under the rule of such a one, without a redeeming point. 'O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows,' cries the dying King. 'What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?' It is the lament of John of Gaunt in *Richard II.*, made more bitter and overpowering by the changed circumstances, and echoed by his son with the same intense, affectionate patriotism, and even more terrible apprehension for the future. Whatever sins Harry has committed, and Shakspeare does not make him perfection, I think he expiates them during that speech of the King's. At last the torrent exhausts itself, and the Prince recovers control of his voice enough to take the opportunity of clearing himself in a measure. He goes straight to the heart of the matter, leaving the King's passionate forebodings uncontradicted, only anxious to dispel the hateful idea that his father's death could be a pleasure to him, and that he could rejoice in taking possession of the crown. It has been objected that there is a suppression of truth in the difference between his account of his emotions and what he actually experienced; but what he says of his feeling that the crown had killed his father, is really his former line of thought put into stronger fashion. Thus connecting his previous feeling, and his subsequent passion of grief, we may fairly consider his speech not as a clever bit of misrepresentation, but as an honest account of his own sensations, somewhat confused in order and coloured by exaggeration, very pardonable in his state of intensely painful excitement.

We can hardly think Shakspeare meant to exhibit his hero at this point as an intentional deceiver, and nobody knew better how inaccurate the most truthful people may become in moments of strong emotion. Now, through all our intercourse with Harry, we never see him so strongly moved as he is now; one fancies every fibre in his body quivers as he kneels by the bed. The details of the past scene are evidently confused in his mind; for instance, he speaks as if he had come straight in and found the King senseless, for which statement he has no sort of motive, if he remembers the actual fact; and in the same way he misplaces the order of his feelings in his horror at the King's unjust accusation. At the same time he makes no excuse for taking away the crown, which he probably feels was wrong, he only wants his father to understand how far his feelings respecting it are from selfish and vulgar ambition. We may well believe him when he so solemnly protests his sincerity, and his after deeds show how his word can be trusted. At all events, his father is convinced,

and he is the best judge; perhaps he believes all the more in Harry's future amendment because he says so little about it, and seems to have dropped his old notions that physical courage can make up for everything. After all the stormy emotion through which King Henry has passed comes a reaction to quiet when the exciting cause is removed. Now that his confidence in Harry is restored, and firmer than ever before, he can calmly confess to him the sins and sorrows of his past life, and give him his shrewd counsel for the future. The old wrong done to Richard has embittered his reign, and he would fain believe that Harry may escape from the results of it, and live happier than his father; but Harry declines to enter into that question at all. To his mind the past is past, and there is no use troubling over it, and the future is all plain enough. 'You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me. Then plain and right must my possession be.' And he will hold this gift against the world. This spirit is what the King really wants to see, and now he is content to be carried back into the Jerusalem Chamber, and die there instead of in that other Jerusalem to which his mind has turned so long.

To pass from these scenes, so full of power and pathos, to Falstaff in Gloucestershire, is indeed a violent change, but we want a relief from the strain of feeling, and we get it in Justice Shallow's house (Act 5 sc. i.). If there was a touch of spitefulness in Shakspeare's first representations of the country magnate, it has all evaporated now into pure fun over his fussiness and foolishness, and great delight in getting Sir John for his guest. The short scene forcibly reminds one of those homely interiors which the great Dutch artists loved to paint, filled with figures neither beautiful nor refined, but painted to the life. On the one hand there is Falstaff booted and spurred, with his big and little satellites Bardolph and the Page, and on the other the thin and restless Justice with stolid Davy behind him, who will *not* go away till he has got full answers from his master, who make up an excellent group. Davy lives in one's memory with special distinctness by reason of his delightful argument for countenancing a knave. 'An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself when a rogue is not,' and therefore 'a knave should be countenanced at his friend's request,' as good a specimen of inverted sense as any bull that ever came from Ireland. Scene iii. of the 5th Act is only a continuation of this one with an interval of a few hours during which the party dine and sup and are joined by Silence. Now they come out to have their wine and fruit in the orchard, a much fresher and prettier place than the usual scene of Falstaff's revels, Mrs. Quickly's 'fat rooms,' as Prince Hal calls them, with their dingy tapestry hangings. But the company is not more intellectual, people being no wiser in the country than in town when they will drink too much sack at supper. It loosens Silence's tongue wonderfully, till his uproarious songs quite belie his name. This jolly party is not destined to last long, for presently Pistol swaggers in, full-blown in conceit, so elated with his news

of the King's death that he can hardly bring himself to express it intelligibly. By the way, surely ancient Pistol must have had a good effect on the conversational style of the fine gentlemen who first heard him, and have cut short many a flourish; if Shakspeare's contemporaries were affected it was not for want of being made ridiculous. Any way, Shallow's formalities and Pistol's extravagances are in delicious contrast; and then comes a fine fuss and bustle when at last the news is told, and Falstaff starts for London a good deal faster than he started for Shrewsbury or Yorkshire. What does he not expect to be and do? and how plainly he shows how he means to abuse his supposed power with the young King. 'Let us take any man's horses, the laws of England are at my commandment, and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!' It is thoroughly characteristic of Falstaff that he promptly gets a profit out of the event by borrowing a thousand pounds from the simpleton Shallow. All this excited anticipation works up for the climax of the final scene and justifies it, but what passes in London meanwhile? Some scenes in Shakspeare strike one like beautiful pictures, others are too real for that; one feels to be in among the characters, watching their doings with as much eager interest as if one was personally concerned with them. The latter scenes of this play certainly belong to the latter class. We might be at the elbow of the Chief Justice (Act 5, sc. ii.) as he hears from Warwick of the King's death, so apparent to us is the whole state of affairs, the manly firmness with which the Chief Justice prepares for the worst, and the gloomy suspense of the princes and courtiers not knowing what to do or say, nor what to expect. Here again expectation prepares for a climax bringing in the element of dramatic surprise which it needs to be truly effective. 'Enter King Henry V., attended.' No doubt this stage direction is all right, but it brings home the fact that our dear, informal, irregular Hal has gone from us, and that we shall see no more of him. This is a splendid and heroic personage, from whom we feel bound to keep at a respectful distance. His brothers naturally are not sure what to make of him; they listen to his gracious, kindly words, without being altogether reassured or quitting their formal tone of respect, so the King's quick eye glances over the embarrassed faces till it comes to the Chief Justice, and he lets the Princes be, till he has settled matters with the one man he might be expected really to dislike. Also he has evidently a desire to try the worthy man's mettle by vividly recalling the time when they two had come into such sharp collision, and the experiment results in the Chief Justice's calm defence, so manly and dignified in its perfect honesty, its clear impartiality, and its bold appeal to the young King's sense of justice, that we easily fancy how the assumed look of severity vanishes from his face as he recognises the rare worth of the man before him. So the pretence of anger is flung aside, and with it goes all that mask of folly which has concealed King Harry's real self for so long. It has been a harder thing to conquer than he

once fancied, but it is done now, and his frank and full reconciliation with the Chief Justice gives ample proof to the rest that there is nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the new sovereign. With all his new dignity and propriety, one wonders if he ever now 'remembers that poor creature, small beer?' and one would like to know what becomes of Poins, whether he turns over a new leaf too, and uses his inventive brains for honest purposes?

We have seen the different anticipations aroused by the King's accession, the not unworthy fears and the entirely unworthy hopes, and having seen the fears dissipated, we look to see the hopes crushed; and this brings us to the last scene (Act 5 sc. v.) which is really the climax of the two plays, as it shows the full development of the hero's character, and the destruction of those evil influences which have injured him so long. The action of the scene is not more striking than the accessories are picturesque, if we imagine Westminster Abbey forming the background, the old houses round bright with flags and garlands, and green rushes covering the path from the Abbey. If we fill up every nook and corner with enthusiastic townsfolk we shall not be far wrong, though Shakspeare does not mention them. Falstaff and his party shoulder their way to the front, conspicuous enough from their oddities, and more so than usual, being all dusty and travel-stained among the holiday people; but they think nothing of that. Falstaff is so inexpressibly exalted in spirits that he hardly knows what he is doing, and is in a perfect fool's paradise of triumphant expectation. No more shiftings and contrivings for him, no coaxings of hostesses and evadings of justices; he sees visions of golden joys, and a definite end to the consumption of the purse; but perhaps what pleases him most is the notion of showing off to Justice Shallow his influence and familiarity with the new King. So the trumpets sound, and King Henry the Fifth passes out of the Abbey with all his coronation train to find the companion of so many follies once more forcing himself in his way. If Falstaff were not blinded by confidence, he is quite sharp enough to know that the King *could* not acknowledge him publicly on such an occasion, if he wished to do it, but he will not be repulsed by the Chief Justice, and so forces the King to crush him by his own act. And it is absolutely crushing that in answer to Falstaff's flattering, fawning appeal, only comes 'I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers!' and then all this disgust which has grown by degrees finds its way out in strong, decisive words, admitting no reply. At last Falstaff finds himself confronted with something too strong for him to jest away, the weak creature he has taught to bend to any base purpose stands transformed before him, terrible, immovable, seeing through and through him, and knowing him for what he is, a worthless, contemptible old man. King Henry looks back at the old self who delighted in such society as a thing of the past, contemptible too, but now absolutely put away. He will be scrupulously just to those who helped to mislead that old self; they

too shall have their chance to mend, but no present intercourse with him whatever, and so, calm and strong he passes forth, and leaves Falstaff aghast and breathless. Well, of course it is all right, and the King has to do it, and the old ruffian fully deserves all he gets ; but still we have a kind of feeling that it comes hard on him, for Hal did so much encourage him, and allow his impertinences, and take pleasure in his company, that the shock is a terrible one when he suddenly forces him back into his place and hands him over to the Chief Justice to be looked after. Can't one see the long faces with which the men look at each other when the royal train has passed ? and hear the tone of voice in which Falstaff says, ' Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound ' ? One desperate effort the incorrigible rogue makes to keep up the old delusion of his influence, but the Chief Justice cruelly cuts it short by his reappearance and prompt committing of Sir John and his company to the Fleet. What business he has to do so does not appear, but it effectually marks the fact that Falstaff's career as the friend of royalty is over and done with. This is the end of it all—of all his cleverness and quickness and wit, of his powers of judging others, and his opportunities of distinction, of his lies and schemes—nothing remains but miserable, ignominious failure. Falstaff is certainly Shakspeare's great comic character, but looked at from another point of view no character has a truer moral significance, for none shows more distinctly the working of moral cause and effect. We see Falstaff's life low, cowardly, sensual ; Shakspeare spares no pains to set him before us living and moving ; he understands the secret of the whole nature, and then he shows the inevitable result—the exposure and disgrace which not even Falstaff's wit can avert. Shakspeare seems to enjoy drawing his rogues, they come out so fresh and natural from his hands ; but he never will let them off from the consequences of their roguery ; he not only brings them down at last, but makes us feel that it must inevitably be so, and there is no back-stairs way of getting out of it.

In the remainder of the scene there are only one or two points of interest. One is the allusion to Sir John Oldcastle, which has already been mentioned as definitely separating him from Falstaff. Another is the hint of a possible war with France, which makes a link with *Henry the Fifth*, further strengthened by the mention of ' fair Katharine ' in the epilogue. This epilogue is more formal than the one or two we have had so far, and alludes to some play which seems to have failed before this was brought out. It is a good specimen of the half-joking, half-apologising style mostly used on such occasions, and the concluding words must refer to the curious custom of the time when a performance was concluded by the actors kneeling and joining in a prayer for the sovereign, represented in our day by the National Anthem.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

ODDS AND ENDS OF WORK IN A CITY PARISH.

III.

BOOKS.

BOOKS! The very word seems to open a wide and wonderful world before us—a world full of perils as it is also full of what is pleasant and beautiful and good; and no one who thinks seriously about it can help feeling that we have many and grave duties to perform towards those boys and girls to whom we open the door into this book-world, when we teach them to read in our schools.

First, there are some of them whom we have to induce to use their privilege of entering into it, for even in these days of enlightenment there are too many of the working classes who never read at all—not so much from want of time as from want of inclination. And then, unfortunately, there are even yet but too many of the educated classes who think it just as well—nay, better—that it should be so, and who still hold to the opinion that if working people *do* read, they should read nothing but instructive books, or, if fiction be allowed at all, only stories ‘suitable to their station,’ and that everything that goes beyond these boundaries is worse than waste of time.

Such notions are dying out, it is true, dying faster and faster every day, but they are not all gone yet; and we fear it will be some little time before those who supply wholesome light literature to the working people under their care, shall cease to hear the often repeated question, ‘What is the use of it?’

Very much we might say in answer, but certain true and beautiful words spoken a little while ago by one of our Bishops occur to our mind as a better answer than any we could give; for what they say about pictures and statues may, without any straining of their meaning, be applied to books as well.

‘I imagine,’ says the Bishop of Peterborough, addressing an assemblage of artists, ‘that the great aim of art is, in the first place, to please, and to make those who contemplate your works for the moment happy. I am very far from saying that it may not have higher aims, and that you may not desire to instruct and elevate. But after all, unless you please in the first instance, you will not instruct and elevate. Therefore in order to instruct, you begin with pleasing; and it is your very great privilege that you very largely increase the happiness of the age in which you live. And let me say, that all those

who do so purely and nobly confer a real benefit on the age. Whatever takes us out of ourselves, and throws us back into the past, or forward into the future, or gives us more noble, or graceful, or more beautiful ideas of the age in which we live, or the nature by which we are surrounded, does us good, if it makes us pass a few happier hours, and relieves us from the weary monotony and the heavy pressure of the drudgery of life.'

After this, we need give ourselves no further trouble to prove that even the lightest fictions have their use.

But very often the readers are willing and eager enough, and the question is not, Shall our boys and girls read? but, What shall they read?—books of our choosing, or of their own?—bright, healthy stories, where all the fun and adventure tend, without any preaching or dulness, to make them love what is good and pure and true? or thrilling tales of highwaymen and murderers, which shall make their minds at least familiar with crime if they do not make them admire it, and which meet their eye so persistently in the window of every cheap literature shop, that it is only a wonder how any boy or girl, with a spare penny and an idle half hour, escapes the moral poison?

Who would hesitate as to what the answer should be? And who can avoid seeing that it is a work every one should help in—this work of helping our people to use rightly the new faculty (if we may so call it) which was given them when they learned to read in our schools? And although there are many ways of doing it, there is no more direct way than through the parish school library, which brings us to speak of what has been done in this direction in our own city parish.

Long ago, there was a school library here,—so long ago that no one knew exactly what became of it, or why it was given up; and when we went one day to look for what remained of the books that had once composed it, we found them buried like fossils of a bygone age, under I know not how many strata of dust and cobwebs. They did not look inviting, certainly, but they were interesting to us, nevertheless, as the nucleus of that new library which we had obtained the necessary clerical authority for setting on foot in the schools; so we went valiantly to work with brushes and dusters to make them fit to handle, and then proceeded to the far harder task of reading, or rather '*skimming*' them, to see which of them should be retained in the new library.

'Skimming' a book for library purposes is an art in itself—an art in which one grows so proficient by practice, that one gets to know by a sort of intuition what points of each book require looking into, what sort of book is most likely to have something wrong in its theological tendency; what sort will probably have dulness for its only crime; and which books may be disposed of, once for all, by reading the last chapter or two, and finding there an account of the 'good child's'

early death, often accompanied by minute details of the progress of her illness, from a slight cold to a rapid consumption.

These were the three points, any one of which irrevocably condemned a book ; so there were not a great many of the old inhabitants left by the time our examination came, to our great relief, to an end ; for although it is amusing at first, there is probably nothing that grows so wearisome as 'skimming,' when all one's spare time for several weeks is given up to it.

But wearisome though it be, it is absolutely necessary, for it is impossible to be too particular about the books we put into children's hands ; so very little a thing influences a child's mind for good or for evil. A dull book may check the taste for reading that we are so anxious to encourage, and if the dull book have any religious teaching in it (even if the teaching be sound and true) it may do harm that is immeasurably greater, by teaching the child—or grown person, perhaps—to associate religion with what is dreary and tiresome, and to dislike the very mention of holy names and holy things as a prelude to sundry pages of dull dialogue and equally dull sermonising. Surely, if there are any stories that we should be anxious to make bright and attractive, it should be those that aim at giving our children direct religious teaching.

And even should it happen that a book is sent to the library with such recommendations from some trustworthy quarter that we know we are quite safe in admitting it, yet we always like to have at least a general idea of what it is about, for the better you know both children and books, the better you can work your library.

But we have wandered away from the survivors of the old library, which led us into this digression.

Of course, by themselves, they would not have been enough to start with, but a grant of new books at half price from a well known Society was paid for from the school funds to make a beginning for us, and a few contributions from parishioners came in to our aid as well, so that beside the appalling heap of old books to be mended, there lay presently a goodly pile of new ones, clean and bright and inviting-looking, needing only labels and numbers to make them ready for use.

For from the first, and in opposition to the advice of many friends, we decided on not covering the new books. What the use is of hiding up all the splendours of gold and blue and crimson that adorn a new book, so that no one is ever to have the enjoyment of them, is a thing we never could discover. Besides, if the books are all sent out into the world in a black linen uniform, the children soon come to look on 'library books' as belonging to quite a different class from ordinary books, and to treat them with far less respect than they are disposed to accord to a bright-coloured cover ; and we look on it as one of the minor uses of a library to teach children to handle books

without destroying them. Of course, when a book gets old and shabby and shaky, *then* is the time to cover it ; but in the freshness of its youth, it has always appeared to us to be a lamentable misapplication of time and black linen.

But what a work was the mending and covering of the old books ! What an atmosphere of paste and glue we lived in for several days ! What a pleasant sight was it when at length all the books stood upright on the newly-painted shelves, the old ones, by reason of new covers and clean labels, looking nearly as well as the new !

We should have mentioned the labels before ; they are plain lilac paper ones (the white soil too easily), with the name of the parish and of the library, a space for the number and the book, and under all, in large, distinct letters, '*This book is not to be lent.*' The book is also numbered on its back, and the number is repeated on the front page beside the stamp, for we stamp all our books inside with an old parish stamp that was made for some other purpose long ago ; a regular library stamp can, however, be bought for a few shillings.

As for our system of numbering and classifying, it may be described in a few words—we have no system. Were we to begin again, we might try to make the numbers and places on the shelves some guide to the classification, but we could scarcely alter our plan now, and books of all kinds stand side by side, all up to 100 on the lowest shelf, up to 200 on the next, and so on, so that we can put our hand in a moment on any *number* that is wanted. The classification is done in one of our catalogues, where stories, histories, biographies, are all separated one from another, each with its number affixed ; another catalogue is alphabetical, and a third gives the books in order of their numbers ; and without three such catalogues a library can scarcely be worked, as sometimes you may know only the name, and sometimes only the number, of a particular book.

The registry-book is alphabetical, with a broad column for the readers' names, and narrow ones, each dated at the top, for the number of the book given out, and when a book is changed, the one entered is marked off before entering the new one, so that we can see at a glance who have books out and who have not.

But all this time we have said nothing about the most important part of the matter, the books themselves.

First, as to the boys. We found at the beginning, and we have never found it otherwise in all the years of the library's existence, that the great demand is for 'adventure books' and 'sea stories.' Kingston and Ballantyne, and the like, change hands week after week, and they never seem to tire of them. Of course the immortal *Robinson Crusoe* has an honoured place on the shelves ; but many of the boys have a copy of their own, so he has on the whole an easy life. Then when a 'sea story' is not to be had, the elder ones are generally content to take a book of real travels, such as Captain Cook's, Living-

stone's, Sir Samuel Baker's, or Captain Hall's, which answers satisfactorily a question that at first occurred to us very often—whether the constant reading of wild adventures would not unfit them for more solid books.

Schoolboy stories are tolerably popular, but not so much so as we expected; and it was about these that we made our first mistake in choosing our books, for we bought *two* copies of our old friend *Tom Brown*, thinking that fewer would never supply the immense demand there would surely be for such a story; but we found to our dismay that we could not get the book read at all, probably because the allusions to classical lessons, &c., are so numerous, and the public school-world therein described is so different from the parish school-world that the boys cannot understand it. And—for the credit of our boys and men I am sorry to say it, but it is nevertheless true—sundry volumes of the *Waverley Novels*, for which we expected a great popularity, have shared the same fate, and lie untouched from week to week on the shelves, while the heaviest travels are, as we have said, read and enjoyed.

Perfect freedom of choice is one of our rules, but we do our best to widen the boys' taste in the matter of books, and there are some stories, other than sea stories, which many of them read willingly enough, and which are the most popular with the girls as well—*Froggy's Little Brother*, *Little Meg's Children*, *Alone in London*, and the like; besides Mrs. Greene's inimitable sketches of boy-life and child-life, and the yearly volumes of the *Prize for Boys and Girls*, for a dozen copies of which, if we had them, we could easily find claimants every week.

But nothing—sea story, adventure book, comic tale, or sad one—can for one instant compare in popularity with the old English fairy tales, three volumes of which are in circulation every week, and are going so fast to pieces from sheer overwork that we expect to have to supply their places very soon. We have Andersen, and Grimm, and one or two other books of modern fairy stories, but *Cinderella*, and *Jack the Giant Killer*, and *Tom Thumb*, hold their place against them all. We had some trouble to get them in their old form, pure and simple, undeformed by alterations and unspoiled by any tacking on of a moral at the end, but we succeeded at last; and from great boys and sensible girls of fourteen or fifteen, down to the little creatures who have just mastered enough reading to spell out a story for themselves, every one asks for the fairy tales, and we often wonder how many copies we would require in order to send no one away disappointed.

What tales the girls like best we have already said; but, as a general rule, they will read anything in the way of a story that is *not* an 'adventure book,' some of them, however, being willing to read one of Ballantyne's or Kington's now and then, and a good many liking a solid book of travels by way of variety. Short stories are often

asked for, not only by the little ones, but by the less intelligent of the older girls, whose imperfect training does not allow their mind to grasp a long story ; and one of our difficulties is the finding for them something which shall be what they call *easy* without being too childish.

For one thing we are most anxious to have for our elder girls, and that is a plentiful supply of pure and high-toned love stories. With girls of the upper classes, sheltered in the school-room, and hearing and seeing only so much of the outer world as their mother and governess see fit to show them, it *may*—though we doubt it—be possible to keep all knowledge and all thought of such things out of their heads until they have arrived at womanhood. Whether it be advisable or necessary to do so is another matter, but if it be thought to be so, it is a matter of course that no love stories shall ever find their way into their hands. But with our parish school girls, we all know how different it is ; how they hear their elder sisters' lovers and admirers talked and laughed over almost before they are able to understand anything about it ; how when they leave school at fourteen or fifteen, for service or business, the gossip in kitchen and shop and workroom will be all in the same key ; how they will be accustomed to hear love and lovers joked about in real life, and talked sickly sentiment about in cheap periodicals ; how they will learn to consider underhand dealing towards parents and mistresses as in such a case absolutely meritorious ; how impossible it will be for them to have a high idea, nay, any idea at all, of what true love really is, if we do not help them to it—not by talking or lecturing, but by giving them pictures of it, and by showing them true lovers, low-born or high-born, as the case may be, loving one another purely and truly, bearing with noble patience the 'customary crosses' that hinder the course of their love, and sacrificing, if need be, their love itself to their duty. Any love story that does this for our girls has taught them a great deal, even if it have no direct moral or religious teaching in it ; but it is not so easy as it might appear to find stories that shall be simple enough for them and high enough in tone for our standard, and that shall yet come within the reach of the slender funds of a parish school library.

Of course one of the very first we placed on our shelves was the book that formed our own introduction to the world of novels, the *Heir of Redclyffe*, followed by two or three others by the same author, and to some of the girls they give unmixed delight ; but, to our great disappointment and sorrow we find that they are, as the girls themselves say, 'too hard' for a great many of our readers, for the references to books and literature, that make them all the more attractive to better educated girls, only bewilder many of ours. Mrs. Marshall's *Old Gateway* and others are a great help to us, and are immensely popular, and a few others we have that answer our purpose well ; but

we have not yet a proper supply of the love stories that we look on as one of the most important branches of our library work.

The women—for we have men and women among our readers, as we shall presently explain—are in their tastes like the elder girls, and will read anything, or almost anything, in the shape of a story, eschewing history and travels for the most part; although we have one mother on our list who constantly demands history, and one lively old woman—a grandmother—whose whole taste is for ‘adventure-books.’ And the men, on the contrary, will read anything *but* a story—history, travels, biography, according to their different tastes, but never fiction, with an occasional exception in favour of the best of the ‘adventure-books,’ which they sometimes seem to enjoy, and a permanent one with regard to Dickens’s works, which the men and elder boys delight in beyond measure.

What gives rise to this absolute difference of taste has often puzzled us not a little, and we were much struck and—with reverence be it said—much amused by the answer of a learned Church dignitary to whom we once propounded our question, and who said that he thought it likely that ‘contact with the hard realities of life probably took from the men all taste for light reading.’ We have often pondered since over the matter, and wondered whether a sick baby, a couple of crying children, a tub of clothes to wash, and a scanty dinner to make the most of, were not, after all, harder realities than even digging or sawing; whether it might not rather be that the woman’s *mind* was as weary as her body, and needed something to rest it rather than to inform it, when she allowed herself the luxury of a ‘library book.’

One of the subjects which occupied us much in the weeks before the library opened was the question of payment; for while a great many people told us that books lent gratuitously would never be valued by the children, our own knowledge of their circumstances showed us that even what would be called *nominal* payment would very often be absolutely prohibitory, and that even the parents who *could* afford it were not likely, at all events at first, to spare for a luxury like reading the pennies that were so hardly earned and could buy so many necessities. So we finally decided on a compromise, and arranged that the books should be given to the children for nothing, but not until a card of recommendation had been signed by their teachers, either in the daily or Sunday school, while the fathers and mothers, or other relatives living with them, might have books for one penny per month, which subscription we have since reduced to one penny per quarter, and have thereby largely increased the number of our subscribers.

It was hard work to get everything ready for the opening day, and we could not help feeling our ardour somewhat damped by the question that occurred to us very often—Would the children care about the

'books! Would the men and women whose tastes we had anxiously considered, take any interest in them? or, after all our trouble, would perhaps only a melancholy dozen or so of readers present themselves? We soon found, however, that whatever our difficulties might be, a lack of readers would not be one of them, for when, somewhat nervously, we opened the school doors on our first day, a crowd of our children who had waited eagerly outside, came trooping in; ninety names were entered, and as many books given out, in the first two hours of the library's existence, and the numbers steadily increased as time went on, so that now we have nearly 200 readers constantly on our list, of whom at least fifty are adults—either subscribing parents, or grown-up youths and girls attending the senior classes of the Sunday school, and changing their books by the hands of little brothers and sisters, or in a few special cases where they have no messenger at all on week days, changing them themselves after Sunday school on Sunday morning.

No, the want of readers has never been a difficulty with us; but let it not be therefrom inferred that we have had no difficulties; no one who has ever worked a school library needs to be told that we have had plenty.

The first, and the one that is still the worst, is the soiling and the wear and tear of the books. No one who has not experienced it can *quite* know what it is to see a book that you sent out clean and fresh come in with marks of dirty fingers or spots of grease all over it; or to see one that you spent nearly an hour mending last week, come back this week half out of its cover, with some of its pages torn across, while the culprit, by way of excuse, tells you that 'the baby got at it and tore it.' Of course, in such a case, you stop the little offender's book for one week, or perhaps two, and put a 'bad mark' opposite his name in the column where the number of the new book should be; but that, although it may make him more careful in future, does not put a clean cover on the unhappy volume, or mend the torn pages and broken back for you.

Then we have even still a good deal of difficulty in keeping order among the crowd of children who flock to us every Friday; but when we began, it was worse, for the books were given out late in the afternoon; the children had all gone home from school, and had come back to the library, and our rule was, '*First come, first served*,' which naturally gave rise to a good deal of altercation as to who *was* the first comer, and which resulted, it is to be feared, in the stronger ones getting the better of the weak very often. Now, however, the books, which are kept in the girls' school-room, are given out early, as soon as the girls' school closes, which it does on Fridays an hour before the boys'; the children sit in their own places, and come up in order of their classes, from the head class down; those whose names are on the punctuality list for having won good marks in that important

particular during the week, having, however, the precedence, no matter to what class they belong.

We have the same rules for the boys, who come in an hour later, but order just after a long confinement in the school-room, is a thing not to be expected from the average human boy, and we know too, that when they persist in noise and disturbance, it is only because, like Dr. Watts's bears and lions, 'it is their nature to'; yet in the interests of order we have to execute summary justice on the offenders, and affix a 'bad mark'—which means no books for a fortnight—to the name of any one who is *too* troublesome to be passed over.

Our troubles arising from the danger of infection occur of course only now and then, for the rules that forbid books, on any excuse or pretext, being taken to the hospital, or kept in a house where there is any infectious illness, are well known in the school; and when we find that in spite of precautions, they have been broken, and that the book *may* do harm to the next children into whose hands it falls, we always adopt the safe and effectual remedy of burning it forthwith.

But an ever-recurring difficulty is the one of finding books for those omnivorous children who, by dint of steady reading ever since the opening of the library, have got through all the stories on the shelves, and many of the other books as well. Of course we get new ones sometimes, but our supplies cannot keep pace with the demand, and there are certain children, the finding of books for whom is one of our weekly trials, except on those happy Fridays when a batch of new books has just been put in.

And then sometimes all these things come together, and it seems as if all the books were either soiled or going to pieces, as if all the boys had entered into a conspiracy to be as troublesome as ever they could, and as if nearly all the children had 'read everything.'

Then after a week or two of this, something generally comes to cheer us; perhaps a donation of money, or a parcel of new books; or perhaps a remark from some of the children to the effect that 'his big brother liked the last book so much, he stayed at home to read it every night when he came from his work'; or, 'his mother said that was a lovely story, and would we please send her another like it'; or we hear of some family where one of the children, or perhaps the hard-worked mother herself, reads the library book aloud to the others when the day's toil is over. And so we take courage and set to work again.

FALSE IDEAS

AND THE MISTAKES INTO WHICH THEY LEAD PEOPLE.

My mind has been drawn to this question of False Ideas because I lately gave it as a subject for an Essay Society, and on thinking it over I am inclined to believe a few words from a disembodied voice may be of some use, since in the matter of good advice, mothers dare not speak, and daughters will not listen, though perhaps those refractory young women will not object to reading it in print, as then no one sees them *in the act* of taking advice, which is the trying part to a youthful person.

Most people know what it is, in learning a foreign language, to take for granted that they know the meaning of some word to which they are all the time attaching a wrong interpretation, but their 'false idea' of it prevents them from looking it out, and they go for years perhaps misunderstanding every sentence in which it occurs because they never definitely investigated the question at first. I myself, as a child, settled in my own mind that 'though ye have lien among the pots' referred to some peculiar form of verdigris, and for years I never learnt my error, simply because I *thought* I understood the sentence. But if mistakes of this kind mislead many people, many more are led astray by 'false ideas' in morals, both major and minor. They get hold of some notion which sounds to them all right, and they go on for years making themselves ridiculous because they never think the question out, and ask themselves, Is there not a lie in my right hand? Very often they would find there *was* a distinct lie, and oftener still, that though their idea was right and true in itself, yet that they had made it false by not properly subordinating it to other truths. To learn the relative proportions of duties is quite as important as to learn the duties themselves. I have known girls so zealous in the cause of Sunday schools, Bible classes, &c., that on Sundays they lived in their bonnets, like so many charwomen, causing their parents to feel as if it were the Day of Fuss, not of Rest. I have sometimes pondered as to whether parents would not be better off if there were almshouses for them, where it might be *somebody's* duty to amuse them. Perhaps, collectively, they might appear more in the light of a mission, and some good young woman might then feel it not a waste of time to read them an amusing book on a dull afternoon, or put their knitting right, and perform all those thousand and one little things which make no show, but which, for the time being, drown, in the ageing parent, the feeling of the many aches and pains which perhaps are the result of her too anxious care and watchfulness for the very daughters

who now feel her service a thralldom. If she required bandaging, they would gladly do it from morning till night, but as she is simply dull, it becomes the daughters' duty to attend ambulance classes instead of idly (?) sitting with her. There are so many missions abroad in the world! Will it never occur to girls to begin by making a mission of the Fifth Commandment, by trying to brighten the life of their mother, or whoever for the time being may stand in that relation to them, though it may be only some uninteresting hostess? She may have a load of cares unknown to them, which they may help her to forget, by rising above the entirely 'false idea' that elders and girls have nothing in common—an idea which results in the elders feeling painfully left out in the cold, and in the girls herding together, and addressing their remarks to each other, when in society, in a way utterly repugnant to all ideas of good breeding.

I may be thought to exaggerate in using the word 'thralldom' as I do above, but alas! I am only drawing from the life. Being myself an ageing parent I naturally look at things from a parental point of view, and I was much struck the other day by hearing a girl commiserate her friend for being in 'such thralldom' as to have actually to be at home in good time for luncheon. It did not seem to strike her that there would be 'thralldom' for the mother in having to wait luncheon for her daughter, and that, of the two, it seemed most fitting that the daughter should be in subjection.

But there are many 'false ideas' current among the young with respect to their elders, and one seems to me to be the 'idea,' which I can contradict from experience, that all elderly people are blind and slightly imbecile. The friendly patronage of the young has been a constant source of amusement to me ever since increasing years have entitled me to partake of it. They have such a kindly way of taking us in, and doing for us, never seeming to realise that we were in possession of our wits before they were born, and have not yet wholly lost the use of them. I once encountered an old lady on her first railway journey, who had gone miles in a wrong direction, had been replaced in a right train by a friendly guard, and, when I met her, was speeding back to a junction to make a new start for her destination. Her state of misery may be imagined, but its climax was only reached when a girl of about eighteen got into the carriage, and promptly commenced operations by demanding to know if her soul were saved. 'My dear, I thought of that before you were born!' responded the old lady with a quiet dignity, which, however, dissolved into tears when the young lady got out at the next station. And as the poor old thing confided her troubles to me, I reflected how much annoyance girls might spare their elders if they would but recollect that if 'wisdom' does not die with the old, it certainly is not born with the young, and that there really is no occasion to exasperate those elders by a general air of firm and kindly management, and of knowing what is good for them.

Connected with this 'false idea' of the blindness of parents is that of the deafness of servants, who are supposed not to be hurt by table-talk because it is not addressed to them. The young ladies very likely hold a Bible-class for their servants, and are so nice at it; but they quite forget that all the good of their words may be neutralised by their own strictures on their neighbours at dinner the previous night.

But before leaving the subject of the false estimate of parental capacity so often formed, I must advert to the aspect it so frequently takes of girls thinking themselves *incomprise*—a 'false idea' which generally arises from the vexation caused to the girl by her mother's understanding her only *too* well, and estimating her too truly to be in accordance with her own idealised picture of herself. How often this accounts for the daughters getting on better with their fathers than with their mothers, the reverse being the case with the sons. The daughters have an uncomfortable feeling that their mothers see through them with the keenest perception of their state of mind, and the little wiles attendant thereon. But though girls perceive this enough to make them shrink from maternal observation, how few see it in the right light, and learn from it that they can go to their mother for sympathy. The mother seems to them dull and prosaic, and they go to any one rather than to her—generally to some friend of their own age, who knows nothing whatever about the matter. I remember hearing a girl discuss Matthew Arnold's poem, *The Buried Life*, with a friend, who observed in the course of the conversation, 'I should say that mamma, now, was a person with no "buried life" at all!' Mammams seem to me to labour very generally under this imputation, the daughter never realising that however much the mother seems given over to stocking-mending and housekeeping she has yet had a 'buried life' of her own—possibly several—in past years, and certainly preserves enough of it under her portly exterior to sympathise heartily with all her daughter's little imaginings. As Mrs. Leigh, in *Westward Ho!* says: 'Even in the saddest woman's soul there lingers snatches of old music, odours of flowers long dead and turned to dust—pleasant ghosts, which still keep her mind attuned to that which may be in others, though in her never more; till she can hear her own wedding hymn re-echoed in the tones of every girl who loves, and sees her own wedding torch re-lighted in the eyes of every bride.'

But girls, not seeing all this, go on, ostrich-like, hiding their heads in the sand, giving false excuses, and imagining themselves to be unobserved, and their feelings to be a perfectly new discovery of their own. False excuses do not matter so much in a child whose mother or governess can say at once 'My dear, that is not true!' but a girl of nineteen or twenty does not like to have that said to her—it might cause a breach between her and her mother. But how often a girl will give every possible reason for going out at a certain hour, or in

a particular direction, except the true one, which the mother knows by instinct, but can't well put into words.

Girls get very little plain speaking on such subjects, and at the least approach to it they shelter themselves by implying that there is a want of delicacy in speaking of such things; but it is undeniable that this delicacy does not hinder girls from making complete idiots of themselves, so that it really does seem as if it would be advisable to transfer to girls' *actions* some of that extreme delicacy which they expect in their elders' *words*. There is one person of my acquaintance, most charming otherwise, who gets into more scrapes of this nature than any one I ever knew, but who protects herself from all remonstrances by launching at every one who ventures even to seem aware of these on-goings, or in any way to disapprove of them, the heavy missile of asserting that they are not 'pure-minded'—a most effectual weapon, since no one cares to be branded with an appellation so impossible to rebut.

If my friend, and countless other girls, had not started with a 'false idea' of their own guilelessness, they would have escaped many episodes in their lives which, at the time, were most painful to those who loved and wished to respect them, and will be intolerable to themselves when once their eyes are opened to see things as they really were, namely, that they were very self-willed, and under cover of this 'guilelessness' did and said exactly what was most pleasant at the moment.

The other day an old lady of an observant turn of mind was talking to me of a popular curate at a certain popular church, and she remarked, with an awful air of impressiveness, 'My dear, *how* that man *ever* got to matins and evensong, or how, when *once* there, he *ever* got away again, no one *ever* knew!' Surely it is time to speak when religious young ladies can so infest the road to church as to impart a spice of the black art to the curate's feat of managing never to walk with any of them.

It seems to me that the remedy for all this nonsense is, not to tell girls that it is unwomanly or wrong to think about matrimony, or to make it a tabooed subject, but to lead them to think of the *state* and of all it requires in the way of self-discipline, rather than of some imaginary hero. It is Prince Perfect who does the mischief, in making wives dissatisfied with worthy husbands who might have made them perfectly happy if only they had not had to enter the lists in rivalry with the Prince Perfect of their wives' girlish day-dreams. Had those wives looked more to the *state* of matrimony, and left the hero as an unfinished sketch, the real hero would have fitted in better with real life, and the heroine might have pruned away her little naughtinesses, and fitted herself to grow, like Tennyson's Isabel—

'The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.'

But the real hero will probably 'rub her up the wrong way' a thousand times, and instead of learning through patience and selflessness to see the real worth and charm of his character, she straightway compares him with Prince Perfect, and accepts the rôle of a disappointed woman, and only sees her folly too late, when *he* has become a disappointed man; whereas, in all probability, had she adopted the line I recommend, they would have lived happily ever after, like the prince and princess in a fairy tale.

Of course I am speaking of a marriage founded on esteem, which, where the wife is sensible, *must* end in being a happy one. I know it is of no use to tell girls that this is the main thing to look to in marriage, but if they would believe it, they would be spared a great deal, and they would not be so unhappy at being hindered in carrying out their first foolish fancy, if they would pause to consider that what satisfies a raw girl of eighteen is most unlikely to satisfy a thoughtful, matured woman of eight-and-twenty—and the cares and discipline inseparable from any marriage will inevitably mature and deepen any woman who is not a born natural. With a man it is very different; he who is shallow and careless at five-and-twenty, is as likely as not to be the same inconsequent boy at five-and-fifty.

When a man has once taken a shape, as a rule he retains it, and outer influences have very little power to alter him, whereas they re-make a woman a dozen times over during the course of her life. Girls do not sufficiently view matrimony in the light of this inevitable consequence of man being creative and woman receptive; they fail to see how important it is to provide for the changes which they will undoubtedly undergo. Because they are in a certain state now, they refuse to believe, what is nevertheless a certain fact, that they will be different people ten years hence, and so they marry a man who has taken their fancy, heedless of the fact that he is a little below them now in tone, or standard, or intellect, and that, as years go by, the gulf will widen; heedless too of the fact that their husbands' level of mind or station forms their own high-water mark, however much the restraint may chafe them. A good wife cannot draw around her the pleasant circle of friends she may have dreamt of before marriage, if her husband is not perfectly on a par with them, and however much she may strive to hide her own superiority if it exists, and so give her husband the position which is his due, and for herself escape the world's pity for being married to such 'a poor creature,' she may rest assured that 'the poor creature'—however poor—will infallibly detect her effort, and be secretly jealous of her power. Girls so often look at matrimony as opening to them a freer life, as giving them at least choice of friends, &c. Never was there a more 'false idea!' They may have chafed under parental thralldom, real or imaginary, but an ill-assorted marriage means a secret bondage which fetters them at every turn.

I am convinced that parents and guardians do incalculable mischief by talking as if the main thing in life was to get married anyhow. 'Get married, my daughter, happily if you can—but get married!' They speak so often as if the interests of a married life made it inevitably happier than a single one, which is emphatically a 'false idea.' There is a large part of a woman's life which is not filled by sewing on her boys' buttons, and she would be wiser if she looked this fact in the face before embarking on matrimony; being bored singly is infinitely preferable to being bored *à deux*, and besides, a single woman has much more freedom in her own pursuits than a married one. But girls get hold of a 'false idea' that when they arrive at a certain age—twenty-five, or thirty-five, or forty-five, or whatever they may fix on—life will be practically over, and it won't much matter what they do. Whereas I can assure them that—though I *know* they won't believe it—this is not the case, and that existence is felt quite as fervently, as keenly, acutely, down to the very finger-tips, at five-and-forty, as at any earlier stage of development. Only they awake at five-and-forty to find that life is much duller than it need have been, entirely because of this 'false idea,' which has led them into some unsuitable marriage, or, in any case, has prevented their preparing for the terribly long stretch of life which lies beyond the girl's momentary interests. They look forward both too much and too little; they are ready enough to dream of impossible futures, but they shut their eyes to the *certain* future which lies before each of them, namely, a future in which the destinies of others will hang upon them, and clear judgment and wisdom will be demanded of them. Nine out of ten arrive at this crisis utterly unprepared for it, and the consequent mischances are put down to circumstances. But this might be prevented if girls would awake to the fact that not only is it a mistake to imagine girlhood to be the whole of life (or rather the only sentient part), but it is almost a 'false idea' to look upon it as life at all—any middle aged woman, on looking back, can see clearly enough that her youth was not life, but only a preparation for it. If girls would open their eyes to this, life, when they *do* come to it, would be less stern for many of them than I fear it will be. Let them lay to heart the lesson contained in these lines:—

'Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
That before living he'd learn how to live;
No end to learning:
Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
Use for our earning.
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes!
Live now or never!"
He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes,
Man has Forever!"

To come to details, girls neglect, for instance, to store their memories;

and when the receptive power of that faculty ceases, as cease it will, their minds are blanker and more uninteresting both to themselves and others than need have been.

They have a 'false idea' that the mind is like a long-suffering friend who can be dropped at pleasure and taken up again when they please, at the point where they left off. But, on the contrary, it is a machine worked according to the inexorable law, 'To him that hath shall more be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have.' Rust is as fatal as overwork, nay, more so, to this machine; you cannot fill your time with writing letters, and working artistic, or unartistic storks, and symphonies in yellow, and yet expect to have a mind fit to work with when you *want* to employ it. If you misuse your mind in youth and fritter it away, after a certain time it ceases to be reclaimable property. It may seem a trifle to read some particular history steadily—it seems to make no difference to yourself or any one else whether you have or have not got a stiff book in hand, but it really means whether you are, or are not keeping your machine in working order. As Dr. Johnson said of Mr. Thrale's sale:—'This is no mere question of selling a brewery, but rather the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.'

Then there is a 'false idea' that study is no good unless pursued for long stretches of time, whereas the spare 'five minutes' of the day will keep the machine oiled, and as to any very deep study being *necessary* (I do not say desirable, for of course it is desirable where practicable), why, reading the newspaper will keep the mind going, if it is done with an earnest desire to get all possible good from it, and to look up the various questions mooted. How often, in middle life, women wake up to a keen interest in politics, but they cannot discuss them as a man does, because they have paid no heed to the march of events during their youth. The main thing for girls is to open their minds to larger and more lasting interests than daily petty excitements. An *intelligent* interest in politics in a woman may be of inestimable value and far-reaching influence.

'I have,' says De Tocqueville, 'a hundred times in the course of my life, seen weak men display real public virtue, because they had beside them a wife who sustained them in their course, not by counselling this or that action in particular, but by exercising a fortifying influence on their views of duty and ambition. Oftener still I have seen domestic influence operating to transform a man naturally generous, noble and unselfish, into a cowardly, vulgar, and ambitious self-seeker, who thought of his country's affairs only to see how they could be turned to his own private comfort or advancement—and this simply by daily contact with an honest woman, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of *public duty* was entirely absent.'

I do not want girls to be above small interests,—nothing is more uncomfortable than to have a daughter soaring serenely in the empyrean of higher education, when her parents or brothers come in tired and indisposed for high thinking. She is equally irritating whether she remains on stilts or *condescends* to their level. Women should be able to take life as a sandwich, and be really interested in both its larger and its smaller aspects; but they certainly should not be contented to let any period of it, however short, be so wholly occupied with minor affairs as to prevent their sowing *some* seed which will yield them a harvest later on. It is quite a 'false idea' that there is any substance in the plea so often urged, 'we are only here for a few weeks, or months, it is not worth while to do anything.' The young persons of whom I am thinking, both stationary and migratory, will hasten to defend themselves by raising the 'false idea' that, worth while or not, they have 'no time' to cultivate their minds in this or that direction. Now having an elderly fondness for anecdote, I am going to break off here to relate one concerning a girl with whom I was once confidentially discussing the subject of education. She was just at that awkward age, so trying both to themselves and other people, when their faults and virtues are all out of drawing, like young puppies; and as I observed how cordially I agreed with Solomon's views about the rod, it crossed my mind very forcibly what an admirable thing it would have been for her, had her faults been eradicated by that method before she arrived at her present age, when the problem of correcting them was so much complicated by the introduction of that perplexing factor, *amour propre*. But our sympathy of thought was only partial, for though she, like myself, reflected on my remark, she finally broke the pause by saying meditatively—'Yes! I have often thought it would have been very good for so and so,' naming her eldest sister. This digression is more applicable to the matter in hand than at first sight appears, for I wish to draw attention to the extreme rarity of any one ever assimilating advice which is meant for themselves. '*On ne donne rien si libéralement que ses conseils*,' and most liberally of all are those *conseils* bestowed which it would be better for the donor to keep for home consumption, and the special instance of this truth which I have in my mind is connected with that 'false idea' of having 'no time,' that we were discussing when I diverged from it. A little while ago I dwelt on this excuse of 'no time,' in another paper in the *Monthly Packet*, and various girl friends thanked me warmly for my words, and appeared to think them most useful—for others. At first sight this seemed consoling, as I naturally supposed it involved personal appreciation of the truth I had inculcated; however, since then nearly all those girls—those very girls in my very presence—have shamefully urged their old plea of 'no time!'

But, undeterred by my previous want of success, I must again beg

my girl friends to look into the question honestly, and see whether 'no time' does not mean self-indulgent waste of time, or that habit of dawdling which is the bane of all strength of character. A great many girls sigh to go into a sisterhood: they would go a long way towards obtaining the same moral benefit such a step would give, by resolutely subjecting themselves while at home to that precise and instantaneous discharge of duties, however trifling, to which they would have to submit in a sisterhood.

What Sister would be allowed to dawdle over last words, or over putting on her things when she was due anywhere, and why should home sisters and daughters think time less precious? to say nothing of the bracing effect such constant and unperceived self-denial would have on the character. Some girls dawdle to that extent that it really seems as if they were in bondage to some 'false idea' that when a person names an hour they don't mean it! I should say that this idea is very prevalent, if I judged from my own experience derived from various little meetings which I hold at my own house for French and German readings, &c.

I have been astonished to find the numbers of socks I have knitted for the Kilburn Orphanage while waiting for these false-ideal young ladies; and if any of them should retort that their dawdlings had good results for the orphans, I must point out that the socks might have been done at some other time with less of that wear and tear to the mind which is always occasioned by irritation! They might have been as so many of Mrs. Delany's works were, 'between the coolings of her cups of tea'—a phrase which teaches us a useful lesson on the employment of snatches of time, though it opens a frightful vista as to the number of her cups of tea!

But if any should say that they do *not* dawdle, and that they *really* have 'no time,' I can't say I shall believe them, for I never hear it from real working bees; but I shall cease in despair to argue the question, and only beg them to make it a point of conscience for, say six months, never to *say* that they have 'no time,' whatever they may think. It is a natural instinct to say this when we are asked to do something extra, and then we generally make time after all.

But, in any case, the excuse 'no time' is alien to all sense of repose, and if girls check that first impulse which leads them to make it, they will usually find afterwards that there is no occasion for it at all. I notice that 'no time' is generally a short-hand phrase for expressing their habit of cutting up each others' mornings by flying in and out for the merest chatter and nonsense, or of doing each other the same ill turn under cover of the 'false idea' that they are meeting for study. If one girl is very much ahead of the others, well and good, but if not (and very often even then) I should like them to examine honestly how much of the time is spent in real work, and how much of the talk was to the purpose. There are many societies nowadays,

but if one were formed the members of which made it a point of conscience not to interrupt each other before luncheon, they might all get some clear hours for work every morning. When this is not the case they perhaps wish to do something improving in the afternoon, and then their parents' claims in the matter of making calls, &c., are felt a burden and a tyranny, or they undermine their strength by late hours. If girls only realised the anxiety they cost their mothers by their disregard of health, it might perhaps break up the very prevalent and very 'false idea' that this habit of theirs is rather *fine*. I myself have heard a girl whose eyes were weak after measles, in the teeth of an east wind when she ought to have been at home, say serenely, 'Oh! I *never* wear a veil!' It never seems to occur to girls that it is a primary duty to attend to such things, and that its being their 'way' not to do so does not mend the matter. Oh! what a 'false idea' it is to suppose that there is a valid defence of anything in saying 'it's my way,' or, more exasperating still, 'it's *our* way.' You hear a girl say this of some odious, tiresome trick, never reflecting what a pity it is that her family should make themselves so unpleasant! A family 'way' seems in their minds to confer some mysterious halo of distinction, no matter how annoying that 'way' may be to others. A grain of humility would be an excellent remedy for this form of a 'mind disease,' only I must in passing throw in a word of warning against the very common and very 'false idea,' that our humility may be gauged by our readiness to confess ourselves miserable sinners. There are very few in whom this general humility does not cover particular conceit, and a truer test would be to watch what degree of annoyance we feel when others agree with our professedly low estimate of ourselves, or when we hear that some slighting remark has been made upon us. It would take an immense load of false appearances off our minds if we could bring ourselves to acquiesce cheerfully in the fact that other people do not think us such very fine fellows after all, and it might further help us to avoid that 'false idea' that bragging increases our importance. We all recognise how unreposeful is conversation with one who is for ever trying to say something to his own advantage,—how we instinctively detect his desire, and stonily refuse to let his poor little efforts take effect upon us, yet at the same time which of us can say that his conscience is entirely clear from all endeavours to make a point in his own favour? To clear away all such double-mindedness would of itself immensely raise the standard of our conversation, and a still higher flight would be reached if we could banish the 'false idea' that gossip is necessary to prevent its being dull. The one receipt for being pleasant is to care much about the subject you are talking of, so learn to care for many things—you *can't* be interesting if you are not interested. Only beware! no one is ever taken in by a *faux* air of interest; the veriest fool detects you and resents it doubly. There are various 'false ideas'

connected with this which it would be well to combat if I had space, such as the very widespread one, that you may say a thing in haste and have it forgiven at leisure ; or again, that it is possible for people to live together if they allow themselves to 'crystallise' things, and make definite 'sore subjects.' It is such a 'false idea' to think that putting annoyances into words make them easier to bear. There are certain things to which you must by no means give a local habitation and a name, as they then become tenants who refuse to be evicted ; it is very undesirable to express in words, even to yourself, the ingrained peculiarities, faults, and tricks (I say *tricks* advisedly, as I hold them to be one of the great stumbling-blocks to matrimonial happiness) of those with whom you *must* live. If it does nothing else, it draws your own attention to them more forcibly when they are going on, and puts you between whiles in a nervous state of irritable expectancy. Why, just consider how an habitual form of words annoys you when you have once noticed it! A kindred 'false idea' is the belief that daily life is plain sailing. Many seem to think that wisdom and diplomacy are only required in some occasional interviews with strangers, but you may see what a wide field there is for it in ordinary matters by just observing how often in the course of one day you say the wrong thing from sheer heedlessness. Life would cease to be dull if we lived from hour to hour on high principles, instead of waiting for some improbable combination of circumstances to call them into action. Every day is a blank space on which we might paint a beautiful picture, instead of merely scribbling on it ; though others mix our colours for us, yet it rests with us whether the design shall be noble.

'The Present always seems trivial in our eyes, but the Present is a king in disguise.'

S. S. SOULSBY.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

THE MAIDENS OF TRACHIS.*

THIS play is somewhat marred by a slight defect in unity, through which the chief interest is severed from what apparently is the main design. The ostensible hero is Heracles :—

'At Trachis, in Thessaly, stayed Deianira, sadly awaiting the return of her husband, Heracles. For an oracle had said that if he failed not in an expedition, about this time, he should find rest from his labours. While she doubted, came a messenger, announcing Heracles's speedy return, and bringing a fair captive, Iolë, daughter of Eurytus, whom Heracles had taken. Then Deianira, fearing for her husband's love, did in this wise. Years before had she come with Heracles to the stream Evenus, across which Nessus, the Centaur, was wont to carry travellers. Here because Nessus offered violence to Deianira, Heracles shot him with an arrow that had been dipped in the blood of the Lernean hydra.† And Nessus, ere he died, gave a rag, steeped in his blood, to Deianira, telling her it should win back her husband's heart at need. Now this venom Deianira took, and steeped with it a robe, and sent the robe to Heracles. But the Centaur had deceived her, for Heracles, putting on the robe, perished miserably, and being laid by his own command on a funeral pyre on Mount Eta, found rest. But Deianira, when she saw what she had done, slew herself.'

Two strands—the Fate of Heracles and the Love of Deianira—are here apparent, and Sophocles has woven them into a drama as subtle and pathetic as that of the *King Œdipus*, though of less breathless interest. The suspense attendant on the real issue of the oracle, and the alternating hopes and fears of Deianira, supply the dramatic interest of the action, and the irony culminates in the discovery that the 'rest' of the oracle means death, and that the single-hearted devotion of the wife has included in one common ruin herself and the husband of her love.'

Our whole sympathy centres on Deianira, who has so well been named the 'Imogen of antiquity.' She is the gentlest of Sophocles's heroines, but as heroic in her gentleness as the grander Antigone, or Electra. Too much reason has she to say of Heracles : 'My dear lord ! Thou'rt one of the false ones,' yet she only returns his numerous infidelities with love. Nor is it anything but this love, at once pure

* This play derives its name from the Chorus-maidens who are the friends and confidantes of Deianira.

† A monster with nine heads, slain by Heracles.

and passionate, that induces her, when she finds her beauty waning, to put the charm to the proof. No hatred of either husband or rival enters her breast.

The scenes that follow show us glimpses of this character. It appears in her tenderness and pity towards Iolê, whose position at first she knows not, but more than suspects; in her avowal, when stung from tame acquiescence in Heracles's infidelity, that she 'cannot find it in her heart to be angry with him'; and it reveals itself by unconscious touches in her death-scene—the inevitable sequel.

GERARD W. SMITH.

Spider Subjects.

ALEXANDRIA's history has been so well and fully done by Karsheish that it must have more space than is left by the nick-names collected and compared by Bog Oak. Bubbles's list is also so excellent, that if possible it shall appear.

A BEE has an excellent list, adding Edgar the Peaceable, Clodion the Hairy, and *L'Eveill  * the Wide-awake (if the term may be permitted), as Louis IV. was called before, alas! he became *le gros*. Antoninus Pius has been forgotten; and *le d  bonnaire* was intended as a translation of the same word Pius, neither relating to beauty nor weakness.

NICK-NAMES OF SOVEREIGNS.

THE tendency to bestow nick-names, usually characteristic and commonly truthful, is a very old one, and few nations seem to have been quite exempt from it; nor have sovereigns been any exception to the rule. It is during the time of the growth of national life that these are most rife; extreme barbarism and extreme civilisation being alike usually unfertile in nick-names. In the former, the personal name was probably sufficiently descriptive; and in the latter case nick-names are deemed discourteous, except among very servile races. The classic Greeks and Romans were too polished, but the Teutonic races of the Middle Ages fearlessly nick-named their rulers. These names, it is true, were usually complimentary on the whole—in France, Germany, and the Peninsula especially. The Scandinavians were very quaint, so sometimes are the English. The East in old times had a great many nick-named sovereigns, and Egypt stood almost alone in giving sarcastic names, not uncomplimentary in themselves, but in their application—e.g. 'Philadelphus,' because, far from loving, he slew his brethren.

Roughly speaking, we may divide these Surnames (as they are sometimes called) into four kinds. First, those derived from some physical peculiarity or defect. Secondly, from some mental or moral characteristic. Thirdly, some title denoting office, character, or occupation. Fourthly, names derived from age, or some circumstance of life.

A date will only be given where the person named might not be identified otherwise. A few sovereign Dukes and Counts have been admitted, and one or two Popes, though these last seldom had nick-names.

Taking the physical ones first, we have a group denoting colour of hair or complexion, with one or two other names from colour and beauty. 'Edwy the Fair' in England; 'Philippe IV. le Bel' and 'Charles IV. le Bel' in France; 'Leopold the Handsome,' Duke of Austria, 1397; 'Philibert le Bel,' Duke of Savoy; 'Harald Haarfagre' (fair-haired), called at first 'Horrid-locks,' in Norway; 'William Rufus' in England; 'Friedrich Barbarossa' (red-beard), so called by the Italians; 'Hugh le Blanc' in France; Savoy rejoiced in a 'Red

Count,' Amadeus VII., 1383, and a 'Green Count,' Amadeus VI.; while our Charles I. was called the 'White King,' from his coronation robes partly, and partly because—

'Twas a winter's night, and the pall was white,
For the snow fell thick and fast,
As to its grave, in Windsor nave,
The White King's coffin passed.'

Kaiser Max also called himself the 'White King.' Three other names connected with hair or its absence must be given: 'Charles le Chauve' in France; 'Svend Tveskeg' (cleft-beard) in Norway; and the usurping Alexius IV. at Constantinople, 1104, surnamed 'Murtzuphlos,' or 'bushy eyebrows.'

Another set succeeds, named from *peculiarity of feature and defect of speech or sight*.

'Harald Blaataand' (blue-tooth) in Denmark; 'Frederick Iron-teeth,' Elector of Brandenburg, 1440; 'Antiochus Grypus' (hook-nosed), Syria, B.C. 129; 'Erik Glipping' (blinker), Danish; 'Magnus the Blind,' Norway, 1130; 'Vassili the Blind,' Russia, 1425. Then there are two stammerers, Michael II. of Constantinople, 820; and 'Louis II. le Begue' in France.

Next come the nick-names from *height or peculiarity of limb or figure*.

As a contrast we have the short and the long—'Pepin le Bref' in France; 'Ladislau III. Locticus' (the short) in Poland, 1305; and 'Philippe le Long' in France. Then there are 'Charles le Gros;' and 'Louis le Gros.' Then a quaint collection of limbs—'Magnus Barfod' (bare-legs, because he wore a kilt) in Norway; 'Edward Longshanks' in England; and two long-handed or armed men—'Artaxerxes Longimanus;' and 'George the Long-handed,' Sovereign Grand-duke of Russia, 1155. Then we have 'Harold Harefoot' in England, named from his swiftness; and 'Charles the Lamé' of Naples; to which may be added our own 'Richard Crook-back.' To these we must add a very odd pair, 'Thunder,' and 'Lightning,' in the persons of 'Seleucus Ceraunus,' a very weak king of Syria, B.C. 226, so named in derision, who ought to go among nick-names from mental character, only it is too tempting to compare him with Bajazet, surnamed 'Ilderim,' or the 'Lightning,' from his swiftness.

The second class of names, and by far the most numerous, are *those derived from some trait of character, mental or moral*, and it is noteworthy that here the complimentary names far outnumber the uncomplimentary ones. We will begin with the best of all; such names as the 'Good,' 'Pious,' 'Venerable,' 'Just,' 'Blessed,' 'Noble.'

We have six 'Good' sovereigns—'Magnus the Good' of Norway, 1042; 'Richard le Bon,' Duke of Normandy; 'William the Good' of Sicily; 'Jean le Bon' of France; 'Charles III. le Bon' of Navarre; and 'Philippe le Bon,' Duke of Burgundy and Sovereign of the Low Countries. The first 'Pious' monarch was Antiochus Eusebes of Syria, B.C. 95, a very different man truly from his successors in the title; 'Edmund the Pious' of England; 'Robert le Vieux' in France; 'Amadeus the Pious,' Duke of Savoy, 1465; 'Heinrich the Pious' of Saxony, 1539; and 'Ernest the Pious,' Duke of Saxe-Gotha, 1672. On assuming the Empire of Rome, B.C. 14, Octavius Cæsar was the first to assume the surname of Augustus, or 'Venerable,' i.e. 'sacred, set apart'—a surname which became a title with all his successors.

Sigismund II. of Poland was surnamed 'Augustus.' Casimir II. of Poland rejoiced, like Aristides, in the surname of 'the Just;' while Ireland has 'Bran the Blessed,' and one of Savoy's numerous sovereigns of the name of Amadeus was 'Beatus.' Lastly, Navarre had 'Charles le Noble.'

Opposed to these good names we find the 'Bad,' 'Cruel,' 'Severe,' 'Terrible'—happily a small group. They are 'Charles le Mauvais' in Navarre, 'Pedro the Cruel' of Castile, and 'Pedro the Severe' of Portugal, who for the grief of the Peninsula all flourished at the same time. Then the Slavonic races were apt to be 'Terrible.' 'Boleslaus Chroby,' or the 'Terrible,' in Poland, otherwise called the 'Great,' and 'Ivan the Terrible' in Russia.

Next come twenty 'Great' sovereigns, the commonest soubriquet of all, to which we may add the 'Famous,' 'Illustrious,' and 'Magnificent.' It is sad in reading the roll to note how many failed in Thomas à Kempis's test of true greatness—'He is truly great that is little in himself and that maketh no account of any height of honour.' The list begins of course with Alexander, and next Antiochus the Great, and Herod the Great. The Christian era makes a difference even in the very partial lustre of Constantine the Great and Theodosius. Pope Leo I. was the Great. Then Theodorik, King of Italy, and S. Gregory the Great, as Montalembert says—'the first to unite the titles "Great" and "Saint"'; and as far as we remember it is a solitary instance of the union. Then follow Charlemagne, Alonso el Magno in Leon, 866, Alfred the Great, Boleslaus the Great or Terrible, Knud the Great, and in Aragon Sancho III., 1035, and Pedro III., died 1295, shared the title. Poland again had Casimir the Great; Russia, Ivan III. the Great, 1462, and Peter the Great; Henri IV. le Grand, and Frederick the Great end the list, unless we include Louis XIV., 'le Grand Monarque.' Ptolemy Epiphanes of Egypt, B.C. 205, 'the Illustrious,' was also called for his wickedness Epiphanes 'the Mad.' Then there are Antiochus Epiphanes, and Dan the Famous, an early Danish King. The title 'Magnificent' is shared between Duke Robert, called also 'le Diable,' of Normandy, and Solymán the Magnificent, for I fear Lorenzo the Magnificent can hardly be counted as a sovereign.

The opposites of the grand nick-names are, as usual, a much smaller number, and include those signifying *weakness of character, penuriousness, or extravagance*. Boabdil, the last Moorish King of Granada, was called 'el Chico,' 'the little,' from his feebleness of conduct. Then we have Ethelred the Unready; and the Danes had Erik Menved, literally 'with a but,' on account of his indecision; and in 1340 they had Valdemar Atterdag, 'the day after,' on account of his putting off, but he was an effective sovereign, so either his name belied him or his delays were of that prudent kind that had named Fabius 'Cunctator' long before. Another of these quaint Danish names was Harald Hejn, the 'Whetstone,' because he gave way in trouble. Then we have a capital pair, a Dane and a Macedonian—Christiern I., 1448, called 'Stringless Purse' for his profuseness, and Antigonous 'Doson,' B.C. 232, meaning 'one whose gifts are in the future tense,' so called from his penuriousness.

Next we will take the 'Brave,' 'Fearless,' 'Warlike' kings, including all the 'Lions.' Thus we have Philippe III., 'le Hardi,' of

France, Sanchoc, 'el Bravo' of Castile, 1291; Alonso the Brave of Portugal, 1325; and Philippe le Hardi and Charles l'Intrepide, Dukes of Burgundy; Richard san Peur in Normandy and Jean san Peur in Burgundy; Frederick the Warlike in Saxony, and Charles the Warlike in Savoy. About the end of the twelfth century a great fashion arose of being 'Lions,' yet there was an instance in 655, when Ali ben Abi Taleb the Caliph was surnamed Shir-i-khoda, 'Lion of God.' Then came William the Lion of Scotland; Richard Cœur de Lion, and his nephew Heinrich the Lion, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria; and Cœur de Lion's nephew by marriage, Louis VIII. 'le Lion of France.' The last Lion was the 'Lion of the North,' Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

To match the Lions we have a 'Lamb:' Erik the Lamb, King of Denmark, 1137; there was also a Ladislas the Ox in Hungary. And the other 'Peaceful,' 'Easy-going' names are Frode the Peaceful, who was the Danish Bran the Blessed; Edgar the Peaceable; Olaf Kyrre 'the Peaceful,' in Norway, and Louis le Débonnaire in France.

Perhaps Louis Hutin, the 'Headstrong,' is the best opposite of the last named. And three 'Proud' sovereigns should be mentioned here—Tarquinius Superbus; Heinrich the Proud, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria; and Simeon the Proud, Czar in 1340.

The wise, learned monarchs were Alonso el Sabio in Castile, 1252; Charles le Sage in France; William the Sage of Hesse-Cassel, 1566; and Frederick the Wise of Saxony, 1486. Also Henry I. Beaucherk, and Artaxerxes Mnemon, named from his good memory. We have two contrasting names—Ingjald, the founder of the royal line of Norway, gained for himself the unfortunate title of Ill-raada, 'bad counsel'; and there was Charles le Simple in France.

The four following are hard to classify. Alonso the Chaste, Leon, 791; Pedro el Cerimonioso, Aragon, 1350; John the Constant, Saxony, 1525; John Frederick the Magnanimous, Saxony, 1532.

This seems the place for that curious set of *names derived from loving or being beloved*, mostly Egyptian, and frequently sarcastic.

There were three Philopators—Ptolemy in Egypt, called Philopator because he poisoned his father; Seleucus Philopator, Syria, B.C. 187; and Ariarathes Philopator, of Cappadocia, B.C. 162, of whom it is a pleasure to say he deeply loved his father, and refused a share in the government on that account. Ptolemy Philometor, 'lover of his mother,' was educated by his mother Cleopatra, a daughter of Antiochus the Great, B.C. 180; Ptolemy Philadelphus, 'lover of his brethren,' sarcastic because he hated and slew them. Two French kings were surnamed 'le Bien-aimé,' Charles VI., and Louis XV., in the latter, though given in joy at his recovery from a dangerous illness, it became as sarcastic as any of the nicknames of the Ptolemies. The Danes had Erik Ejegod, 'good for the eyes.'

The third class of names includes *all titles bestowed on sovereigns on account of their character, deeds, or occupations*. First, those who earned the title of 'Saint,' to which may be added 'Martyr,' 'Confessor,' 'Monk.' Olaf the Saint in Norway, 1015; S. Stephen in Hungary; S. Heinrich in Germany, 1024; Knud IV. the Saint, Denmark, 1080; David 'the sore Saint for the Crown' in Scotland; S. Erik in Sweden, 1155; S. Alfonso of Portugal; S. Fernando of Castile and S. Louis of France. England has three Martyrs—

Edmund, King of the East Anglians and martyr; Edward, king and martyr; and King Charles I., the martyr; Edward the Confessor; and perhaps the Vladimir Isapostolos 'equal to an apostle'; the first Christian Czar should be added, 988; also Alonso le Monge in Leon, 925.

Once only so far as we know was the surname 'Theos' deliberately given, and that was to Antiochus Theos, King of Syria, B.C. 250, though Alexander claimed divine honours, and in a moment of popular enthusiasm, Herod Agrippa I. was saluted as such at Cæsarea.

The title 'Saviour' given in old times, has not been repeated in later days from, we must hope, a feeling of reverence. But there were Ptolemy Soter in Egypt; Antiochus Soter in Syria, B.C. 280; and later on Demetrius Soter, so-called because he delivered the Babylonians from two odious tyrants.

Next come the 'Conquerors' with which we will take 'Besieger' and 'Fighter.' Syria had two 'conquerors,' Seleucus Nicator, B.C. 280; and Demetrius Nicator, who conquered the usurper, Alexander Bala. We have our William the Conqueror; and Aragon its Jayme el Conquistador; and there was a Mogul Emperor in 1605 who surnamed himself 'Jehangir,' 'conqueror of the world.' Otherwise he was Selim, son of Akbar. With these must be placed Charles VII. le Victorieux in France; Alonso el Batallador in Aragon, 1104; and Demetrius Poliorcetes the Besieger.

Beneficent titles are, alas! not very numerous. Louis XII. was 'Père du Peuple,' and there was an Alexis reigning in Russia in 1645, who was the 'Father of his country.' Ptolemy Euergetes, 'Benefactor,' was so named by the Egyptians because he recovered and restored to Egypt her ancient gods, carried off by Cambyzes; and there was a Euergetes II., whom the sarcastic Egyptians commonly called Kakoergetes, 'the evil doer,' B.C. 169. Magnus the Lawgiver, of Norway, 1262, was surnamed Lagabæter, 'Law-betterer.' And Solymán the Magnificent's other name was the 'Law-giver.'

In the East we find Leo the Philosopher in 886, and Robert Guiscard, 'Wise-heart,' in Naples.

Then there are three Hunters and a Fowler—Prusias Sidetes, 'the Hunter,' in Bithynia, B.C. 148; Antiochus Sidetes, Syria, B.C. 139; and Philibert the Hunter, in Savoy. Heinrich the Fowler, was Emperor of Germany, A.D. 919.

The last class of *names derived from age or some circumstance*, are harder to classify. Taking 'age' first, we find Gorm the Old in Denmark, 860, contrasts with Louis VII. le Jeune in France, while our Edward the Elder, and the Persian Cyrus the Younger, are but types of a multitude more, so called for the sake of distinction. But Miecslaus the Aged in Poland, 1171, was really surnamed from the gravity of his appearance. A few surnames have to do with *religion*, Julian the Apostate and Leo the Ikonoklast notably. Alonso the Catholic reigned in Leon in 739, and the Pope conferred on Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain the title of 'Reyes Catolicos,' just as he conferred that of 'Defender of the Faith' on our King, and 'Most Christian King' on the French monarchs. Erik Præste-hader, 'Priest-hater.'

A small group were given from *some circumstance of birth, childhood, dress, &c.* Alexander Constantine Porphyrogenitus, 'born in the purple,' was Emperor of Constantinople, 911; Olaf, the 'Lap-king'

of Sweden, received fealty in his mother's lap; Louis IV., d'Outremer, so called because having been an exile from childhood, he came to France from beyond the sea; Philippe Auguste, 'Dieudonné,' named from his father's delight at his birth. The Emperor Caligula is actually known only by his nick-name, which was given on account of his wearing the *caliga* or soldier's shoe. Ragnar Lodbrok, 'stony-coat,' from the well-known legend of the way in which he slew the serpent and gained his bride. William Longsword, Duke of Normandy, introduces us to the names derived from some circumstance in war. To begin with three Hammerers—Judas Maccabæus, Charles Martel in France, and Charles Martel, King of Hungary, 1295. Ivar Vidfadme, 'far-stretching,' King of Sweden, because he conquered so many lands, including part of England. A contrast to him is our John Lackland. Alexander Newski won his surname by his victory on the Neva over the Livonians. Albrecht, Elector of Brandenburg, 1470, was surnamed 'Achilles' on account of his prowess; and rather contrasts with Constantine Single-fight, reminding one of Single-speech Hamilton.

A few more names will not class themselves well with any. Ptolemy Auteles, the 'Flute-player,' to whom William the Silent would be a pleasing relief. Magnus Ladulås, 'Barnlock,' King of Sweden, 1279, passed laws in favour of the peasants. Olaf Irotelje, 'Tree-hewer,' was an ancient Norwegian king who was sacrificed for a fruitful season. Olaf Hunger, King of Denmark, 1086, must have sorely tempted his Christian subjects to wish to do the same, as a famine lasted throughout his reign. John, Elector of Brandenburg, was surnamed 'Cicero,' 1481; and Frederick of the Rhine was called 'the Winter King,' on account of his short tenure of Bohemia.

The last instance was perhaps Alexander the Liberator, the late Emperor of Russia, who set free the serfs.

Bog Oak.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

As Arachne wishes to give next month the excellent history of Alexandria, the ensuing questions are chosen with a view to brevity—sending the working:—

How many persons, each eating .625 of meat, can be supplied from two joints weighing together 4 st. 4 lbs.?

Translate *either* into German, Latin, French, or Italian, the following saying of Garfield's:—"Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly as the gods whose feet were shod with wool."

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The July subject, comprising the interesting *Gentian* tribe, together with *Drosera* and *Parnassia*, ought, one would have supposed, to have proved attractive.

Yet only twenty-three members seem to have thought so. At all events, there is again a distressing list of defaulters.

The twenty-three, however, have, for the most part, done excellent work, and the bundle, if small, is highly interesting.

Vertumnus requests that members will abstain from supplementing his criticisms with remarks of their own. If there is anything that seems to them to call for special observation, it would be better to write what they have to say on a separate slip of paper.

Advertisements must not be sent round with the packets.

The three 'Fig-worts,' given as the September subject, will be found difficult to dry well, having, like most of their near relations, an invincible tendency to turn black in the process.

VERTUMNUS.

Notices to Correspondents.

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* tell me where I can get a story entitled 'The Yewlane Ghost?' It was published in the *Monthly Packet* about twelve years ago. Please address to Mrs. George Charles, 17, Orsett Terrace, London, W.

Can any one tell me the author of the following?

'The night hath a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the dying sun.

'The mind hath a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.'

Also, the name of a book of rare poems by some London clergyman, the first in the book being on the Holy Communion, and called *Above and Below*.

M. K. is anxious to know whether

'O wie herbe ist das Scheiden,
Wenn nun Einen geht von beiden,
Die sich treu gelebt,'

is really old or a modern antique.

We have two letters on Workhouse Visiting waiting for the *London Guardian*, if he would send his address.

Some of our readers may be glad to have their attention directed to a Correspondence French History Class. Subscription, 10s. per annum. Address—Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay.

S. R. M. would be much obliged if the Editor of the *Monthly Packet*, or any of its readers, would tell her the name of an inexpensive work on painting on terra-cotta in oil colours. Address—S. Robertson-Macdonald, 41, Lansdowne Road, London, W.

ANSWERS.

H. S.—Dr. Neale's *Tales from the History of Greece* (Barnes), Church's *Tales from Herodotus* (Seeley), Aunt Charlotte's *Stories from the History of Greece and Rome* (Marcus Ward).

A Correspondent on G. F. S.—Surely such expensive excursions cannot be necessary. Our branch has just concluded its festival at a much smaller expense. The members' tickets were 6d., the associates' 1s. There were a few subscriptions of 5s. and 10s.; and the whole, including a band and the hire of cups, cost under 8l., the tea to eighty members being given in private grounds. They went to Church first; all took place between 3 and 7 p.m., and no ladies could have behaved more nicely.

Rev. Vincent Pearse begs to inform *S.* (p. 197 of this month's *Monthly Packet*) that the quotation—

‘In His decisions rest,
Secure whate’er He gives He gives the best,’

is to be found in Dr. Johnson's celebrated poem, *Vanity of Human Wishes*; or, *An Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal*, lines 355-6.

Answer to *E. M.*—Quotation—

‘As when a painter, poring o’er a face,’ &c.

From the *Idylls of the King*—‘Elaine.’ Also by *A. E. H.*

Answers to *E. M. F.*—

‘Son and mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin.’

Shelley—*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*

‘Her fate and the broken lute's were one,’ &c.

Mrs. Hemans's The Broken Lute. Vol. vi. of her collected works.—*A. M. Hornby.*

T. C. V. B.—The story of Thor's visit to Utgard is told in Miss Keary's *Heroes of Asgard*, in Keightley's *Tales and Fictions*, and also in Miss Keary's *Janet's Home*. We have no book of reference at hand in which to ascertain whether it comes from a Saga or from the Edda.

The picture containing the motto, *Et in Arcadiâ ego*, is by Poussin. Schidone is only the engraver. There is reason to think that the original motto came from ancient classic times, and was a saying in common use to express ‘I also am a citizen of your craft.’

Can any one tell a lady, who greatly needs it, how to dispose of her paintings, or to obtain orders for Christmas cards, markers, or china painting? She paints beautifully. Address—*Margaret, care of Arachne, 'Monthly Packet,' 34, King Street.*

The Monthly Packet.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER XIII.

GERTRUDE.

'I would not endure
That a grief without cure,
A love that could end,
Or a false-hearted friend,
Should dwell for an instant in Cloudland.'

—MACKAY.

SIR MICHAEL HARVEY went back to town on Monday afternoon, but his brother stayed on at Alding. It had been settled that Hetty was to go back to Eastmarsh on Tuesday, and as the hours flew on she knew more and more what a trial it would be to leave this place where the first great triumph and joy of her life had come to her. She had been writing a few lines to Mrs. Lydiard to tell her to expect her, lines with a certain agitation in them, both of writing and sense, which told that astute woman that she might expect some news. Her note was written, and she was coming down stairs about half-past four, when she saw Herbert and Tom Landor come out of the library together. She was hidden from them by the high banisters, but she could see that they both looked annoyed, especially the Rector, who was flushed, and had a pained, worried look on his thin face. Herbert looked rather bored and disgusted.

'Well, my dear Landor,' he was saying, 'you hear what Slater says. After what you tell me I must suppose that the fellow was telling the truth on Saturday night, but that doesn't alter the fact that I am very sorry you have taken him up at all. He comes of a bad race; if anything could have been done for them Mr. Vernon would have done it long ago.'

'What do you want me to do, then?' said Tom, in a slightly strained voice. 'Give him up, and leave him to take his own way altogether!'

'I advise you to do something of that sort, if you don't want to be disappointed.'

'What, let him roll down the hill again, when I've dragged him half way up?'

'Have you?' said Herbert. 'Yes, let him go; let him roll where he likes.'

'You don't feel about it as I do,' said Tom.

They were walking slowly across the hall as they talked, and without seeing Hetty, who had reached the foot of the stairs by this time, they passed through the great glass doors into the outer vestibule and were gone.

Hetty went on into the drawing-room, feeling rather sad. She had no doubt it was Harry Dane they were talking of, and she was glad he had told Herbert the truth that night—it did not seem disloyal to be glad, for she was sure that Margaret would feel the same. But yet Herbert's vexed look weighed on her mind. He was probably sorry that Mr. Landor should waste his energy on a hopeless case, as he thought it. Hetty felt sure that Herbert must know best about the people, and indeed about everything. And who could doubt that he was kind and just! had not Margaret told her how all his tenants looked up to him? Poor Mr. Landor! how ill and excitable he looked! What a pity that he could not believe Herbert, and take things more easily.

Opening the drawing-room door Hetty found herself walking in upon another conversation. Gertrude was sitting in an arm-chair with her back to one of the windows, leaning her chin on her hand, and listening very attentively to James Harvey, who was standing a few yards off, bending an ivory paper-knife between his hands as he talked to her.

'I think myself very unfortunate; but it is best for one's friends to know one's true position,' he said as Hetty came in.

He turned round and looked at her. Hetty, meeting his eyes, was obliged to think that he was not sorry for the interruption.

'Don't break that paper-knife; it is mine, and I value it,' said Gertrude abruptly.

'Why— isn't it the one I gave you?' said James, looking at it.

'Well!'

'I had no idea it was my own valuable present. Where's Herbert, I wonder! Is Mr. Landor here still?'

'I don't know. You can go and see,' answered Gertrude, sitting quite still in the same attitude, and speaking with a shade more roughness than usual.

'They both went out just now, as I came through the hall,' said Hetty.

'Thank you,' said James.

He went out of the room, but Gertrude remained as she was. Hetty moved about, took up a paper, glanced at her half timidly. If it had been Margaret sitting there so strangely stiff and silent she would have gone to her, and if she had not ventured to caress her, would have whispered some little question as to what was the matter. But there was no knowing how Gertrude would take such advances. Hetty had more than once seen evidence of her strong, proud temper, and knew that even Margaret would think twice before interfering with her.

A quick, deep sigh from Gertrude drew Hetty's eyes towards her more decidedly. Then Gertrude turned round and looked at her, as if startled at herself, and not quite sure whether Hetty had noticed anything. The eyes that she met answered that question for her, and she coloured slightly as she looked away again.

'What have I done? Why do you look at me like that?' she said impatiently.

'I beg your pardon,' said Hetty. 'I was afraid something had happened to vex you—and I was sorry.'

'What a sympathising creature you are! It can't matter to you,' said Gertrude. 'Do you feel for everybody to that extent?'

Hetty paused a moment.

'I am happy myself,' she said, 'and I do not like to think that other people are unhappy.'

'You want us all to take hands and dance round, and every Jack to have his Gill, or whatever it is. Happiness! I can't think where you picked up your old-fashioned notions. Now-a-days it is simply a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence—especially pence, and not too many of them. But anyhow, there you have life, and happiness, and so on, in three words.'

'Margaret does not think so,' said Hetty.

'Margaret is sentimental—at least she talks on that tack. But she would never have endured poverty, or have married a poor man herself. Herbert would never think of marrying unless he had plenty of money. It is true, my dear; you need not look indignant. Everybody lives by the same rule, and they are all quite right. I don't complain of them.'

'Would not you marry a poor man if you cared for him?' said Hetty.

'He would not be foolish enough to ask me,' said Gertrude, laughing. 'So I can't tell you what I should do. People never know till they are tried. But there are things which are unnecessary—things that one might be spared. Herbert, for instance, would not have come to you, after years, and told you how seriously afraid he was that he would never be able to marry. Told you in an extraordinary way, too, so that you could not know how to take it, and could not feel anything but angry and foolish.'

Gertrude talked away rather fast, staring at the door. Hetty listened with the deepest interest. She was touched, for she felt that Gertrude trusted her, and something told her that no one else would share this confidence. She had seen enough of the sisters to feel almost sure that nothing would be said to Margaret.

'I like plain speaking,' Gertrude went on, beating with her fingers on the table. 'It is all very well to be prudent, but people may be too careful, I think. And that a man should spend the best years of his life doing nothing, because he believes his brother will die—I declare he deserves to be disappointed, I have told him so before now—it serves him right that his brother should marry after all, and that he should find himself nowhere!'

Hetty's eyes grew larger.

'Is Sir Michael going to marry, then?' she said.

'Who told you anything about it?' asked Gertrude, turning round upon her sharply.

'Herbert said something on Sunday morning when we were walking home from church. He suspected it, but Mr. Harvey had not told him, and Margaret did not think it likely. And I did not believe it for a moment. I could not. Is it really settled? Did Mr. Harvey tell you?'

Gertrude was staring at Hetty now; the girl's earnest eagerness seemed to surprise her.

'He told me his brother thought of marrying—yes,' she said. 'He called himself unfortunate, which he is—but he did not exactly call *that* a misfortune. Of course it was proper to be glad that his brother should be taking a new lease of life—and James always does what is proper. I am not bound to take that polite view of it, I suppose. I call it disgusting. That wretched log will idolise his wife, and in any case will probably leave all he can to her. Poor creature! what a slave he will be, and what airs she will give herself—odious woman! If I were James, I would let them both know what I thought of it. But what makes you care about it, Hetty? It can't make any difference to you. Don't feel for me, please. I hope you don't imagine that I want any sympathy!'

'Is it Mrs. Landor that Sir Michael means to marry?' was Hetty's only response to this.

'I wish she and her ridiculous son had never come into the parish!' said Gertrude.

Hetty smiled. Her cheeks were burning, and she did look as if she cared very much. She spoke even more decidedly than she had spoken on Sunday to Herbert and Margaret.

'Sir Michael may mean that, but Mr. Harvey need not be afraid, I am quite sure. Mrs. Landor will never marry him.'

'Oh come, that's glorious!' cried Gertrude, with a peal of

laughter. 'Has she been confiding in you? Why, Hetty, those eyes of yours make you confidante-general to the neighbourhood.'

'Nothing of the sort,' said Hetty, with dignity. 'Confide in me, indeed! One does not need any confidences to tell one *that*.'

'But why shouldn't she?' said Gertrude, with a scrutinising stare. 'She wouldn't think herself too old; her son won't want her all his life. How do you come to know better than James Harvey, you positive young person? It certainly does not occur to him that his brother will be refused.'

'I can't tell you, Gertrude,' said Hetty, hesitating. 'I don't say it is impossible that Mrs. Landor should marry again. But she will never marry such a man as Sir Michael Harvey.'

'Good gracious! He can be rather pleasant, I believe, when he likes. He brightened up amazingly on Saturday night, when he was talking to her. He is ill, to be sure, but she will look after him and cure him. She likes sick people, I believe. What is there so horrible about the man?'

'You called him a wretched log just now,' said Hetty. 'I think that sort of man is quite dreadful. Only compare him with——'

'Herbert of course! I never compare anybody with Herbert. It is too hard on men in general, Hetty, as you will find by and by. There he comes. Well, you and I will never agree. I say Mrs. Landor will marry Sir Michael. You say she won't. Shall we have a bet upon it?'

'No,' said Hetty; 'it is beyond a joke. I hope I am right—for your sake, as well as other people's.'

She came up to Gertrude, and stood smiling. Gertrude's face softened a little as she looked up at her.

'Impertinence!' she said; but she smiled too as she returned Hetty's kiss.

Margaret Ethelston took Hetty back to Eastmarsh on Tuesday afternoon. Some business at the last moment prevented Herbert from going with them. Margaret was not very sorry, for she thought it her duty to say a few words of warning to her future sister-in-law, now going down from the pure atmosphere of Alding Place into the lower sphere of Eastmarsh and Mrs. Lydiard. Margaret could say to Hetty what Herbert would never have said to her for himself,—that she must remember who she was, and must keep herself with extra care from second-rate acquaintances. Margaret put it all very affectionately, gazing at Hetty with her clear gentle eyes, making her feel what a treasure she was, how her whole nature had been raised and glorified by this engagement, so that she was quite a different girl from the Hetty Stewart who used to welcome kindness from everybody, who was often contented to play second fiddle to Conny Lydiard. Now all that old life was left far behind, and Hetty must look at it, with all the people who moved in it, from the high point of view of Alding

Place. It was her duty now to think solely of Herbert and his likes and dislikes. And as Hetty was perhaps a little too natural and constant-hearted to realise for herself all that this involved, she must submit to be gently and earnestly instructed by Herbert's sister.

There are few people who can say all that Margaret was saying without insolence. Margaret perhaps was one of those few. Hetty loved her, and listened patiently, and tried to believe that she was quite right, but a feeling of dissatisfaction lurked beneath. She discouraged it, and would not let it put itself into words, but still she knew it was there. She consoled herself by thinking that Herbert himself would never have said or thought of all this. Women were fanciful and particular, and dear Margaret was more so than most of them; it all came from her love and anxiety, and Hetty could not be angry with her. Still, though she believed that the moments spent with Margaret were golden, and that they would come to an end only too soon, she was painfully conscious of a subtle feeling of relief when the carriage stopped at Mrs. Lydiard's door.

Margaret would not get out. She pressed Hetty's hand, and looked deep into her eyes. Then in another moment Hetty found herself embraced by her aunt in the narrow little passage, Conny running down stairs to meet her, full of fun and curiosity. They dragged her up to the flowery drawing-room—how absurdly small everything looked!—and made her sit down between them and tell her wonderful news. And if it had not been for that news, which Hetty could hardly believe herself as she told it, the visit to Alding Place would have seemed like nothing but a dream.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANNIE DANE.

'Non la morte m'e grave: a me la vita
Era, sì, grave.'

—PAOLO EMILIO CASTAGNOLA.

In the quiet parish of Alding, and in the district surrounding it, the Danes had been for generations a clan of Ishmaelites. They were very different from their neighbours, who answered questions by a grunt, and lived out slow lives in their wooden cottages. The Danes might grunt sometimes, but it was from ill-temper and irreverence, not stupidity. They had quick brains enough, with an untrained strength of mind and body which makes men restless and adventurous, and leads them to poaching and smuggling where there is no fair sport to be had. Old people told stories of them, which went to prove that a hundred years ago there was not an honest man of the name. These stories might not be true, but they were possible, and neither

Harry nor his relations cared to contradict them. They were perhaps a little proud of their lawless character. They were also proud of better things, such as a certain amount of education and refinement of life which matched oddly with their bold careless characters. They had books in their houses, as well as guns and nets. A Dane was hardly ever to be found boozing away his time at the Royal Oak with other village worthies. Their wives were never ill-treated; their children were the brightest in the country. Though their work was generally irregular, and they were often poor, they never begged, or came upon the parish. They helped each other, as the members of one clan, and were liked none the better for their independence. No one quite knew where they had originally come from, or what gave them their foreign character. Mr. Vernon used to say that they were a late importation of sea-kings, and Tom Landor could never talk to his friend Harry without being haunted by Norse legends, though Harry had not the deep blue eyes and yellow hair that his ancestors should have brought from the fiords of Norway.

The strength and hope of poor Annie Dane's seventeen years fought long against disease. Mrs. Landor was with her every day, and often through the night, till Harry got some day work at Eastmarsh, and was able to spend his nights at home. Then his little girl wanted no other nurse. When he spent an hour or two of the evening at the Rectory, Mrs. Landor used to walk to the village in the summer twilight, and sit with Annie till he came home again.

One evening she went there in this way, between eight and nine o'clock. The wheat-fields were glowing in their deepest gold, for harvest was very near, and the distant woods were purple in the light of evening. Herbert Ethelston had been at the Rectory that day, and had told her and Tom of his engagement to Miss Stewart. He spoke so frankly and simply that Mrs. Landor's heart was touched, and she did not grudge him his good fortune, but thought kindly of these 'happy young,' about to begin life together in such a beautiful world, and had no occasion to feign more cordiality than she felt. Herbert thought she was an extraordinary woman, as she congratulated him with a feeling that was evidently sincere. It was more somehow than he wished for or expected. What did Mrs. Landor mean by having tears in those Irish eyes of hers? She could not care for either him or Hetty to that extent, surely, and with their slight acquaintance it was absurd to be so demonstrative. Tom was very quiet; he left the talking to his mother, and only wrung his friend's hand when he went away.

Though Mrs. Landor had expected the news ever since that evening at Alding Place, she could not help thinking about it all day. She was thinking about it still as she walked to Harry Dane's cottage, as she turned into the wild garden, and looked up to Annie's little open window under the eaves. There was a noise of voices above; she

went into the house, and climbed up the steep narrow stairs into the girl's room.

As she came near the voices hushed themselves; but she was startled at the first sight of Annie's face, turned towards her from its white pillow. It seemed to her changed since yesterday; a new life had come into it—or was it death? The fading evening light shone strangely in the room. Annie's large eyes with the dark stains under them, her scarlet cheeks, generally so colourless, the look of strained agitation through all her weak frame, the two thin hands stretched out upon the quilt, the breath that came in painful sighs—all this filled Mrs. Landor with anxiety.

Harry Dane was sitting by his daughter's pillow, bathing her forehead now and then. At the foot of the bed a stranger was sitting, a young man in rough sea-faring clothes, with his face hidden in his arms on the back of a chair. He looked up as Mrs. Landor came in, and she saw that tears were running down the handsome wild face, which was instantly hidden from her again. She took no notice of him, but went up to Annie and moved her pillows, laying her gently down.

'What makes her so feverish?' she whispered, rather indignantly, to Harry.

'It's Albert there,' said Harry, with a half smile. 'They broke a sixpence three years ago, when she was fourteen, and she's never had no sweetheart but him.'

'Albert who? Does he belong to Alding?' asked Mrs. Landor, not quite knowing whether to approve of poor Annie's lover or not.

'Dane, ma'am,' said Harry. 'My next brother's boy. They live away at Harwich. He's been at sea this many year. He's rose to be second mate aboard the *Sea Serpent*, one o' Wood's ships, trading to Lisbon for spices. He didn't know how bad Annie was till he come up this afternoon. He's got to join his ship and sail again to-morrow.'

'I'll be back maybe in a fortnight,' said Albert, looking up and speaking quickly. 'She'll be better by that time, won't she?'

Harry, shaking his head, was going to discourage this idea, but Mrs. Landor spoke instead of him. The eyes of all three were fixed upon her with embarrassing earnestness, as if Annie's life or death lay with her.

'We will do our very best to make her better,' she said. 'The best thing you can both do is to go away now and leave her with me. I think your being here is a little too much for her. Mr. Landor is expecting you this evening, Dane. Say good-bye now, Albert, in hopes of meeting again.'

Harry kissed his daughter, and told her to be a good girl and go to sleep. Albert stood upright by the bed, he and Annie gazing at each other with a hopelessness that made Mrs. Landor's heartache. Then

suddenly stooping forward, with a strange untaught grace, the young man kissed the girl's wasted hands as they lay stretched out there.

'I'm afraid to kiss your face, Annie,' he whispered. 'I'm fearful of hurting you.'

Annie smiled faintly. 'You won't hurt me, Albert,' she said, in the same low tone.

He bent over her again, his dark face flushing, and softly touched her forehead with his lips. She clasped her weak fingers on his arm, and held him near her for a moment or two, but neither of them said anything more. Albert followed his uncle out of the room, bowing to Mrs. Landor as he went.

Long afterwards Bessie remembered that little farewell scene in the old cottage at Alding, and wondered whether any two lovers in a palace could have shown a more tender refinement.

She had no time then to think about it, for Annie took up all her thoughts. She had never through her illness been so painfully excitable. She was hardly able to talk, yet she could not be still, and went on in a hoarse whisper telling her friend all about Albert, what a lot of spirit he had, and how he always said he should have to be a poacher if he didn't go to sea: there was no fun in life for a poor fellow, unless he cared to drink or gamble, and that wasn't the way with the Danes. Mrs. Landor said that a poacher was not likely to come to a good end, that stealing a landlord's game was as bad as stealing his fruit, and she hoped Annie would never let Albert take to that bad trade. In the meanwhile she must be quiet and go to sleep, as her father said, and wake up better. There was a certain authority in her soothing tones, and poor Annie did try to be quiet, though she cried and moaned a little that it was very hard, and she did not believe that she would ever see Albert again.

The soft half-darkness of the July night had stolen over the country; cool slow breaths of air passed from outside into the hot little room. Stars were shining, and even the village near at hand was still. Mrs. Landor lighted a shaded lamp, which she had brought from home, and set it in the corner of the room. Then she sat for some time by the sick girl's side, keeping a soft cool hand on her burning forehead. At last Annie became more restful, and fell into a doze, through which she still talked and moaned feverishly to herself. The children were asleep in the room adjoining; sometimes, in the pauses of Annie's painful moaning, Mrs. Landor could almost fancy she heard their even breath, the silence was so deep.

After a time, finding the heat and stillness too oppressive, she left Annie's side and stole down stairs. A small fire was smouldering in the kitchen, and on the window-sill there was an oil-lamp turned low. Harry had taken care that his girl's guardian angel should not be inconvenienced by the want of light. The door was unfastened. Mrs. Landor opened it, and stood a dark shadow in the starlit dimness.

The flowers in the garden scented all the air, and there were especially some herbs, growing close by the door, the smell of which in after days made her feel almost faint with the remembrance of that night. The sky still had a faint gold glimmer in the track of the sunset, but in that quiet place it was deep night, and all the earth seemed asleep. Away in the east a great yellow lamp was just rising slowly like a vision behind the trees.

Perhaps Mrs. Landor had stood there about five minutes, when the peaceful silence was suddenly broken for her by something in the distance, which in another moment she knew to be the noise of a man running. She thought of her home, and Tom: could anything have happened there? then she assured herself that the runner was not coming along the road from the rectory, but down the lane that led towards Alding Place from the village. He came nearer and nearer, slackening his pace a little; she could almost hear the strong quick panting of his breath. He was quite close to the garden now; the gate was flung open, then carefully latched again; a dart along the path brought him to the cottage door.

When he reached it Mrs. Landor was not there. As soon as she realised that he was actually coming to the house, she went in, and was now standing at the foot of the stairs, with the one thought that Annie must not be roused or frightened. The intruder himself seemed to have some idea of this kind; he checked his pace at the door, and crept into the kitchen on tiptoe. Mrs. Landor instantly recognised young Albert Dane, who had gone out with Harry an hour before. He did not appear to see her at all, standing motionless in the darker part of the room. He pulled some long thing from under his coat, and laid it on the kitchen table. Then he muttered under his breath, 'God bless her!' and before Mrs. Landor could move or speak, he was gone.

She followed him to the door, and was aware that he did not run down the path again, but struck away to the left, across the garden, which was divided on that side by a low fence and a ditch from the adjoining field. She could see him quite plainly escaping across the field through the shadows. But now another noise fell on her ears, heavy running, and angry voices of men coming nearer. Feeling very anxious, she turned back into the house, took up the lamp, and examined what Albert had laid on the kitchen table. Her suspicion was only too correct; it was a hare, which had evidently been caught in a poacher's wire; her half-year at Alding had taught her as much rural life as that. Her one thought was to shield Annie from these rough pursuers, who were almost at the gate. She had no time to think, but she seized the hare and threw it outside the door, which she then closed, and by the time that the men came straggling down the path, she was up stairs by Annie's bed again.

There she sat and listened. The men did not at once knock at the

door, but seemed to be sending one or two of their number round the house to search or watch for something. A loud exclamation told Mrs. Landor that the hare was found. Then they consulted together for a moment; perhaps they were puzzled by the utter stillness of the place, with its two dim lights burning. It occurred to Bessie that she might interfere in time to prevent the thundering noise at the door, which would certainly rouse and terrify poor Annie. It seemed the shortest way to speak to them from the window, so she put her head out and looked down upon them, speaking in a low clear voice.

'Who is that in the garden? Do you want anything? Please to be quiet; there is a sick girl up here.'

'Ay, missus, I dare say,' was the reply. 'And where's Dane, and where be the hares he fetched away this morning? We've found one in the garden here as he's fetched to-night—a nice little trap as he's tumbled into. I always said I'd catch him at last. Now, then, he's in the house, I expect, ain't he? He can't get away. You may just tell him as Mr. Slater's brought the police, with a warrant to search the place for them hares. He ain't took 'em away yet, I'll wager.'

'Dane has got none of your hares, I am quite sure. And he is not in the house. You had better go away, I think, Slater,' said Mrs. Landor.

She was answered by a rude laugh from the men, which made her flush and tremble with anger.

'Come, we ain't going to stand here and be slanged by a woman,' said one of the policemen. 'Come along, Slater, the door ain't fastened—in we go.'

In another moment two or three men were in the kitchen, roughly flinging things about, tramping and talking loud, as they searched there and in the little back room for the supposed poacher and the stolen game. Mrs. Landor's fears were instantly realised. Annie woke up with terrified eyes, panting out something about 'a dreadful noise.'

'Never mind, my child,' said Bessie, leaning over her; 'they won't hurt you. It is only some men come to see your father. Now, don't be frightened, but lie still, while I go down and tell them he is not here.'

She went down at once, though the poor girl clung to her moaning, and would hardly let her go. When she reached the foot of the stairs she shut the staircase door behind her, and stood in front of it, looking at the men with her fearless eyes.

Slater was in the house with two policemen; they were overturning everything, while he, a rough grey-haired man with a red angry face, stood by the kitchen table with the hare in his hands. They had set the lamp on the table, and turned it up to its full light; the policemen also had lanterns. Mrs. Landor was almost dazzled by the sudden glare. Slater stared at her, standing there bareheaded, as if he could not believe his eyes.

'Why, it's Mrs. Landor!' he exclaimed, and half unwillingly pulled his hat off, not being sure whether a lady who could nurse a poacher's daughter had not abdicated her position.

'I don't understand what you want here,' said Mrs. Landor, quietly. 'And I must beg you will not make so much noise. I tell you that Dane is not in the house, and his poor daughter up stairs is very ill.'

'Beg pardon, ma'am,' said Slater, 'but you and Mr. Landor's been regular taken in by these here Danes. It ain't a week since I told Mr. Landor himself the same thing. Harry's a sharp rascal, and I can't so easy bring things home to him, but we have nipped him this time, haven't we, Smith? Somebody's been wiring hares every night for this month past, without me being able to lay my hands on him. This very morning I found a sack of hares and rabbits laid convenient by a gate. It was a bit too heavy for me, so I went to whistle my lad, and while I was gone five minutes they fetched it away.'

The policeman grinned; he seemed to understand that there might be some fun in outwitting old Slater, and carrying off that sack from under his very nose.

'But what makes you say it was Harry Dane?' said Mrs. Landor.

'Look here, Mr. Slater,' said the policeman, 'while you're explaining to the lady I'll be turning out the rest of the house. By leave, ma'am, if you please.'

'You will find nothing up stairs. You can wait a minute, at any rate,' Mrs. Landor answered, without moving from her place in front of the door. 'Go on, Slater. What makes you accuse Harry Dane? I should be sorry to encourage poaching, but I like fair play.'

'Why, this here hare I've got in my hand, which Harry himself dropped in the garden there five minutes since.'

'How do you know that hare belongs to Mr. Ethelston?'

'Lord bless you, we saw the whole thing. This here hare was in the grass by the side o' the green lane, just close on the gate where I found the sack this morning. They always come back to the old places again. We was watching in the distance; we saw him come along, and pick up the hare, and run back home like a young un. He must have knowed we were following, or he'd have taken time to hide it closer. It was greenly done for Harry, the whole thing was. I thought he'd go an inch too far, one o' these days. Anyhow, this hare's caught him, I'll swear to it, and brought straight away to his own door, too.'

'Now I can tell you,' said Mrs. Landor, 'that Harry Dane left this house more than an hour ago, to go to the Rectory. He has not come back yet. When he does, I expect Mr. Landor to come with him. So you see it is impossible that he can have stolen that hare.'

'Then he'll have to prove an *alibi*,' said the policeman. 'But the lady was in the house all the time; didn't she see him bring it home? Who was it, I should like to know, if it wasn't Harry Dane?'

'I tell you,' said Mrs. Landor, 'I have not seen Harry Dane since he left the house more than an hour ago.'

'She might have missed seeing him, being up in the bedroom,' said the policeman to Slater.

Mrs. Landor felt very thankful that he did not go on to ask any more questions. She could not see that it would be right or useful in any way for her to accuse young Albert Dane, who probably, with the lawless poaching nature in him, had picked up that unfortunate hare as a lucky find in the lane, and had enjoyed the fun of popping it into the house when Harry was out, and as he thought without anybody's knowledge.

But Mrs. Landor's troubles were not over. The men insisted on searching the whole house, and she found that she could not prevent Slater and Smith from coming tramping up stairs, hunting in every corner of Annie's room and the children's, with a good deal of rough talk which they took little pains to subdue. The children woke up crying. Annie, too, began to cry and moan with terror; the noise, the flaring light, seemed to throw her into a sort of agony, which even her friend's protecting arms failed to soothe. One of the terrible coughing fits, in which she had several times nearly died, came on suddenly. In the midst of it the men, perhaps half ashamed, went heavily down stairs. Mrs. Landor did not trouble herself about their doings any more, though in her tender care of Annie she felt her hands tremble, and her face burn with the fire of indignation which a spirited woman feels at ignorant brutality.

'Oh, thank Heaven that Tom is not a squire!' she thought, as she held up poor Annie in her arms. 'I shall never bear the sight of a hare again.'

She heard the men go away, shutting the house door behind them. Then after some minutes, which seemed like hours, she heard voices in the garden, and Harry's familiar hand on the door. He came straight up stairs, Tom following him; they both knew at a glance, as they came in, that the end could not be far off now.

'Did them fellows frighten her?' said Harry in a low, angry voice.

'They would search the house,' Mrs. Landor answered. 'Have you seen them, Harry?'

'Yes, ma'am, met them on the road. They're going to summons me for poaching. I guess I'll summons them for something worse, if they've killed my little girl. But it's what they've been trying after this long time. I wish I hadn't left the house to-night.'

'Hush; she is looking at you; don't frighten her any more. I'll tell you all that happened another time,' said Mrs. Landor.

She could be very calm now, with Tom standing by, full of pity for the girl and her unhappy father. She was not tired, she said, in answer to his whispered question; no, she could not leave Annie that

night, for even if she were not so very ill, her father was not in a state to be left alone with her.

So the hours of that night went slowly on ; few as they were, they seemed many and long to the three watchers by the dying girl. At last, when the dawn was breaking gloriously, all nature still as peaceful and silent as what they were leaving behind them in the cottage, Tom Landor took his mother home. One of those coughing fits had brought the end, in an insensibility from which there was no rallying. Poor Annie Dane had died in Mrs. Landor's arms. A kind neighbour, whom Tom fetched in at the end, said she was sure it was a happy release. Mrs. Landor never could have said that, and certainly not now, when she was crying bitterly over the young life broken in its prime. As they walked home, she told Tom all about the disturbances of the evening, and declared that she was quite sure they had hastened the end.

'Don't say so to anybody else,' said Tom sadly. 'It can't be helped now, and it would only increase the bad feeling. Harry is in an awful state as it is.'

'It is a fact, however,' replied his mother. 'Mr. Ethelston ought to send Slater away. He is a wicked, hard-hearted man. Never mind, nobody can hear me except the birds. You would have thought so too, if you had been there to-night.'

'I don't like Slater much ; he is a prejudiced old fellow. But I suppose he thought he was doing his duty.'

'Then you should teach him something better. My poor Annie—after all, her pain is over ; but it is cruel that a girl should die like that,' and Bessie's voice failed in a sob, as they turned into the bright dewy garden at the Rectory.

(To be continued.)

POVERINA.

(Translated from the French of the Princess Olga Cantacuzène by A. M. CHRISTIE.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE wedding-day came. At day-break on this eventful morning Rosina got up with a heavier heart than usual; her tears fell plentifully on the pretty white neckerchief, dotted all over with rose-buds, which the *strega* had given her for the occasion. She twisted up as neatly as she could her unmanageable hair, which would escape in wild ringlets whenever it could, put on her green apron and red stockings, and went down to join the family, who were already assembled.

Morino was triumphant in his new suit of clothes; Giuditte looked calm and collected; Geppino had on a black coat which had evidently not been made for him, a red necktie, and a pair of gloves, which he was so afraid of splitting that he dared not move his hands! Gabriello alone appeared like his usual self. When he looked at his fresh young bride, arrayed in her silk gown and coral necklace, his honest face beamed with joy.

Rosina was seated apart on the ruined balustrade of the *loggia*, her head leaning against a pillar, and so silent and motionless that even the lizards were not frightened by her presence. Fido had laid his great rough head on his mistress's lap and was looking up in her face as if to ask her why she was so sad.

'How happy they all are!' she was thinking to herself. 'Oh, Neri, we too might have been happy if you had willed!' A shiver went through her frame and she clasped her hands convulsively.

Why did she think of her happiness as a thing of the past? Had it now become impossible? Was it too late? What was the change that had taken place? Why did Neri seem less good, less brave, less true than formerly? Was it that she had now come to know a really honest man, that she had felt the delicate generosity of a true and tender heart, and that Neri suffered from the comparison. She felt so miserable that she shut her eyes; she would gladly have fallen asleep if she could, and so have forgotten her sorrow for a while, but her tears fell in spite of herself through her long closed eye-lashes.

'*Poverina*,' whispered a voice gently in her ear. She started up and saw Angelino's face bent over her. His look was so full of tender compassion that she involuntarily stretched out her hands to him, and letting her head fall on his arm she burst into a flood of tears.

'Don't cry, don't cry!' he said tenderly, 'I can't bear to see you unhappy. I can quite understand why you feel sad and lonely, but you

are one of the family too, you know, and we mustn't have any tears at the first wedding in the house.' He said this in a significant voice, but his meaning was lost upon her. 'See here,' he went on, taking a little parcel out of his pocket, 'I was looking for you; here's a little present for you.' He carefully unfolded the paper and disclosed an enormous gold pin (a *spillone*), such as the Lucchese peasants wear in their hair. 'It's pretty, isn't it? And it's the largest I could find in Lucca.'

Rosina blushed and said quietly—

'It's much too beautiful for a beggar girl like me.'

Angelino answered with the poetic chivalry of his race—

'For a pretty head like yours a crown of gold like that of the Volto Santo would not be beautiful enough.'

She smiled sadly.

'You are mocking the *poverina*—it's not kind of you.'

'Mocking you!' he exclaimed. 'Oh, Rosina, if I dared——'

She was turning the pin round and round in her trembling hands. How was she to refuse this present? And yet, if she accepted it, how could she afterwards make the confession which was burning on her lips!—how could she speak of her love for another man to this man who loved her himself, she could now no longer doubt it!

At this moment the wedding party came trooping out of the *loggia* ready to start for the church. The *strega* stopped as she passed Rosina and smiled brightly at her.

'Are you happy, my child?' she said with motherly affection. 'It's a beautiful pin, much finer than mine. Let me put it in your hair for you.'

When the newly-married couples came out of church, gun-shots were fired on all sides. All the guns of the parish had been requisitioned for the occasion. At the door of the house stood groups of young people in their Sunday attire, and black-eyed, curly-haired urchins with naked feet, and little girls with rudimentary petticoats, were waiting patiently for the traditional shower of sugar-plums—vile compositions of plaster. But it was the firing of the guns which chiefly interested all the spectators.

Rosina, who was walking slowly with the bridal procession, bewildered by the noise and looking confusedly around her, suddenly felt her cheeks grow crimson. Just in front, under the *loggia*, standing with the other village youths, she thought she saw Neri with a gun in his hands. But could it really be he? Instead of the ragged jacket and torn shirt which she had always seen him in, he had on one of the vests made of the cloth of the country, very open, and disclosing a red sash tied round his waist, and a pair of trousers with broad stripes, a blue cravat, which set off distinctly the cleanliness of his new white shirt, a pointed felt hat surmounted with pheasants' feathers, and set on the back of his head according to the fashion of

the country, so that his abundant dark hair was seen clustering on his forehead, and a pair of gold earrings which glittered in the sunshine. A gold chain glittered too on his waistcoat. A pair of yellow leather boots completed the costume, and the theatrical poses which he displayed in handling his gun gave to his elegant figure a truly Italian grace. There could be no question that he was the handsomest youth in the whole assembly, and Rosina acknowledged it to herself with a sigh. She admired him as much as ever, but her confidence was gone, and love was feebly struggling in her heart like a poor frozen butterfly, which makes one more effort to fly away in the last agonies of convulsion, and which a breath would suffice to lay for ever on the hard cold earth.

She examined him from a distance, not daring to approach him for fear of betraying herself. Fido, however, was less discreet. Directly he caught sight of the young man he set up a joyful barking, rushed upon him and overwhelmed him with caresses. An unexpected kick sent him rolling to the farther end of the *loggia*. He uttered a piteous howl and 'shrunk back to his mistress. It was the first time that Rosina had seen her faithful friend ill-used, and it had been by Neri! Her eyes flashed with indignation, her wild spirit could not brook such an offence as this; she ground her teeth, and throwing her arm round the dog's neck she stammered out through lips livid with rage—

'Ah! you have struck Fido, and perhaps it will be my turn next. Take care! I have suffered long and patiently—take care!'

Tables for the wedding feast were laid in what had formerly been the vestibule of the house. Enormous dishes of macaroni seasoned with tomatoes, anchovy pasties, and roasted lamb were spread on snow-white cloths. As Rosina entered the *loggia* she passed right in front of Neri. She held her head haughtily, and looked steadily away from him; her face was white with anger. He came up to her and muttered something in her ear. She turned away and pretended not to hear. But he was too clever an actor to let himself be so easily disconcerted. He put on his most humble mien, and his most caressing tones, and heaving a deep sigh—

'Alas!' he said, 'when you were poor like me you were not ashamed to know me; now I see there is no hope for me. Farewell, my love! the bullet which is to end my life is in this gun.'

She uttered a stifled cry which was lost in the noise of the crowd, but which restored to the young man his assurance.

'One moment! Just one!' he whispered. 'Come with me into the hay-loft; no one will notice your absence, and I *must* speak to you, I *must*, Rosina.'

She followed him docilely, as if she had been magnetised. When they were alone in the middle of the sweet-smelling hay, he said to her, with passionate tenderness—

'Why do you fly from me, my treasure? I cannot live any longer

without you! you are *so* beautiful!’ And then, abruptly changing his tone, ‘I too am beautiful, am I not?’ and he pompously readjusted his waistcoat, ‘I did not wish my darling to have to blush for her sweetheart!’

She looked at him mournfully.

‘Oh, Neri!’ she could not help exclaiming, ‘how much it must all have cost!’ She knew the value of money now, and what it cost to earn it. He only knew how easy it was to spend it. ‘And this?’ she went on, pointing to his gold chain.

‘Oh, that cost me scarcely anything,’ he said, carelessly. He might have added that it cost him no more than the trouble of taking it adroitly from an unwary traveller who was waiting at the railway station at Lucca, laden with parcels, which Neri had obligingly offered to carry to the train for him.

‘And what did that enormous gold pin cost you?’ he asked in his turn.

She answered eagerly—

‘I didn’t buy it; it was given to me.’

Neri looked triumphant, and all his audacity returned. He put on the cold majestic air of a judge at law, and folding his arms with dignity—

‘It was given to you, was it? and who by, may I ask?’

Rosina was so terrified by his manner that she lost all presence of mind, and blurted out instantly—

‘The American.’

At this, Neri became fearful to behold. He stormed, he swore, he struck about right and left with his fists and his feet, he brandished his gun, and when he saw Rosina looking almost dead with fright, he roared at her—

‘I command you to give me that pin. I’ll not allow my wife to deck herself with the presents of her lovers. It’s disgraceful, it’s scandalous. Angelino’s a villain, and I’ll kill him without pity; and as for you—you’re a cursed coquette,’ after which speech he slipped the *spillone* into his waistcoat pocket. This simple action seemed to have a magic effect on him, for at the same instant his fury calmed down, and he said, in a coaxing voice—

‘Don’t cry, my darling, I’ll forgive you this time. Come, they’re eating and drinking down below; let’s make it up and go and join them.’

But when he attempted to seal their reconciliation with a kiss, Rosina pushed him off proudly. He moved away, leaving her cold, pale, and motionless, her eyes dry and burning, her lips trembling. The revolt against this hateful yoke had now fairly begun; Neri at last appeared to her in his true colours—false, selfish, and cowardly. She watched him as he slunk off, her heart burning with anger and bitterness.

'Yes, yes!' she said to herself, 'go and join those who are eating and drinking and laughing, that's the place for you; and I will stay here alone till a true heart that really loves me, and does not make me weep everlastingly as you do, comes to release me from my slavery. I have suffered long enough for you; I have shed more tears than olives fall in February. As much as I loved you before, so I hate you now.'

Her whole being was transformed; her sweetness and beauty had for the moment vanished; her blue eyes flashed like burnished steel from under her low forehead; a haughty curl in her lips gave to her mouth the tragic expression of an antique mask; her nostrils were dilated—she looked like a young fury. If Neri could have seen her thus, he would have been frightened at her; but in his presence she was so cowed that the rebellious feelings of her tortured heart were silenced like scared birds.

Neri joined himself to a few good-for-nothing fellows like himself, who had managed to get invited to the festivities, and they feasted and laughed together. The sounds of merriment, mixed with the firing of guns, reached Rosina in her solitude. Why was she thus alone, she asked herself, miserable in the midst of all this happiness!

'Oh, Neri, Neri!' she exclaimed, 'you have killed my happiness, my love, my heart itself.'

She threw herself sobbing on the floor which was strewn with heaps of hay.

Suddenly a loud gun-shot, followed by a terrible cry, sent a shudder through her frame. The shot was followed by general uproar; there was a noise of benches being moved, of loud talking, of screams of frightened women and children. She started up to go and ask what was the matter, and was met by Stefanino running towards her.

'What's the matter?' she asked tremblingly.

'It's an accident, a gun has exploded. There's a young man wounded, and mother says he must be taken to the hospital. I've come to harness the horse.'

'A young man wounded! do you know who?' but Stefanino was already out of hearing.

She hurried along in the direction of the crowd. Within the *loggia* everybody was pushing and struggling. The wounded man lay stretched out on a bench against the wall; the *strega* was binding up his bleeding arm with a cloth; his eyes were closed, his lips blue, his face was as white as if he had been dead. All at once Rosina burst through the crowd, and with an agonised shriek threw herself on his neck. At the sight of this pale and bleeding figure, all hatred and anger were forgotten.

'Neri, my love!' she sobbed out, 'don't die; you mustn't die. I shall die, too, if you do!'

The bystanders looked at each other with amazement indescribable.

'She's mad; fear has driven away her reason,' was the unanimous verdict.

Angelino was even paler than the wounded Neri. Was it a dream, or was this really the *poverina* who had always seemed to him so modest and reserved, to whom he had spontaneously given his heart, and whom he had resolved to make his wife, thinking her an angel of innocence, as pure as she was beautiful? Could it really be she whom he now saw, in the face of all this crowd, throw herself on the neck of this good-for-nothing youth, known to be a robber and the son of an assassin? The *strega* herself had lost her usual presence of mind. She stood still for a moment, with knitted brows and a severe displeased expression of countenance. Then laying her hand firmly on the young girl's shoulder, she said, in a tone of authority and indignation—

'Go away from here. This is the first time that any scandal has soiled my house.'

Rosina remained immovable. It had been as though a cruel blow had been struck at her heart with a hammer, and she had sunk at Neri's side, pale, and almost lifeless like him.

The *strega* lifted her up in her strong arms, and carried her into the house, and then she returned to the wounded man. When she had finished binding up his wounds, and had settled him in the cart which was to take him to the hospital, she went back to Rosina. She looked at the girl for a long time, shaking her head and saying nothing.

'Is he dead?' stammered out the poor child.

'Bad goods are not so easily got rid of,' Giuditte answered sternly; 'but he'll have to accustom himself to living with one hand instead of two.'

'Where is he? he's in pain. I must go back to him; it's my duty.'

Giuditte looked at her for a while without answering. 'And what makes it your duty?' she asked at length.

'He's my *damo*,' she said, in a quivering voice; then suddenly startled by the expression of Giuditte's face, she flung herself at her, feet, and clasped her knees with her trembling hands.

'Forgive me, forgive me!' she exclaimed; 'I have done wrong, I have been ungrateful, I have deceived you. I ought to have told you all, but I have been so miserable. If only you knew everything.'

'How long is it since you have loved each other?' Giuditte asked calmly.

'A long time—a very long time—almost all the time I've been with you.'

'And why didn't you confide in me? Have I ever been unkind or hard upon you?'

'Oh no, no! you have been as good as a mother to me, but you were unjust to Neri; you accused him when he was quite innocent.'

'Hold your tongue,' said the *strega* sternly, 'if he had been guilty of nothing more than of persuading you to deceive me, when I love you like my own daughter; and I'm sure you would not have acted so slyly of your own accord.'

'Oh, don't be angry with him, don't blame him, he is so unhappy. It's I only who am to blame.'

'Silence!' again said the *strega*. 'I know him better than you do. Now, answer me as if I was your confessor. Where did you see each other? At Lucca, wasn't it?'

'Never!' she answered eagerly.

'Where was it, then?'

She hid her face in her hands.

'At the spring in the chestnut wood.'

'At the spring was it? Then why did you make such a point of going every day to work at that factory which you hated?'

'To earn money,' she answered timidly.

'Ah, now I understand. To earn money for him, wasn't it?'

'So that we might be married.'

'And what did you do with this money?'

'I gave it to him.'

'Of course; and he has spent it all.'

Rosina was about to protest. Giuditta stopped her with a gesture of the hand.

'Unhappy child! I would have forgiven you for being ungrateful to me, but that you should have gone on deceiving me all this time, when I loved and treated you as if you were my own child; that's not so easy to forgive. If you only knew the extent of your folly. It rested only with you to become a daughter of the house. Angelino loved you devotedly—you must have seen it—and even now, if you will promise to forget this worthless fellow and never speak another word to him—for this love cannot be anything serious—it's a game on his part, and mere childish fancy on yours. Come, you must try and forget him.'

'Forget him! give him up now that he is unhappy, suffering, wounded for life. Oh, Giuditta!'

'Yes. If he were an honest lad like Angelino, I should be the first to say to you, just because he is wounded and unhappy, you must be faithful to him. But a fellow like that—why, if it wasn't that he's so clever at avoiding the police, he would have been in prison a dozen times already. Oh, my child! my child! I little thought that this day was going to be made miserable by you. When I took you under my roof, I did not think you would bring disgrace upon it.'

'Am I to go away?'

said Rosina meekly.
For a moment, but only a moment, the *strega* hesitated. Rosina had upset her most cherished scheme, had destroyed her Angelino's happiness, and had caused a scandal in her house which would be the talk of all the neighbouring parishes. But the sight of the child, who was

trembling from head to foot, and who had all this time borne so bravely the secret of her miserable love, filled her heart with pity. Giuditta was one of those romantic women who never put self-interest in the first place, and who had an instinctive comprehension of noble and exalted feelings. This poor little beggar girl was rejecting the offer of comparative wealth to remain faithful to her first love. She was ready to follow this vagabond without a penny, almost without a shelter.

'Are you to go away, *poverina*?' she said kindly; 'and where would you go to? You are already unhappy enough without my making you more so. Promise me only one thing—that you will never do anything without consulting me. You see I'm not very unkind; you will not try to see this wretched boy again, will you? And if he comes back here, when he is well again, I will see him and speak to him.'

Rosina answered by sobbing in the *strega's* arms.

The festivities, interrupted for a while by this catastrophe, soon went on again as joyously as ever. Amongst this excitable, imaginative race, painful impressions do not take a deep hold; they pass away as lightly as they are formed. Two of the party, however, did not appear again that day—Rosina and Angelino.

'If I could only hear some news of him,' was the poor girl's constant thought during the following days. 'If only I knew that he was not suffering very much, and that he might get well again, then perhaps I could try and forget him to please Giuditta. Oh, Neri,' she sighed, 'we might have been so happy.'

At last one morning, very early, unable to bear the suspense any longer, she went into Lucca and presented herself at the door of the hospital. She had promised the *strega* that she would never see Neri again, but she had not said that she would not ask after him. A Capuchin who was walking up and down the cloisters told her that if she waited a few hours the doors would be opened, and people would be admitted to see the patients. The temptation was too great. She sat down on the steps of the Church of the Crucifix in front of the hospital gate, and waited patiently. When at last the gate was opened, her heart began to beat violently. She felt as if she was about to commit a crime as she entered the building. She scarcely dare look at all the pale and dying faces, and when she suddenly recognised Neri's amongst them, her heart failed her. She went up to him in a hesitating manner.

'I felt sure you would come,' he said, in a grumbling voice. 'You've brought me something at least, I suppose?'

'Brought you something?'

'Yes,' he answered, impatiently, 'something to eat. All the other patients have wives or friends who bring them food; but I am left to die of hunger, because I'm said to have a fever.' He was as irritable and impatient as a cross child.'

Rosina felt a sharp pang at her heart.

'Oh, my poor Neri,' she sobbed out, 'how terribly you must have suffered.'

'The devil, don't cry,' he exclaimed angrily, 'that's not the way to make me well again. As if it wasn't bad enough to have all the rest of them groaning and grumbling around me. I had counted on your bringing me something to eat, but you're good for nothing but to cry. A pretty thing it was the other day to go throwing yourself on my neck like a mad woman before all the crowd, and spoiling our business just when it was beginning to go smoothly. The *strega*, who can't even see a dog hurt without crying over it, would have had pity on me; she would have looked after me when I came out of the hospital; with a little management I should have ended by being installed in the house, and all would have gone swimmingly. But you must needs go and spoil it all with your nonsense. The *strega* 'll drive you off now; the American will try to kill me, and I shall have to leave the country like a brigand. A pretty mess you've made of it.'

She sat with her hands folded on her knees, listening with silent wonder and sadness.

'He's very ill,' she thought to herself, 'and it's the fever which makes him talk like that. The *strega* has not driven me away,' she said gently, 'and the American was never so full of kindness and pity towards me as now.'

Neri smiled sneeringly.

'I believe you, now that you have idiotically compromised yourself before the world, and that there can be no question of his making you his wife, he will have all the less scruple——'

Without uttering another syllable, Rosina got up proudly and walked away from him. He called her back.

'Rosina, my love, my angel, my soul, forgive me!'

She did not even look back, and left the room. As she passed out of the cloisters she met another of the Capuchins. He eyed her attentively, and then said—

'Are you the sister of that young man with the amputated arm?'

'No,' she answered resolutely, 'I'm no relation at all to him.'

'In that case, my daughter, you would do better not to see him. He's feverish and irritable, and the least agitation might be fatal to him.'

'Do you mean that he would die?' she gasped out.

'There's no saying; he might perhaps.'

'He might die, and it would be her fault!'

Quick as thought she turned round and went back to him.

'Oh, Neri, Neri!' she murmured, laying her pretty face all bathed in tears on the pale cheek of the sick man; 'be calm, don't excite yourself, and forgive me, my love. I know well that you didn't mean all you said; it's the fever, isn't it?'

He exhausted in reply all the endearing vocabulary of the tender

language of Tasso. She left him reassured, but dragging after her a heavier chain of servitude.

One day when Giuditta was beating flax in the *loggia*, she saw Neri coming towards her, looking pale and feeble, rolling his great black eyes, and parading ostentatiously his empty sleeve. He sank down on one of the benches of the *loggia*, and looking up at Giuditta with a supplicating air, he said, in a languishing voice, of which he purposely exaggerated the weakness—

‘I’ve come to thank you for all your goodness to me, and to ask your forgiveness.’

‘All right,’ said Giuditta, coldly, and going on with her noisy work.

Neri, however, would not be discouraged. He waited for the moment when this handful of flax would have been sufficiently beaten, and she would have to take another, and then, profiting by the momentary lull, he said with mock humility—

‘Giuditta, if you knew how miserable I am, you would not receive me so unkindly, you, who always take pity on the unfortunate. I was wrong, I know, to love Rosina, but was it my fault? Ever since I’ve known her I’ve done my best to become worthy to marry her, but the bad reputation of my father has pursued me like an evil destiny.’

‘I advise you not to speak ill of your father, for you’re no better yourself.’

Neri sighed. ‘I see it’s useless to talk to you of my sincere efforts and good resolutions. Well then my conduct must speak for me. I am perfectly aware, Giuditta, that a miserable wretch like myself has no right to talk of love to a pretty girl like Rosina. I cannot work now to earn my livelihood, but I’m determined to become an honest man. What am I to do, Giuditta? Won’t you give me some advice?’

‘Be off with you, and leave us in peace,’ she answered resolutely.

He sighed again. ‘You won’t believe in me,’ he said, pathetically. ‘I came to you as to a mother, hoping that you would help me to get quite well again, and to find some means of gaining a living.’

‘You’re not a child,’ she answered, ‘seek for yourself some means of livelihood, and first of all try and turn into an honest man.’

‘I’ve already begun; I learnt to read at the hospital, and I’m going to write with the hand that’s left me.’

‘And what then? Do you think that’ll be enough to make an honest man of you?’

‘What *am* I to do?’ he groaned out.

‘I’ve told you already; be off with you, if you don’t want me to fetch Morino to drive you away.’

Neri lifted himself up painfully. ‘I will do as you tell me Giuditta; but will you promise me to say good-bye for me to Rosina. *Poverina!* I love her more than my life, and that’s why I won’t fasten her to my wretched lot. Tell her to forget me and to be happy without me. I’m

going to leave the country. To stay near her would be too great torture. I shall go a long, long way off and beg my bread. Be good to her, Giuditta ; promise me never to forsake her.'

Giuditta looked at him for a moment over her shoulder with an air of incredulous astonishment—she had not believed he could have acted so well—and then went on calmly with her work. Neri walked off slowly. 'Good-bye, Giuditta,' he repeated once more. She pretended not to hear him.

As soon as she saw Rosina she said to her, 'Neri has been here to-day. I'm not mistaken in him, it's not easy to deceive me ; when there's a rat in the cellar I smell it in the granary. That young man's a humbug, take my word for it. He charged me to bid you good-bye for him. He's going to leave the country he says, and it's well for you that he is.'

Rosina said nothing. So Neri was going away ; he was leaving her without an attempt to see her again. Perhaps he was jealous of Angelino ; or had he ceased to care for her ? She would have liked to have wished him good-bye, to have spoken to him for the last time, but yet at the bottom of her heart she experienced an involuntary feeling of relief. For some time past it had not been so much love, as fidelity and constancy which bound her to him ; since his accident it had been chiefly pity. And she felt now that if she could only be sure that he was not in pain, nor very unhappy, she would soon recover her former cheerfulness and lightheartedness. She would easily renounce her dreams of liberty and of a roaming life in the mountains, and fix her heart and her existence in the circle of Giuditta's family. She had of late been gradually acquiring a taste for all the *strega's* occupations, and although Angelino had never addressed a word to her on the subject of love, and took every care to avoid her, she knew that he loved her more than ever, although without hope.

Neri's name was never mentioned in Morino's house, and Rosina had no means of hearing tidings of him. One moonlight evening when all the landscape was flooded with silver light, Rosina was leaning out of her window looking at the distant outline of the mountains. Just in front of her rose the blue column of smoke from the charcoal-burner's hut. There he still lived then all by himself, like the owls and the jackdaws. And did he know what had become of his son, she wondered ? If any one knew it would certainly be Neri's father. Every one was asleep in Morino's house. It was one of her wild instincts which now prompted her ; the recollection of her nomad life came over her strongly, and the desire to see once more those hill-tops where she had been so happy with Neri, where the air was so pure, the silence so profound, grew irresistible. Neri was no longer there ; why then should she be afraid ? Calumny could not assail her. She would go and see the old man, ask after his son, bid a last farewell to the hills, and be back again before the household were awake.

She slipped down stairs noiselessly, called Fido to follow her, and tripped off as lightly as of yore, scrambling over hedges and rocks. The solemn majesty of a summer night reigned over nature, the fire-flies lighted up the bushes. Rosina did not sing for fear of betraying herself, but all the mountain songs and verses which she knew by heart rose unbidden to her lips. She was once more the wild free shepherd girl, happy as a caged bird escaped from its prison. What she was in quest of up there on the hill-tops, was no longer love, but liberty, the confirmation that she was free. True she had loved Neri, loved him with all the innocent tenderness of her child heart, but Neri himself had killed this love in the fresh burst of its first blossom. The white corolla of the almond tree had expanded too soon; the cruel frost had withered and killed its tender flowers; but the spring was not ended for all that, thousands of bright sweet flowers might still blossom into life. 'Yes, I can still be happy again; and we will, Fido, won't we? we shall be quite happy when we know that Neri is not suffering, and has forgotten all about us.'

She had reached the front of the charcoal-burner's abode. The door was open, and at the further end of the room a lamp was burning. Was she dreaming? She stopped on the threshold, her hand pressed against her beating heart, gasping, terrified, as if she had seen a ghost. A lighted lamp was on the table, and by it sat a young man who was bending so low over a book that his face could scarcely be seen.

'Holy Virgin, have pity on me!' she murmured, making the sign of the cross. 'He's dead, and it's his ghost that I see.' She trembled with fright and would gladly have run away, but her legs refused to carry her. She leant against the wall and remained immovable. Yes, it was Neri himself, but how pale, how altered! 'Oh how much he must have suffered!' she thought to herself; 'I haven't the heart to go away without speaking to him.' And in a voice which was scarcely above a whisper she murmured 'Neri!' He shuddered as if he too had been visited by a ghost, and shading his eyes from the light of the lamp, he gazed out into the darkness with an expression of bewilderment.

'Neri!' she repeated a little louder. Fido barked. The young man started to his feet.

'Rosina!' he exclaimed, and rushed towards her. He did really love her, as far as he was capable of loving, and this cry of his heart was sincere. This was perhaps the sole good and true sentiment which his evil instincts had not stifled. He had, it is true, soiled the pure ore of his affection by an ignoble mixture of selfishness, interest, and cowardice—his nature was bad and showed itself at every turn—but the gold was there all the same, and his outburst of joy and tenderness on seeing Rosina again would have touched a less impressionable heart than hers.

'For a moment of happiness like this,' he murmured, 'I would give the only hand that is left me.'

'Oh, Neri! I thought you were so far away! I came up here to ask for news of you. Where have you been all this time?'

'Up here. I have not stirred away. I spend my time in reading and improving myself as you see. A friend at Lucca has lent me some books. I can no longer work now, but I mean to become a distinguished man, a reformer of society, a benefactor of oppressed humanity, a champion of the classes who are unjustly ground down.'

This speech sounded very fine, but Rosina did not understand a word of it.

'Neri,' she asked timidly, 'why did you tell the *strega* you were going to leave the country?'

Neri put on the sublime air of a martyr.

'It was a lie, I am ashamed to have to own it, but it's the first I ever stooped to tell, and I was driven to it for your sake, my poor child! Could I think for a moment of letting you unite your life to that of a miserable wretch, maimed, calumniated, persecuted, hunted like a mad dog! I wanted you to forget me and be happy without me. Honour,' he said, and as he said the word he drew himself up proudly, 'honour demanded that I should sacrifice myself. I should not have had courage to tell it you myself, but I charged the *strega* to give you the farewell of a broken heart. Leave the country!' he continued, 'go far away from you, my only love! I could never have done it. No, I meant to live up here alone with my books, happy if I could see the light burning at your window, poor and wretched that I am, but rich with the love I bear for you in my heart, and which nothing, not death itself, can destroy. I told the *strega* that I was going away, and that I begged, I implored you to forget me; but you would not believe it, my love, my treasure!'

'Yes, I did believe it,' the young girl said innocently.

Neri gave a sigh of anguish.

'No,' he exclaimed, 'you didn't believe—you didn't believe it, else why did you come here to-night?'

'I came to ask after you—to speak to your father. If I had known that you were still here I shouldn't have come.'

He changed his tone abruptly.

'You lie!' he exclaimed passionately. 'You lie, and I won't believe you! You knew that I was waiting for you here, your heart told it to you. You cannot hide it from me. You love me, and you cannot live without me any more than I can live without you. Ah! I know you well! It's since I have been poor and miserable that you have loved me most. For a heart like yours my misfortune has been the strongest attraction. You might have repelled me had I been rich and happy, but wretched and suffering you cannot help loving me!'

'Yes, yes!' she stammered out, madly trying to disengage herself from his embrace. 'But I must go, I must indeed.'

'What leave me? no, no, we will never part again now. You are my wife, you are part of myself; you have known it a long time and and so have I. Neither life nor death shall separate us now. To-morrow morning at day-break we will go to to the *curé*.'

'Oh, Neri!' she exclaimed in terror, 'let me at any rate go back first to Giuditta. She has been like a mother to me, and she made me promise to do nothing without consulting her.'

'Go back to Giuditta! you don't know what you're proposing, unhappy child. You imagine, I dare say, that Morino will lead you quietly to the altar as he did Tonina and Gelsomina, and that Giuditta will receive me as a son! I did not want to tell you the truth, if I could help it, but it's necessary that you should know it now; Giuditta threatened, if ever I showed myself in the country again, to have me shot like a mad dog. So you see, if you ask her for her consent your poor Neri will be a dead man. Alas! alas! it would be happier for me though to end this wretched existence, if I am forced to live without you.'

'*Madonna mia*, what am I to do?'

'Stay here till morning. At dawn we will go to the *curé* of Vico-pelago and ask him to marry us. He has not the right to refuse marriage to a young man and woman who declare that they have spent the night under the same roof.'

'What! deceive the *strega*—give up everything!—say good-bye for ever to that house—to——'

'Well then, go back there,' said Neri, with an air of superb indifference. 'To-morrow morning you will find me dead under your window. Go at once, I insist on it. Forget me, be happy, I won't even ask you to shed a tear over my bleeding corpse when you see it carried by. I've had enough of life, enough of this torture. Go, I command you, heartless woman!'

'I will stay, I will stay!' cried the poor child.

CHAPTER IX.

AT Viareggio, which is the Trouville of Tuscany, the season had been most brilliant, and although it was rapidly drawing to a close the visitors were still numerous. The *Nettuno*, the fashionable resort of the place, overflowed with loungers. It is a sort of wooden barracks built on piles; in the underneath part there is a bathing establishment, on the top a restaurant, surrounded by an immense gallery, in which the fashionable world spend the greater part of the broiling days. Here they talk in the day-time and dance in the evening; or the men play cards, while the women pursue more at

their ease than they can elsewhere, the great or the little romances of their lives. The temperature is tropical, and dust and gnats abound. The ladies wear muslin dresses and diamonds; under pretext of breathing the sea-air they inhale a stuffy, unwholesome atmosphere, a mixture of tobacco-smoke, and culinary exhalations, in which oil, cheese, and fat predominate. Viareggio is a shabby little town, consisting of very small houses—a rare thing in this country of vast saloons and lofty domes;—the beach is bare, without picturesqueness and without interest; the *Nettuno* devoid of taste and comfort. It is a favourite amusement of the people who are dining in the restaurant above to empty their glasses through the cracks of the badly-joined floor on the heads of the bathers below; the cook does not scruple to throw greasy water, vegetable parings, and other remains out into the sea; these as often as not fall on the beach, and there they will lie for days, for the tide does not make it its business to purify these waters, motionless as those of a lake. For days and weeks no breath of wind, no single wave comes to sweep this beach, and it is, therefore, no unusual sight to see floating on the intensely blue surface of the waters objects strange enough to upset all the theories of science, shells of lobsters with their fine coral colouring, heads of soles covered with a beautiful layer of golden fat, whittings biting their tails in supreme agony, &c., &c. There is no vegetation and no shade. After passing through a country like a garden, with forests of spreading pines whose stately avenues afford an impenetrable screen from the rays of the scorching Italian sun, the traveller comes upon a tract of treeless roads and marshy rivers, where sickly waterlilies and rank grass crop up. The *Nettuno* is the sole attraction of the place. And, nevertheless, every summer the hotels overflow with visitors, and the number of lodging-houses is always inadequate. It is the fashion to go to Viareggio! It is the right thing to have seen Viareggio! Everybody finds it unbearably hot, everybody is more or less uncomfortable there, but then one meets the Princess X., or the Duchess of Y., who have both come there to ferret out the Marquis of Z., who ran away with the beautiful Mrs. W. It's possible, too, that she may be there also, and one must know the end of this affair; and also see the beautiful dresses which the Duchess * * * brought back from Mr. Worth, and which her husband refused to pay for. Or else, perhaps, there are daughters to be married, and no chance of establishing them suitably in life in their own dull little village; anxious mothers hope that the beautiful black eyes of their dear girls, aided by a few killing *toilettes* from Turin or Milan, will produce an overwhelming effect on the shoal of young idlers who come to Viareggio to do as all the rest of the world does.

On Sundays another annoyance is added to those of week-days. A motley crowd from all the surrounding towns and villages assembles at this vaunted sojourn of delight. Shopkeepers from Lucca, with

their many-coloured cravats, and their buxom wives decked out with costly plumes; practitioners and marblers from Carrara, accompanied by pretty girls in lace veils flirting their fans like Spaniards; farmers and townsmen from all the neighbouring places, in bright-coloured costumes, the men wearing felt hats ornamented with feathers, the women in festive white veils and bedizened with jewels and trinkets. On these occasions the atmosphere of the *Nettuno* becomes almost unbearable from the smell of garlic and onions which is dispersed around. But the undaunted votaries of fashion stick bravely to their post.

'What can people find here that's so amusing, unless it's the chance of seeing people they wouldn't see elsewhere? But I should have thought any other less hideous place would have done as well. I never saw such a stupid, detestable hole.'

'You are scarcely just. There are fashionable bathing-places in France which are every bit as bad.'

'True. But the magnificent palaces and the artistic wealth of this beautiful country make one more exacting. Here there is not even that appearance of decayed opulence which gives its unique character to the Genoese Riviera.'

It was a French *impresario* who spoke thus. He had come to Italy to negotiate with different managers of theatres concerning singers and dramatic stars of more or less evil repute, and had let himself be drawn to Viareggio by the director of the musical institute of Lucca. He had hoped to carry back with him from his travels that roc's egg of *impresarios*—a tenor! He had counted, too, on discovering some embryo *prima donna*, whom he should take home to electrify his country; and having hitherto failed in his researches, he was not in the most amiable of moods.

'If there were only something in the least like a theatre here,' he growled out impatiently, throwing his cigar-end into the sea, 'the wheel of folly might in the course of its revolutions turn up one of your famous singers. There would be some chance then of doing a good stroke of business in the place; but there's absolutely nothing—not even a gondolier like those one hears singing at Venice, and in the town there's an absence of musical instinct which is simply appalling.'

'At Viareggio that may be the case, but perhaps you are not acquainted with the songs of our shepherds and shepherdesses in the mountains surrounding Pistoja and Modena. Why, this very morning, while you were still snoring peacefully, there was a young girl here on the Piazza, beautiful as an angel, with eyes the colour of that'—pointing to the deep blue sea—'with hair like frizzled silk, and a voice like a syren's, and she was singing the prettiest mountain songs I ever heard. And, by Jove! I see the very same girl down there with a young man, who must be either her brother or her lover. There, that youth there, with only one arm, and followed by a huge dog.'

The *impresario* put up his eye-glass.

'*Sapristi!* That's a pretty girl, if you like! By Jove, "*si son ramage ressemble à son plumage!*"' *

Neri and Rosina had just penetrated within the charmed inclosure of the *Nettuno*; he trying to put on an air of superiority in the fine clothes in which he had figured at the wedding of Vicopelago, and which were still new; she, walking after him, grave and silent and with downcast eyes. Fido followed close at her heels, evidently much perturbed at finding himself in such elegant society. The three together formed quite an idyllic group, so fresh and young and graceful that everybody turned round to look at them.

The director went up to Rosina, and, touching her shoulder with the tip of his finger, said—

'Young girl, was it you who were singing this morning on the beach?'

'I'm no longer a young girl,' she answered; 'I'm married.'

'Oh, I beg pardon! I didn't mean any offence. You've not been married very long, I suppose?'

'Two days,' she answered, blushing.

The director looked at Neri. 'I congratulate you, my young man; you have chosen a pretty wife for yourself. How old is she?'

Neri shrugged his shoulders. 'I don't know. Rosina's a shepherd-girl who was left on the road.'

'A shepherd-girl! Ah, that accounts for all the pretty mountain songs she was singing this morning. Come, my beautiful *sposina*' (bride), 'there's a stranger here who would like to hear some of your songs. Sing us your loveliest *stornelli*.'

'Here?' she asked, anxiously.

'And why not here?'

She turned to her husband with a supplicating look. 'Oh, Neri!' she said, 'I shall never be able to sing here, before all these people.'

'You used to sing the *Maggio* at Vicopelago before a crowd. Since these gentlemen wish you to sing, you must do so. We're poor, and have nothing to live on, and they'll be sure to pay you handsomely. See, my good sirs, I'm no longer able to work. I lost my arm in a terrible manner, from a gun-shot fired at me by a jealous lover of Rosina's. We're obliged to find some means or other of earning our living, and if you will have the goodness to help us——'

'Yes, yes,' said the director, anxious to shake him off. And he added in French—'The husband strikes me as a young impostor. Sing to us, my child,' he went on to Rosina.

'Must I sing, Neri?' she asked, with touching humility.

'Of course you must, and as much as these kind gentlemen wish.'

She turned towards the sea, and fixed her eyes on the blue expanse

* 'If her warbling resembles her plumage.' See *Fables de La Fontaine*, 'The Fox and the Crow.'

of sky and ocean, where she could see no human being. She sang as she had before sung to Padre Romano. No—it was not the same as that. Then she had warbled like a bird that delights in sending forth its liquid notes into the air simply because it is made to sing, and in singing it satisfies a want of its aerial nature. But now her voice burst out in rending notes—the echoes of a broken heart, which has found the dregs at the bottom of the cup before having drunk the nectar; the bitter wail of a woman whose sweet young hopes have been too early blighted. It was instinct alone which guided her song, and the contrast between the untrained power of her voice and the depths of passion which she expressed, at once revealed to the *impresario* what a capital he might make out of this magnificent instrument. The director turned to him from time to time, as much as to say, ‘What do you think of her?’

At the sound of her first notes a few loiterers had joined the group. Among them were some *dilettantes*—as there are everywhere in Italy. These summoned their friends from the other end of the gallery, and soon an immense circle had gathered round the young woman. She still kept her eyes fixed on the sea, and was unconscious of everything. When she stopped singing a volley of *bravas* burst out. She turned round with a start, uttered a cry of shame, and hid her face in her hands.

‘Oh, Neri! let us go,’ she murmured; ‘let us go.’

Neri made an impatient movement, and stooping down, whispered in her ear: ‘Sing again, I command you.’ And then, turning to the crowd with an insinuating smile: ‘She is timid, gentlemen,’ he said; ‘be so good as to forgive her.’

He had made his plan; when Rosina, closing her eyes so as not to encounter all those devouring looks, began one of her most melancholy strains, Neri took his hat in his hand, as he had seen the organ-grinders do in the streets of Lucca, and held it out to the *impresario*.

‘If one could only get rid of that insupportable beast!’ the *impresario* growled out in French.

‘I don’t think there’ll be any difficulty with the help of this,’ said the director, letting fall a few *sous* into the hat. Neri went the round of the audience, and his hat soon filled with big coins and paper-money.

He smiled and thanked and bowed, showing his white teeth, and saying with irresistible frankness: ‘We’re not beggars, but we set off on our wedding journey with only a crown-piece; thanks to your kindness, ladies and gentlemen, we shall now be able to amuse ourselves a little.’

The *impresario* and the director conferred together in under tones. When Neri had finished his round, the latter tapped him on the shoulder, and taking him aside: ‘Tell me, young man, there’s no doubt about your being married, I suppose? Hem?’

Neri called all the saints of paradise to witness his affirmation.

'May the Holy Virgin never forgive me—'

'Yes, yes, I believe you,' interrupted the director. 'So much the worse for me, though; it's a pity!'

'Why so much the worse?'

'Well, because if you had not been married, it would have been possible to do what your marriage renders impossible. A young girl with a voice like that might enter an academy of music, study, get her voice cultivated, become a *prima donna* at Paris or in London, and make mountains of money. But being married, she belongs of course to her husband, and to the children she will have. It's unfortunate, but there's nothing to be done.'

Neri looked at him with eyes almost bursting out of his head. 'Rosina, you say, might make mountains of money by singing—by singing on the stage? What a fool I've been never to have thought of it!'

Neri had often been to the theatre of Lucca in the month of September, when an itinerary troop of players is wont to re-awaken the echoes of the elegant saloon, which had in former times witnessed the splendours of a gay, witty, and charming little ducal court. But the idea that Rosina, by any possible combination of circumstances, could ever resemble one of those ideal creatures whom he had seen floating in a cloud of pink gauze amidst a blaze of lights and flowers, had never entered his mind. Those women were of an altogether different nature; they were beings hovering between earth and sky, in a region apart from ordinary mortals, where they were fed on otto of roses and incense out of golden goblets handed them by pages dressed in white satin. This ignorant youth—a strange mixture of cunning and simplicity—had now unfortunately learnt to read, and the sole use he had made of his knowledge was to devour a few bad socialist pamphlets, which had left in his mind a dangerous sediment of sonorous words, subversive ideas, and absurd principles, which he did not even understand, and of which the application was fortunately out of his reach. But anything like practical common sense, or true ideas of life and society, was as foreign to him as to the most savage and primitive of beings. The simplest ideas were never those that came first to him, and the most complicated methods always seemed to him the best. The director had at once divined the sort of character he had to deal with.

'Yes, it's a pity,' he went on, 'but it's too late now; there's nothing to be done. If, however, you should still be at Lucca a fortnight hence for the festival of the Volto Santo, come and see me. I'm the director of the musical institute. Any one will tell you where I live, and we'll see if there's any possibility of doing anything for you.'

When the director went back to the *impresario*, 'You'll get your *prima donna*,' he said. 'I don't think we shall have much difficulty in

getting rid of this young rascal. As for the girl, she's as innocent as a new-born babe, and will do whatever he tells her.'

'Oh, oh!' said the *impresario*, 'it will be a matter of bribery. But what a voice! what expression! and with it all a face like an angel's. Just picture to yourself that child dressed up with all the embellishments of the stage! She'll be a star of the first magnitude, an ideal *prima donna*, the dream of a stage-manager! If only I could dig out a tenor somewhere or other! But as for that, it's no use thinking of it.'

'And supposing I told you, my friend, that you were mistaken; that your *rara avis* really exists; that we have him in our possession, caged indeed, but fat and well-liking.'

'Pooh! How is it then that I've not yet heard him?'

'Have a little patience. If you care to hear him, you will soon have a chance when we celebrate our great national and religious festival of the Volto Santo.'

'Does he sing at the theatre?'

'No, at the cathedral. He's a monk.'

'A monk? If he's as good as you say, we must unrobe him.'

'Try it,' said the director, slyly.

'You say that with a mischievous look. Do you mean it as a challenge? Well then I accept it. If you'll undertake to rid this little girl of her husband, I'll manage the monk. We'll soon see which is the cleverer of us two. What's his name?'

'Padre Romano. Good luck to you!'

Neri, meanwhile, after saluting the crowd of idlers with a graceful bow, full of obsequious respect and irresistible good humour, walked off, followed by Rosina, knitting her pencilled eyebrows, and seeming possessed by some dark thought.

'Neri,' she said at length, 'will you give me that money which you have just collected?'

'What do you want it for?'

'I want to go and dip it in the holy water in the church to see if the water boils when it drops in.'

'Are you mad?' exclaimed Neri in a tone of superiority. 'Do you suppose that this money comes from hell?'

Rosina shuddered.

'I have never forgotten what the monk said to me.'

'Nor I either; make your mind easy. He said that if you liked you might grow rich only by singing, didn't he? and he was right. He was a sensible man. It's I who've been a fool not to pay more attention to what he said.'

'He said that if I sang for money I should be lost—lost—do you hear, Neri?'

Neri shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

'It's all very well for an ignorant girl like you, who can't read, to believe such nonsense; but we men are not so easily taken in.'

Rosina could not help thinking that her husband must be a very superior man, and yet, poor girl, at the bottom of her heart there were vague uneasy scruples which would not be dismissed.

'And now,' continued Neri, 'we are rich, and we'll go and amuse ourselves. We'll enjoy our honeymoon like fine ladies and gentlemen,' and so saying he went into the restaurant and established himself at one of the tables with the air and assurance of a lord. Rosina sat timidly on the edge of a chair, not daring to move or to look up. Neri ordered everything of the best. The diners at the other tables were amused at watching the airs and graces of the young man, and the innocent embarrassment of his pretty companion who looked like a frightened deer. She would have given anything to be able to disappear altogether, to be swallowed up by those blue waves, whose spray came dashing up at their feet through the cracks in the floor. She gave a sigh of relief when Neri, after an extravagant consumption of coffee, cigars and wine, got up at last to leave the place with a full stomach and an empty pocket. She longed only to vanish, to hide herself behind him; the bold, admiring looks of the curious crowd pursued her, and scorched her like red-hot irons.

'Sha'n't we soon go home, Neri?' she asked, timidly.

'Home? where's that, dearest?'

'At your father's, up on the hills.'

'Pfui! do you suppose that after a day like this I shall go back to live up there like an owl, and die of hunger and dulness?'

'Die of hunger! oh no! With the money I have earned we can buy some goats, and you'll see how well I shall manage. I'll make *ricotta* (goat's milk cheese), as my mother used to, and wrap it up in chestnut leaves, and then you can take it to Lucca to sell. Then I'll spin some flax, and perhaps you'll be able to buy me a loom to weave linen with. I shall keep chickens, and grow red carnations in my window, and when we go down to the plain on Sundays to go to church all the peasants will say, "How happy those people are who live up in the hills!"'

'You'd better try and get Giuditta to be friends with me. She's fond of you, and would do anything you asked her; she might perhaps take us to live with her.'

'Why you told me yourself that she had threatened to kill you.'

'You little goose! I only told you that to persuade you to stay with me.'

Rosina drew back a step or two and looked at him with withering scorn; then she hung down her head with an air of humiliation, and walked on silently by his side. She had disobeyed the *strega*, and all that she would have to suffer was the punishment of her own fault.

All at once Neri changed his mind, and, stopping short, said—

'Yes, we had better go back there. We'll see if there's any possi-

bility of extracting some money from my father or the *strega*, and then we'll come back and spend it here. This place is paradise itself,' and he stood kissing his hand like a child to the establishment which had just provided him with such an excellent dinner. 'If we start at once,' he said, 'we shall have time to get to Monti di Chiesa before night, and to-morrow morning we shall be at Lucca.'

Rosina was tired out; she had sauntered up and down all day on the burning beach, aimlessly and joylessly. She had never before felt so completely exhausted as she did now, not even when she had run about for days at a time with Fido; but she followed him without a murmur. She was resolved by passive obedience and unlimited devotion, to make up for the spontaneous tenderness which it was now no more in her power to bestow.

When they reached the summit of the hill, on the other side of which the road winds down to Lucca, they halted. An inn, a church, and a few scattered houses of sorry aspect, crown the top of Monti di Chiesa; the wanderers lay down to sleep on the steps of the church. At their feet a wooded slope of pines and arbutus trees stretched down majestically towards the plain; beyond it lay the marshy swamp intersected by canals, which were shining in the moonlight, and as far as the eye could see was Viareggio, and all the thousand lights of the *Nettuno* which did not go out till far on in the night. They breakfasted on a slice of juicy water-melon, which they bought of an itinerant vendor for two *sous*, after which outlay Neri had only four *sous* left.

The charcoal-burner had not made the slightest opposition to his son's marriage. What indeed could it matter to him? He lived the life of a wild beast, only remembering Neri's existence when he needed an accomplice in the abstraction of somebody's fowls or barrels of oil. Besides, it was a grand thing that Neri had done, without a *sou* of his own, and with only one arm, to marry the *protégée* of the *strega*, whom every one knew to be rich; and he hoped now to be rid of his son for good and all. It was consequently a doubtful sort of pleasure that he felt on seeing Rosina's delicate face appear at the embrasure of his smoky apartment. Neri had prudently kept out of sight at first.

'Good morning, *babbo*' (father), said the young woman. 'May the Lord bless you.'

'Ha! there's the newly married couple! It's very kind of you to have come, but quite unnecessary, you know. When I want to see you I can come down into the plain. It's not wise of you, my daughter, to waste your time in climbing up the mountain, when you can earn a franc a day at the factory.'

'Oh, father,' she said, 'I don't work any more at the factory now, and we've not come only to pay you a visit, but to stay with you always.'

The old man shook his head.

'Oh come, that'll never do. I've a hard enough matter to earn my

living, without having to work for a couple of lazy creatures like you into the bargain, and have my house filled with a swarm of children too. No, no; he, poor devil, can no longer] work, but you are young and strong, and you must support him. Morino, I know, is not partial to idlers, and no doubt you'd find it pleasanter to stay up here where there's nothing for a woman to do; eating and sleeping in the sun, that's the trade you like. Come, off with you. If you're too lazy to work, why you must go and beg.'

She turned to Neri, clasping her hands in despair.

'Oh, Neri, you hear him,' she cried. 'What *is* to become of us? He won't let us stay here.'

'*Per Bacco!* I should hope not. I've had enough of this bat's hole. I'm only too glad to get out of it.'

'Then why did you tell me you would be so happy living up here with me?'

'Because I saw it pleased you, dearest, but I knew that we should not stay here.'

Rosina gave vent to a lengthened sob, and hid her face in her hands.

'Come, father,' said Neri, placing himself resolutely in front of the old man, 'you must give me a little money, and then we'll go away.'

'Money! and where am I to find the article?'

'And Sani's pig, and Nicolini's sack of Indian corn-flour, and Meati's chestnuts? They've not all vanished, I suppose? Come, come, you know if you refuse me that I shall give a hint to the police whereabouts to station themselves.'

'You don't suppose you're going to frighten me in that way, young man. The police know better than to believe a young rascal like you. I tell you you'll not get a farthing out of me. Why don't you go and ask your friend the *strega* for some money?'

'Well, I suppose we must,' Neri said, with a sigh of resignation.

'Where are you going?' said Rosina, who followed him mechanically, as he set off down the hill again, chewing a flower in his rage.

'To the *strega*. You must tell her that we are dying of hunger, and that we haven't a farthing, and that my father has turned us out on your account. You can say anything you like, so long as you get some money from her.'

'But,' she ventured timidly to suggest, 'you must have got some of the money I used to give you every week. There was a great deal; I worked so long. How much of it is left?'

'I don't know, I haven't counted it,' he answered, in a tone of indifference.

'Where is it?' she persisted.

'I gave it to some one to take care of.'

She looked him straight in the face.

'Neri,' she said, 'Giuditta told me once that I had been mad to give it you—that you had probably spent it all. She was mistaken, wasn't she?'

'Giuditta always maligned me,' he answered evasively. 'I spent some of it certainly, to get some food when I left the hospital.'

'If only you had enough left to enable us to go back to the shepherds in my mountains, we might be happy; they are good and charitable, and would not cast us off.'

'Much obliged,' said Neri ironically, 'but I've no taste for such a wild and vagabond life. I wish to live like a civilised man among my fellow-creatures. If you were a good and loving wife, you would not be so anxious to get off working for me; you would simply go back to the factory.'

Rosina turned pale. Go back to the factory, take up again her heavy yoke, her daily torture! She followed him in silence, with drooping head and weeping eyes.

When they arrived in front of the church of Vicopelago, where they had been married so dearly, without parents or friends, with no other witness than the good priest, who shook his head from time to time reproachfully, Rosina stopped.

'Let us go in,' she said with decision, 'and ask God to forgive us for having offended Him by marrying without the blessing of her who was a mother to me; after that we will go to the *strega*, and fall on our knees before her. I know now that she was right, and that I have acted very wrongly. I ought to have listened to her and believed her; but I will not let my disobedience be the cause of life-long misery to us.'

Neri protested. 'You may go where you like, but you don't flatter yourself that you're going to drag me to Giuditta's feet to beg for pardon? I know that woman. I shall never get anything out of her: she hates me. But, as for you, if you only set to work the right way, you can do what you like with her. If she should refuse to see you, however, try and see Angelino.'

She looked at him with icy coldness. 'It's *you* who give me this advice?' she said.

'Why not?' he asked with a sneer. 'I've confidence in you. I'll go and wait for you at Ersilia's—you can join me there.'

'At Ersilia's!' she stammered out.

A flash of anger, bitterness, and savage jealousy lit up her eyes. For a single moment the fierce passion which will make an outraged Italian woman seize the dagger, shot through her heart. Then she hung her head humbly, and turned her steps towards Morino's house. What she needed before everything was the *strega's* forgiveness. Had she felt herself blameless, she would not have hesitated at revenge; but, knowing that she had been guilty of gross ingratitude to her benefactress, she thought only of expiation.

The *strega* was alone in the house. She was busy preparing one of

her magic potions—a liquid which in smell and colour very much resembled quinine—when suddenly Fido sprang upon her, overwhelming her with caresses, which nearly made her drop the phial which she held in her hand. She only said to herself, ‘Already,’ and, gently pushing aside the dog, waited for what would come next.

She saw Rosina advancing slowly, with downcast eyes, her hands folded like a penitent. Without uttering a word, the child knelt down before Giuditta, and kissed the hem of her gown.

‘I felt sure you would come back,’ said Giuditta gravely, ‘but not so soon as this: you ought not to be starving already.’

‘It’s not money I’ve come to ask for, it’s forgiveness,’ said the *poverina*. ‘I’ve been very guilty.’

‘How so?’ asked the *strega* coldly. ‘You are married, are you not? I am not your mother, and you did not need my consent.’

‘I did need your blessing, though, and I haven’t had it.’

‘The evil’s done now, and it’s too late to repair it. You have chosen your lot: if it’s a hard one, you’ve only yourself to thank. I don’t know what your plans are, but you’ll have to work for two now instead of one. If ever you should be dying of hunger, let me know, and I’ll find some means or other of sending you a bit of *polenta*; but never come back here again—I could not receive you. It’s known all over the place that Angelino had chosen you to be his wife, and that he has not ceased to love you. You can understand what gossip there would be if you were seen here.’

Rosina got up. ‘I will go,’ she said mournfully, ‘but I could not let you think I was ungrateful.’

‘I know, *poverina*, I know,’ said Giuditta; and she added with a sigh: ‘If only you had willed, Rosina—’

Blinded by her tears, and broken down with grief, Rosina set out for Ersilia’s shop. She was so desperate now, that it had become almost indifferent to her whether Neri were there or elsewhere.

He was seated at a table, playing cards with another young man, with black eyes and a hard and sinister countenance, laughing, and apparently in very good spirits.

‘Are you bringing me any money?’ he called out to Rosina, as soon as she came in sight.

‘Neri, your wife is crying!’ exclaimed Ersilia, with an air of mock compassion.

Neri came out of the shop and joined Rosina. ‘She’s given you nothing, I suppose. Well, that’s what I expected; but we shall be able to do without her after all. Come, cheer up, Rosina; we’re going to be rich, rich, rich! But it’s a secret, a wonderful secret, and nobody must know it—not even you.’

She did not understand him, and did not even care to ask for an explanation, she was so weary and dispirited.

Neri set off again, accompanied by the individual with black eyes;

Rosina followed them, as silent and as indifferent as Fido. Night was gradually coming on. They walked on to the town, which they entered, plunged into a labyrinth of narrow winding streets, and stopped at last before a dingy tavern, in which a red light was burning. The air inside was saturated with garlic, dripping, and tobacco, the tables and benches covered with dirty spots, the walls impregnated with filth; it was an Italian tavern of the worst description. After a short confabulation with the landlord, they were shown into a little smoky, dingy room, with squalid, greasy furniture: 'Here is the *palazzo*,' said the landlord, emphatically.

'Now we are in our own home,' said Neri to his wife.

'Our home!' She looked at the window; by stretching out her arm she might have touched the great grey wall which intercepted all the light and air; hardly a square yard of the sky, in which the stars were now coming out in full glory, could be seen from this prison. She sighed, and said resignedly: 'Very well, to-morrow I will go back to the factory.'

'Listen to me,' cried Neri, impatiently; 'I'm not going to have you put on these airs of a martyr. I'm much worse off than you are, with only one arm, but I'm not always complaining. You must have a little patience. The young man you've just seen me with is one of the future reformers of society. You can't read, and so you can't understand these things. But the whole state of the world is going to be changed; we are going to turn the rich out of their palaces, pull down kings from their thrones—there will be no more taxes, everybody will have property, and then I'll buy you a carriage and a pair of white horses, and a gown of cloth of gold, and you will sing at the theatre, and all the world will applaud you.'

But Rosina was not listening. Her thoughts were far away in the mountains, and she was recalling to mind the serene and glorious summer nights in her father's hut, when the fresh mountain breeze came blowing over her face, and the tinkling of the goat-bells mingled with the cry of the crickets and the song of the nightingales rising up from the plain, and the perfume of the lavender flowers in the rocks scented the air.

'Oh!' she said to herself, 'should she never see the mountains again? would her whole life be spent in this loathsome hovel?' She fell on her knees, and tried to repeat an Ave Maria, but the sacred words were stifled by sobs.

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

WE were greatly amazed when late one January evening Cécile rushed into my room like one distracted, crying—

‘The monsters, they have arrested him!’

We knew there was only one of the nobler sex in the eyes of my poor Cécile, and my first question was—

‘What has he done?’ expecting to hear that he had been fighting a duel, or committing some folly. My surprise was the greater when I heard her answer—

‘He was going to carry off the cardinal’s nieces.’

‘He seems to have a turn for such exploits,’ Annora said. ‘Who wanted to marry them?’

‘It was for no such thing!’ Cécile said with as much heat as she could show; ‘it was to take them as hostages.’

‘As hostages!’

‘Oh! yes, do not you know? For the princes.’

Our astonishment was redoubled.

‘*Eh quoi!* Messieurs les Prince de Condé, and Conty, and the Duke of Longueville are all arrested, coming from the council, by the treason of the Cardinal. They are sent off no one knows where, but my husband, you understand, was with M. de Boutteville and a hundred other brave officers in the garden of the Hotel de Condé when the news came. M. de Boutteville immediately proposed to gallop to Val de Grace and then seize on the demoiselles Mazarin and Mancini as the best means of bringing the Cardinal to reason, and instantly it is done; but the cunning Cardinal had foreseen everything; the young ladies had been removed, and the officers were dispersed, only my hero, the most daring and valiant of them all, has been seized and carried off, I know not where,’ and she burst into a flood of tears.

With some difficulty we elicited from her that she had learnt the tidings from a sergeant who had been in attendance on the Count, and had fled when he was taken. At the same time horrible noises and shouts were heard all over the city.

'Treason! Treason! Down with the Cardinal! Beaufort is taken! The Coadjutor! Vengeance! Vengeance!'

Sir Francis hurried out to learn the truth, and then my mother in her fright cried out—

'Will no one come and protect us! Oh! where is M. Darpent!' while Annora called to me to take our cloaks and come up to the roof of the house to see what was going on. She was in high spirits, no doubt laughing within herself to see how every danger made my mother invoke M. Darpent, and finding in a tumult a sure means of meeting him, for she could trust to him to come and offer his protection.

I *saw* that she heard his voice on the stairs before he actually made his appearance, telling my mother that he had hastened to assure her that we were in no danger. The rising was due to M. de Boutteville, who being disappointed in his plan of seizing the Cardinal's nieces as hostages, had gone galloping up and down Paris with his sword drawn, shouting that the two darlings of the people, M. de Beaufort and the Coadjutor, had been seized. He wildly hoped that the uproar this was sure to excite would frighten the Queen Regent into releasing the Princes as she had before released Broussel.

But the Coadjutor had come out with torches carried before him, and had discovered the name of the true prisoners, whose arrogance had so deeply offended the populace. He had summoned the Duke of Beaufort—the King of the Markets as he was called—and he was riding about the streets with a splendid suite, whose gilded trappings glistened in the torchlight.

So deeply had the Prince's arrogance offended all Paris that the whole city passed from rage into a transport of joy, and the servants came and called us to the top of the house to see the strange sight of the whole city illuminated. It was wonderful to behold, every street and all the gates marked out by bright lights in the windows, and in the open spaces and crossings of the streets, bonfires, with dark figures dancing wildly round them in perfect ecstasies of frantic delight; while guns were fired out, and the chorus of songs came up to us; horrid, savage, abusive songs, Sir Francis said they were, when he had plodded his way up to us on the roof, after having again reassured my mother who had remained below trying to comfort the weeping Cécile.

Sir Francis said he had asked a tradesman with whom we dealt, ordinarily a very reasonable and respectable man, what good they expected from this arrest that it should cause such a mad delirium of joy. The man was utterly at a loss to tell him anything but that the enemies of Paris were fallen. And then he began shouting and dancing as frantically as ever.

It was to his wife and me that the old English knight told his adventures; Annora and M. Darpent had drawn apart on the opposite

side of the parapet. If to Madame d'Aubépine this great stroke of policy meant nothing but that her husband was in prison, to my sister, a popular disturbance signified chiefly a chance of meeting Clément Darpent; and Lady Ommaney and I exchanged glances and would not look that way. Nay, we stayed as long as we could bear the cold of that January night to give them a little more time. For as I cannot too often remind you, my granddaughters, we treated an English maiden, and especially one who had had so many experiences as my sister, very differently from a simple child fresh from her convent.

Nicole at last came up with a message from Madame la Baronne to beg that we would come down. We found that the Intendante Croquelebois (erst Gringrimeau) had brought the children in a panic lest the houses of the partisans of the Princes should be attacked. She had put on a cloak and hood, made them look as like children of the people as she could, and brought them on foot through the streets; and there stood the poor little things, trembling and crying, and very glad to find their mother and cling to her. She had never thought of this danger, and was shocked at herself for deserting them. And it was a vain alarm, for, as M. Darpent assured her, M. d'Aubépine was not conspicuous enough to have become a mark for public hatred.

She was a little affronted by the assurance, but we appeased her, and as the tumult was beginning to die away, M. Darpent took his leave, promising my mother to let her know of any measure taken on the morrow. He offered to protect Madame d'Aubépine and her children back to their own hôtel, but we could not let the poor wife go back with her grief, nor the children turn out again on the winter's night. I was glad to see that she seemed now on perfectly good terms with her *dame de compagnie*, who showed herself really solicitous for her and her comfort, and did not seem displeased when I took her to my room. I found my poor little sister-in-law on the whole less unhappy than formerly. People do get accustomed to everything, and she had somehow come to believe that it was the proper and fashionable arrangement, and made her husband more distinguished, that he should imitate his Prince by living apart from her, and only occasionally issuing his commands to her. He had not treated her of late with open contempt, and he had once or twice taken a little notice of his son, and all this encouraged her in her firm and quiet trust that in process of time, trouble, age, or illness would bring him back to her. Her eyes began to brighten as she wondered whether she could not obtain his liberty by falling at the Queen's feet with a petition, leading her children in her hands. 'They were so beautiful. The Queen must grant anything on the sight of her little chevalier!'

And then she had a thousand motherly anecdotes of the children's sweetness and cleverness to regale me with till she had talked herself tolerably happily to sleep.

We kept her with us, as there were reports the next day of arrests

among the ladies of the Princes' party. The two Princesses of Condé were permitted to retire to Chantilly, but then the dowager Princess was known to be loyal, and the younger one was supposed to be a nonentity. Madame de Longueville was summoned to the Palace, but she chose instead to hide herself in a little house in the Faubourg St. Germain whence she escaped to Normandy, her husband's government, hoping to raise the people there to demand his release and that of her brothers.

The Princes' Intendant was taken, and there was an attempt to arrest the whole Bouillon family, but the Duke and his brother, M. de Turenne, were warned in time and escaped. As to the Duchess and her children, their adventures were so curious that I must pause to tell their story. A guard was sent to her house under arms to keep her there. There were four little boys, and their attendants, on seeing the guards, let them straight out through the midst of them, as if they were visitors, the servants saying 'You must go away. *Messieurs les petits princes* cannot play to-day. They are made prisoners.' They were taken to the house of Marshal de Guesbriant, where they were dressed as girls, and thus carried off to Bellechasse, whence they were sent to Blois.

There the little Chevalier of seven years old (Emmanuel Théodore was his name, and he is now a Cardinal) fell ill, and could not go on with his brothers when they were sent southwards, but was left with a lady named Fléchine. By and by, when the Court came to Guienne, Madame de Fléchine was afraid of being compromised if she was found to have a son of the Duke of Bouillon in the house. She recollected that there was in a very thick wood in the park, a very thick bush forming a bower or vault, concealed by thorns and briars. There she placed the little boy with his servant Defargues, giving them some bread, wine, water, a pie, a cushion, and an umbrella in case of rain, and she went out herself every night to meet Defargues and bring him fresh provisions. His Eminence has once told me all about it, and how dreadfully frightened he was when Defargues had to leave him. Once there was a thunder storm in the valet's absence, and when a glow-worm shone out afterwards the poor child thought it was lightning remaining on the ground, and screamed out to Defargues not to come in past it. He says Defargues was a most excellent and pious soul, and taught him more of his religion than ever he had known before. Afterwards Madame de Fléchine moved them to a little tower in the park, where they found a book of the *Lives of the Saints*, and Defargues taught his little master to make wicker baskets. They walked out on the summer nights, and enjoyed themselves very much.

As to poor Madame de Bouillon, her baby was born on that very day of the arrest. Her sister-in-law and her eldest daughter remained with her and Madame Carnavalet; the captain of the guards had to watch over them all. He was of course a gentleman whom they already

knew, and he lived with them as a guest. As soon as Madame de Bouillon had recovered, they began to play at a sort of hide-and-seek daring him to find them in the hiding places they devised, till at last he was not at all alarmed at missing them. Then Madame de Bouillon and her daughter escaped through a cellar window, and they would have got safely off if the daughter had not caught the small-pox. Her mother who was already on the way to Bourdeaux, came back to nurse her, and was taken by the bed side, and shut up in the Bastille.

The two Princesses were at Chantilly, and rumours reached us that the younger lady was about to attempt something for the deliverance of her husband, and thereupon Madame d'Aubépine became frantic to join them, and to share in their councils. We tried to convince her that she could be of no use, but no—suppose they were going to raise their vassals, she could do the same by those of Aubépine, and she, who had hitherto been the most timid and helpless of beings, now rose into strong resolution and even daring. It was in vain that I represented to her that to raise one's vassals to make war on the king was rank rebellion. To her there was only one king—the husband who deserved so little from her. She had given him her whole devotion, soul and body, and was utterly incapable of seeing anything else. And Madame Croquelebois, being equally devoted to M. le Comte, was thus more in her confidence than we were. She told us at last with a thousand thanks that she had resolved on offering her services to the Princesses, and that she should send the children with Madame Croquelebois into Anjou; where she thought they would be safer than at Paris. We were sorry, but there was a determination now in our little Cécile that made her quite an altered woman. So she repaired to Montroud, where the younger Princess of Condé had retired, and was acting by the advice of M. Lénét, the Prince's chief confidant.

The next thing we heard of her was astonishing enough. The Princess, a delicate sickly woman, together with our little Countess, had left Montroud in the night with fifty horse. The Princess rode on a pillion behind M. de Coligny, Cécile in the same way, and the little Duke of Enghien was on a little saddle in front of Vialas, his equerry. On they went, day and night, avoiding towns and villages, and seldom halting except in the fields. Happily it was the month of May, or those two delicate beings never could have lived through it, but Cécile afterwards told us that she had never felt so well in her life.

Near the town of Saint Céré they met the Dukes of Bouillon and La Rochefoucauld, with eight hundred men, mostly gentlemen, who were ready to take up their cause. The Princess, hitherto so shy, gracefully and eagerly greeted and thanked them, and the little Duke made his little speech. 'Indeed I am not afraid of Mazarin any more, since I see you here with so many brave men. I only expect the liberty of my good papa through their valour and yours.'

There were great acclamations at this pretty little address, and then the boy rode with his mother through the eight squadrons in which the troop was drawn up, saluting the officers like a true little prince with his hat in his hand, while there were loud shouts of '*Vive le Roi! Vivent les Princes!*' and such a yell of 'Down with Mazarin!' as made Cécile tremble.

She was expecting her own share in the matter all along, and presently she had the delight of seeing twenty more men coming with Croquelebois at their head, and by his side, on a little pony, her own little Maurice, the Chevalier d'Aubépine.

Was not Cécile a proud woman then? I have a letter of hers in which she says (poor dear thing!) that he was a perfect little Prince Charmant, and he really was a pretty little fellow, and very well trained and good, adoring her as she deserved.

I will go on with her story though only at second hand, before I proceed with my own, which for a time took me from the scene of my friend's troubles. This is written for her grandchildren as much as my own and my sister's, and it is well they should know what a woman she truly was, and how love gave her strength in her weakness.

The Princess of Condé, whose history and whose troubles were only too like her own, already loved her extremely, and welcomed her little son as a companion to the Duke of Enghien. The Duke of Bouillon took them to his own fortress town of Turenne, where they remained, while the little bourg of Brive la Gaillarde was taken from the royal troops by the Dukes. The regiment sent by the Cardinal to occupy the place was Prince Thomas of Savoy's gendarmes, and as of course they loved such generals as Turenne and Condé better than any one else, the loyalty of most of them gave way, and they joined the Princess's little army.

The Duke of Bouillon entertained his guests splendidly, though his poor Duchess was absent in the Bastille. The ladies had to dine every day in the great hall with all the officers, and it was a regular banquet, always beginning and ending with Condé's health. Great German goblets were served out to everybody, servants and all, and the Duke of Bouillon began by unsheathing his sword, and taking off his hat, while he vowed to die in the service of the Princes, and never to return his sword to the scabbard—in metaphor, I suppose—till it was over. Everybody shouted in unison, waved the sword, flourished the hat, and then drank, sometimes standing, sometimes on their knees. The two little boys, with their tiny swords, were delighted to do the same, though their mothers took care that there should be more water than wine in their great goblets.

I afterwards asked Cécile, who was wont to shudder at the very sight of a sword, how she endured all these naked weapons flourishing round her. 'Oh,' she said, 'did not I see my husband's liberty through them?'

The ladies were then escorted, partly on horseback, partly by boat, to Limenil, and that same day their dukes gained a victory over the royal troops, and captured all their baggage, treasure, and plate; so that Cécile actually heard the sounds of battle, and her husband might say, as the Prince did at Vincennes, 'A fine state of things that my wife should be leading armies while I am watering pinks.'

The wives had their pinks too, for the whole road to Bordeaux was scattered with flowers, and every one trooped out to bless the Princess and her son. As she entered the city, the 400 vessels in the port fired all their guns three times over, and 30,000 men, escorting a splendid carriage, in which she went along at a foot's pace, came forth to welcome her. Her son was dressed in white taffety turned up with black and embroidered with silver, and had a hat with black and white feathers. He was held in a gentleman's arms at the window, and continually bowed, and held out his little hands to be kissed, saying that his father and grandfather had been quite right to love people who had such an affection for their house as these seemed to have. Maurice d'Aubépine, at the opposite window, was nodding away with a good will at the people who were obliged to put up with him instead of the little Duke.

They came to a handsome house, which had been appointed for the Princess's residence, and there they had to walk up and down and display themselves upon the terrace to the admiring multitude.

They were very merry, though very tired, and M. Lénét, the Prince's gentleman, took great care of them, though the two Dukes remained outside with their little army. The next day the Princess, attended of course by Madame d'Aubépine, and a whole train of noblesse and influential people, went to the Parliament of Bordeaux with her petition for aid. She personally addressed each counsellor in the passage to the great hall, and represented to them the cruelty and ingratitude of Mazarin towards her husband, while her little son kissed and embraced and begged them for his father's liberty.

When all had assembled in the great chamber, and they had begun to deliberate, the Princess burst in on them, threw herself on her knees, and began a speech. When she broke off, choked by tears, her little son fell on his knees and exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, be instead of a father to me; Cardinal Mazarin has taken away mine!'

Then there was a general weeping, and the Parliament promised the Princess their protection. There was more hesitation about admitting the two Dukes, but at last it was done. There were the head-quarters of the army that resisted the Crown. At least this was the principle on which the Duke of Bouillon acted. His family had from the first tried to maintain the privileges which the old feudal vassals attributed to themselves, and he was following up their traditions, as well as fighting for the deliverance of his wife from her captivity.

The Duke of Rochefoucauld was throughout more the lover of

Madame de Longueville than anything else, and the Princess of Condé simply thought of obtaining her husband's release, and nothing else. She had no notions of state policy nor anything else of the kind, any more than had Madame d'Aubépine, who assisted daily at her little agitated court. They were the two gentlest, simplest, weakest conspirators who ever rebelled against the Crown, and it was all out of pure loyalty to the two husbands who had never shown a spark of affection, scarcely of courtesy, to either of them.

Well, the Queen herself and her son and all the Court came to reduce Bordeaux, Mademoiselle and all, for she had been for the time detached from the adoration of the Prince, by, of all things in the world, hopes given her of marrying her little cousin, the King, though he was only twelve and she was double that age. So Bordeaux was besieged, and held out against the royal troops for some days, being encouraged by the resolute demeanour of the Princess; but at last, when one of the faubourgs had been taken, the Parliament, uneasy in conscience at resisting the Crown, decided on capitulating, and, to the bitter disappointment and indignation of the ladies, made no stipulations as to the liberty of the husband.

No attempt was made on the liberty of the lady herself, and she was ordered to depart to Chantilly. Though unwell, she had visited every counsellor in his own house, and done her utmost to prepare for the renewal of the resistance in case her husband was not released; and she was almost exhausted with fatigue when she went on board a vessel which was to take her to Larmont, whence she meant to go to Coutras, where she was to be permitted to stay for three days.

Many nobles and people of condition, and half the population of Bordeaux, came down to the port with her, uttering lamentations, benedictions on her and her boy, and curses on Mazarin.

While about to embark, she met Marshal de la Meilleraye, who advised her to go and see the Queen at Bourg, and she accordingly put herself under his direction, Cécile of course accompanying her as her attendant. The Duke of Damville came to fetch them in a carriage, and after alighting at Marshal de la Meilleraye's quarters, where kind messages of inquiry were sent them by all the Court, even by the King and Queen, by every one indeed except Mademoiselle, who kept up her dislike.

My son, who was present, described all to me, and how his blood boiled at the scornful airs of Mademoiselle and the stiffness of the Queen. He said, however, that his aunt looked quite like a changed woman as she entered, leading Maurice in the rear of the other mother and son.

The poor Princess had been bled the day before, and had her arm in a scarf, and Mademoiselle actually tittered at the manner in which it was put on, when this devoted wife was presented to the Queen, leading her little son.

Falling on her knees before the Queen, she made her a really touching speech, begging her to excuse the attempts of a lady who had the honour of being married to the first prince of the blood, when she strove to break his fetters. 'You see us on our knees, Madame, to beg for the liberty of what is dearest to us. Grant it to the great actions that *Monsieur mon mari* has performed for the glory of your Majesty, and the life he has ventured so often in the service of the State, and do not refuse our tears and humble prayers.'

The Queen answered coldly enough. Cécile told me afterwards that it was like ice, dashing all her hopes, to see the stern, haughty dignity of Anne of Austria unmoved by the tender, tearful, imploring form of Claire Clemence de Bréze, trembling all over with agitation, and worn down with all she had attempted. 'I am glad, cousin,' said the Queen, 'that you know your fault. You see you have taken a bad method of obtaining what you ask. Now your conduct is to be different, I will see whether I can give you what you desire.'

In spite of her fright and the Queen's chilly pride, Cécile, feeling that this was her only chance, fell almost on her face before the Queen, with Maurice by her side, and cried, 'Grace, grace, great Queen, for my husband.'

My little Marquis, as he told me, could not bear to see them thus alone, so he ran forward, and knelt on her other side, holding her hand. And he heard a horrid little laugh, something about a new edition and an imitation; but the Queen, who had forgotten all about her, asked who she was and what her husband was.

Then, when it was explained that the Count d'Aubépine had drawn his sword and tried to aid Boutteville, there was another smile. Perhaps it was that the contrast might mortify the poor Princess, but the Queen said—

'There! stand up, Madame la Comtesse! We will send orders that the Count shall be released. He has expiated his own zeal, and will know better another time.'

Can any one conceive our Cécile's joy? She rose up and embraced both the boys passionately, and Gaspard could not refrain from congratulating her with the words, scarcely complimentary, 'My aunt, is it not indeed the lion and the mouse? Now my uncle must love you, as my papa loved my mamma.'

The Princess, always too sweet and gentle for envy, kissed and congratulated Madame d'Aubépine, and left her on retiring to Milly. Nor did Cécile quit the Court till she actually was the bearer of an order for the release of her husband.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXCI.

1603—1604.

THE SCOT.

WHEN the last of the Tudor race passed away, a change came over the whole character of English history. The government by personal ascendancy was over. There was to the full as much desire to enforce the supremacy of the Crown as ever, nay, probably a more absolute belief in it; but the instinct that made the sovereign one with the nation had passed away. There was no more leading in defiance of all checks and barriers, but no sooner did the country feel any opposition between its will and that of royalty than these safeguards were sought out, and the power of refusal was found.

The spirit of opposition was on the English side greatly owing to the new King being Scottish, almost a foreigner in speech, and of a nation hitherto looked on with strong dislike. Moreover, instead of a Queen who, up to the last year of her life, was regarded with pride, enthusiasm, and chivalrous deference, the new King was one whom it was much easier to laugh at than to admire, and who by no means did justice to the better qualities that he really possessed.

It was a time when the intellectual capacity of the English nation, and likewise its standard of moral principle, was exceedingly high. Court policy had been so corrupted by Machiavelli, that statesmanship was eminently dishonourable, and falsehood was regarded as its natural instrument; but these ideas had not tainted the principles of the nation, and the standard maintained by Bacon, Shakespeare, and Spenser in their writings is wonderfully high and pure. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were in the height of their prime, and these, and such playwrights as Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher provided amusement for a people whose capacities must have been considerable to meet such performances with any kind of appreciation.

Education had made considerable progress, and a gentleman was expected to be a good classical scholar, a theologian, and to have some knowledge of French, Italian, and music. Merchants and superior tradesmen—such as aspired to civic dignities—were also well educated; and the universities were making great advances, especially in the study of Greek. Ladies' knowledge varied from considerable attainments to mere housewifery; but the younger generation were, on the whole, less learned than that which had grown up with the

Queen ; and, in spite of the new King's high attainments, the pendulum was beginning to swing in the direction of frivolity. The men and women whose company Elizabeth had enjoyed were well read in several languages, able to understand and make allusions through a really extensive range of literature, to sustain sharp conflicts of wit with opposing proverbs, and to make and appreciate repartee and retort.

James, on the contrary, liked to have the learning all to himself, to be admired and complimented, and to lay down the law when it pleased him, without an answer, and his jokes and amusements were silly and practical ; while his Queen was simply a frivolous and somewhat querulous woman, with a turn for amusement and display, such as had found small scope in the poverty-stricken Court of Holyrood, so jealously watched by the General Assembly.

The news that this disturbed and cramped life was ended, and that the peace and wealth of the English crown was theirs, was brought by Sir Robert Carey, who had long ago received from James a sapphire ring, which was to be restored to him as a token that the Queen was really dead—since it was needful to take measures promptly to secure the succession, and yet not to act prematurely on a false report, so as to anger the jealous Elizabeth.

Lady Scrope, to whom Sir Robert committed the ring, dropped it from the window as soon as she was convinced that the Queen had really expired. This was in the early darkness of the morning of Thursday, the 24th of March ; and after looking into one of the chambers, and finding all the ladies weeping bitterly, Carey galloped off, and having already prepared relays of horses, reached Norham Castle at noonday on Saturday. He expected to have reached Edinburgh by supper-time, but he had a bad fall by the way, and bled a good deal, so that he was forced to ride softly, and did not arrive at Holyrood till the King was just gone to bed. Without washing the blood from his face, he asked and obtained admittance to the bed-chamber, where he knelt and saluted James as King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.

James held out his hand to be kissed, bade his new subject welcome, and inquired into particulars of the Queen's sickness and death, asking what letters he brought from the Privy Council. Carey said that he had none, but that he had a blue ring from a fair lady, which he hoped was a token that he spoke the truth. James took it, looked at it, and said, 'It is enough. I know by this that you are a true messenger.'

Then he put Carey into the care of Lord Hume, desiring that he should want for nothing, and that his hurts should be looked to, and added, 'I know you have lost a near kinswoman and a loving mistress ; but here, take my hand ; I will be as good a master to you, and will requite this service with honour and reward.'

In fact, Carey was made a gentleman of the bedchamber, though he

was disappointed that more was not done for him. He incurred displeasure from the Privy Council for his officious haste in outstripping their messenger, who had been sent off in the morning of the 24th, just as James was proclaimed in London. An official invitation to come to England was sent, together with the tidings of the Queen's death, and James at once prepared to accept it, leaving his family behind until he should have tried the temper of his new subjects. Young Henry, hitherto Duke of Rothsay, but now to be Prince of Wales, was in Stirling Castle with his guardians of the house of Mar. He was ten years old, and the letter his father wrote to him was a really excellent one:—'Let not this news make you proud or insolent, for a King's son ye were, and no more are you yet: the augmentation that is hereby like to fall to you is but in cares and heavy burthen. Be merry, but not insolent; keep a greatness, but *sine fastu*; be resolute, but not wilful; be kind, but in honourable sort.'

Therewith the King sent Henry his *Basilicon Doron* or royal gift, a book of maxims and reflections on government, which he had worked out and compiled, and where is much evidence of thought and good intention, though the underlying principle of absolutism was fraught with danger, as was also the unfortunate belief that falsehood and stratagem were allowable instruments of government. There was also an expression of inclination to toleration, which greatly angered his Presbyterian subjects and gave hope to the Roman Catholics.

After all, the Scots were unwilling to part with their King; feeling, perhaps, that, though their kingdom gained in dignity, yet, when their master was out of reach, and could no longer be bullied or kidnapped whenever he displeased them, they might lose some of what they viewed as their privileges. On the Sunday intervening between his accession and departure, he and his Queen went together to St. Giles's Cathedral, at Edinburgh, where, after hearing a sermon, James stood up in his place, and delivered to his people a long and most piteous farewell, which set them all weeping and wailing, so that the building echoed with lamentation.

On the 5th of April James set forth, leaving his Queen to follow in twenty days' time, if he found all peaceful. She took leave of him in the High Street of Edinburgh, and both shed tears, while the spectators, in the street and from the windows, likewise sobbed and wept! At Berwick-upon-Tweed, the first fortress belonging to the English Crown, the new King was received with a tremendous peal of ordnance; and at every halting-place, in city or in country house, there were huge festivals and hospitalities on the mightiest scale. At one banquet there appeared two roasted wild boars harnessed to a mighty plum pudding shaped like a waggon. The country gentlemen vied with one another in the quantity, quality, and pageantry of their reception, and among them were specially observed the festivities offered by a Midland county knight, Sir Oliver Cromwell. Large gifts were offered at

each place, which must have been wonderfully delightful to a King who recently had had to borrow a pair of silk stockings; but nothing charmed him so much as the parks laid out and inclosed for hunting. The sport was his great delight, and he had never been able to enjoy it with such ease or to such perfection. His ministers complained that he could hardly attend to business for his absorption in this enjoyment. The people were enthusiastic in their reception of him, and at every halting-place came in throngs, throwing up their caps, blessing and praying aloud for him, not at all daunted by his extremely awkward and uncouth demeanour, his thick speech, with a tongue too large for his mouth, and in broad Scotch, his shambling gait from a weakness of limbs that made him always fain to lean on other men, his large rolling eyes, his shabby garments wadded, and stuffed for fear of assassination, and his continual habits of profane language and drinking—not in great riotous excesses, but continual sipping of a few spoonfuls of liquor. The love of novelty, the expectation of benefits from a new reign, and a certain national pride in the possession of the whole island, made every one rush forth to welcome the new King and fresh dynasty.

There had been two distinct parties in England, kept down by Elizabeth's strong hand. One comprised many of the old nobility, such as Southampton, Northumberland, Henry and Thomas Howard, and all who were discontented with the rise of new men. The other comprised Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Cobham, Lord Mountjoy, and those who had surrounded the Queen in her latter days, and excited so much indignation on the part of Essex. Sir Robert Cecil had been always supposed to be of this faction, but he had secretly corresponded with James, and knowing him to be persuaded that the first-mentioned party were the best friends of the Crown, the wily secretary was determined, if necessary, to throw the others over, and at any price win the ear of the sovereign.

As to actual policy, there was not much real difference of opinion. All Englishmen were disposed to war with Spain, but the habit of plotting, and still more of making profit out of the intrigues of foreign ambassadors, was so strong in each party, that the chief game seemed to be who would detect his adversary.

James travelled at the rate of about fifteen miles a day. He had written to release the Earl of Southampton from the Tower, and desire that he would come to meet him at York. Sir Robert Cecil also met him there, and so did Lords Grey and Cobham, and Sir Walter Raleigh; but James, who esteemed Essex his friend and these later favourites of Elizabeth as his enemies, was gracious to no one save Cecil. Indeed, he received Sir Walter with the words, 'By my soul, mon, I have been heard but rawley of thee!' He deprived the knight of his offices of Captain of the Guard and Warden of the Stanneries, though leaving him the Governorship of Jersey. Cecil seems

to have explained to the new King what were the powers of the sovereign, and he was much delighted, exclaiming, 'Do I make the judges? Do I make the bishops? Then I make what likes me in law and Gospel!' At any rate he made plenty of knights. Queen Elizabeth had been chary of this honour, wishing it to be still a real one, earned by merit or station, but James seems to have knighted almost every country gentleman who came to welcome him, and the fees, which were very heavy, must have assisted to fill the royal purse.

Cecil sumptuously entertained the King at Theobalds, his house in Hertfordshire, and showed him such good sport that the King privately set his heart on the possession of the place as a hunting seat. He stayed there four days, during which he arranged his new Privy Council, retaining Cecil, Nottingham, two more Howards, Buckhurst, Mountjoy, and Egerton, and adding four Scotchmen, Lennox, Mar, two Humes, Bruce of Kinloss, besides his secretary, Elphinstone. All licenses and monopolies were suspended till they could be examined into, but unfortunately they were bestowed more lavishly than ever. Young Robert Devereux's attainder was reversed, and he was permitted to assume his father's title; Mountjoy and the Howards became Earls; Cecil, Lord Cecil, afterward Viscount Cranbourne, and finally Earl of Salisbury; nine barons were created, and English peerages were conferred on several Scottish favourites. Altogether there were sixty-two new titles of nobility conferred, and 700 knights were made, so that a wag fastened a paper to the door of St. Paul's, offering to give lessons in the titles of the new nobility.

James was received at Stamford Hill by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and conducted by an ingeniously-managed stag-hunt to the Charterhouse, whence he repaired to the Tower and Whitehall, and thus had taken full and complete possession of his kingdom.

James soon found himself in need of the presence of the Earl of Mar, his faithful Johnnie Sclaites, who had negotiated with the English when sent to London on the warning of Essex. No sooner had the Earl quitted Scotland than Queen Anne, who was always jealous of the custody of her eldest son being committed to his family, set forth with many armed gentlemen for Stirling, and summoned the Dowager Countess of Mar to yield up the Prince. The old lady, who had been the faithful and resolute guardian of the King through all the storms of his youth, refused to surrender him, or to admit the armed followers into her castle, without warrant under the King's own hand, saying she durst not disobey the commands she had received to give him to none but his father. Anne threw herself into such furious fits of rage, that the birth of a dead babe was the consequence, and the Privy Council of Scotland, Lady Mar, and all the rest, wrote letters in much trouble to excuse themselves from the blame of this disaster. King James, who loved her devotedly, was in so much consternation, that he sent the Duke of Lennox back to meet

Mar on his road with a letter desiring him to give up the boy to his mother.

But Anne so hated the Earl, that on the very mention of his name she had another paroxysm of rage which nearly cost her her life, and she refused to receive her son, if he was to be brought to her by Mar. She refused to see the Earl, or to travel from Stirling to Edinburgh, either with or without the Prince, if his guardian was to be in the company; while orders from the King bore that Mar was only to give up the Prince on arriving at Holyrood. The Queen was absurd enough to plead her royal birth as a reason for her having her own way, but being relieved from his fears for her life, James was now thoroughly angered by her perverseness. He swore many oaths, and wrote sharply to her that his love and respect were towards her 'as my wife and the mother of my children, not for that ye are a king's daughter; for, quither ye were a king's or a cook's daughter, ye must be alike to me, being once my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent I married you, but the love and respect I now bear you is because ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour as of my other fortunes.'

The unreasonable woman still insisted that the house of Mar should be punished, or that the Earl should ask her pardon on his knees, which 'Johnnie Sclaites' most decidedly refused to do and the King to request of him, telling Anne that she might be thankful to the Earl's good management that she was Queen of England at all; upon which she responded that she would rather never see England at all than be beholden to the Earl of Mar.

James so far gave way that he caused the boy to be delivered to the Duke of Lennox to be taken to his mother. The Lady Elizabeth, who was two years younger, was placed under the charge of Lord Harrington to accompany the Queen to England; but 'Babie Charles,' now Duke of York, was too weakly to take the journey, and was left at Dunfermline under Lord Fife, {who wrote that 'he was far better of yet of his mind and tongue than that of his bodie and feet.'

James had sent off a bevy of ladies with a selection from Queen Elizabeth's dresses and jewels to meet the new comers at Berwick; but Anne was in the same perverse mood still, and was very uncivil to all except Lady Bedford and Lady Harrington, being bent on keeping her original Scottish household about her, while James, knowing the jealousy this would create, refused to permit their appointment. When she sent her chamberlain Kennedy to be confirmed in his office by the King, James swore at him, and declared that, if he caught the gentleman carrying the staff of office before the Queen, he himself should break it over his pate. Whereupon Kennedy wisely retreated to Scotland.

If we may believe Lady Anne Clifford, the only child and heiress of the sailor Earl of Cumberland, there were reasons why the neigh-

bourhood of the Scottish attendants was not agreeable to the English ladies, who were considerably beyond them in all matters of personal cleanliness and civilisation, even allowing for some prejudice on the part of the outspoken daughter of the Border lord.

At Althorpe, Sir Robert Spenser, who had never recovered his wife's death, would not remain to receive the Queen, but caused Ben Jonson to prepare an exquisite masque wherewith to welcome the new Queen and her young son; her daughter Elizabeth had a day or two before been sent to her intended place of education, Combe Abbey under charge of Lady Harrington. It was in the dog-days, and the Queen, with a long train of coaches, only arrived in the evening.

As she drove through the park soft music was heard, and a troop of young ladies, clad as fairies, danced out of a thicket, while their leader, Queen Mab, thus addressed Anne of Denmark—

'Hail and welcome fairest Queen,
Joy had never perfect been
To the fays that haunt this green
Had they not this evening seen.
Now they print it on the ground
With their feet in figures round,
Marks which ever will be found.'

Thereupon a Satyr broke in, pointing to Mab, and exclaiming—

'Trust her not, you bonnie belle,
She will forty leasings tell.'

Mab responded—

'Satyr, we must have a spell
For your tongue, it runs too fleet;
I do know your pranks full well.'

Satyr. 'Not so nimbly as your feet,
When about the creambowls sweet
You and all the elves do meet.
This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy:
She can start our franklins' daughters
In their sleep with shrieks and laughter,
And on sweet St. Agnes' night
Feed them with a promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.'

Mab interrupted his revelations by the command—

'Fairies, pinch him black and blue;
Now you have him, make him rue.'

Then, having driven him off the field, the Fairy Queen continued—

'Pardon, lady, this wild strain,
Common to the sylvan train
That do skip about this plain.
Elves, apply to your gyre again,
And, whilst some do hop the ring,
Some shall play, while some shall sing
Ariana's welcoming.'

The fairies sang accordingly—

‘This is she, this is she,
In whose world of grace,
Every season, every place,
That receives her happy be.
For with no less
Than a kingdom’s happiness
Doth she our households bless
And ours above the rest.
Long live Oriana,

T’ exceed whom she succeeds, our late Diana.’

Mab then presented the Queen with a jewel, and withdrew, while the Satyr brought forward the young heir of the place, a boy of twelve, leading a dog in a leash, and followed by a band of young gentlemen in forest attire. He too made a speech in verse, and then two bucks were turned out and ran down in full view of the royal guests. Anne, who above all things loved masques and comedy, must have been as much delighted as her husband had been.

Sunday was a quiet day, but on Monday another masque had been prepared by Jonson, the prologue being uttered by Nobody, a figure extinguished in clothes; but the gentry thronged in such numbers to be presented to the Queen and Prince, that the performance had to be cut short.

Unfortunately, Anne showed a young Queen’s dislike to the stately old ladies of Elizabeth’s Court, and thus impressed them unfavourably even before her arrival at Windsor Castle, where the King met her. Their daughter also joined them there, and a Grand Chapter of the Garter was held, to instal young Henry and the Duke of Lennox, and to elect the Queen’s brother, King Christiern of Denmark.

The plague was raging in London, and this caused doubts whether the coronation could take place on so appropriate a day as the Feast of S. James, the 25th of July; but a King was not considered as truly a sovereign till he had been anointed, and had received the nobles’ oaths of allegiance, and James was doing much to alienate that Protestant party which Elizabeth had thought her strength. He had an unquestionable right to the throne; and his strong opinions on the royal prerogative made him disinclined to the Dutch, viewing them as rebels, as indeed he had always shown a bias towards the Spaniards; and though he had done so little to save his mother, he always spoke and thought with the utmost bitterness of those to whom he ascribed her execution, scarcely even hearing of the late Queen with patience.

Of course each foreign power endeavoured to gain his ear. The Dutch sent Prince Frederic of Nassau with John Van Olden Barneveldt, and two other distinguished statesmen; the Archduke and Infanta sent Count AreMBERG; and two days later came the Baron de Rosny from Henry IV., to assist M. de Beaumont, the resident Ambassador. Rosny had had an unpleasant adventure on his way, while crossing

from Calais in an English vessel sent on purpose. The French Vice-Admiral, De Vic, who was escorting him, thought proper to hoist the French flag on his main-top. Whereupon the English, who had before been extremely polite to the Ambassador, immediately fired on De Vic, and Rosny had great difficulty in pacifying them and inducing De Vic to haul down his flag.

Rosny was received by Sidney and Southampton, and treated with great distinction; but he was not much delighted with the English, of whom he says, "It is certain that the English hate us, and this hatred is so general and inveterate that one would almost be tempted to number it among their natural dispositions. It is undoubtedly an effect of their arrogance and pride, for no nation in Europe is more haughty and insolent, nor more conceited of its superior excellence."

While waiting for his interview with the King, Rosny consulted with all his fellow and rival Ambassadors, and became convinced that James was exceedingly perplexed and irresolute, certainly inclined to peace and hating war, and preferring the Spaniards to the Dutch, but fearing to offend the large party in England who hated and abhorred Spain. This was in the eyes of Rosny a lamentable falling off from the grand alliance he had discussed with Elizabeth; but he did his best. He brought the King a fine, richly-caparisoned horse, also a gentleman named S. Antoine, esteemed the best rider of the time, and who seems to have been disposed of as easily as the horse. To the Queen he gave a large Venetian mirror, in a gold frame, studded with diamonds; and to Prince Henry, a gold lance and jewelled helmet. Gifts were also bestowed on the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Northumberland, and every one, male or female, supposed to have influence; and Rosny had many conferences with Cecil, and finally with James, whom he diligently inspired with a distrust of all such ministers as would end by making him the slave of Spain, as the astute Frenchman said. Finally, James agreed to sign a treaty binding the Kings of France and England to assist the United Provinces with men and money, but secretly, and without an open breach with Spain; but if Philip III. detected them and complained, then to join in open warfare. It was not a particularly honourable treaty in our eyes, but it was a masterpiece according to the notions of the period, and Rosny went home rejoicing in his diplomacy. But one of James's native subjects had given a true character of him to an English inquirer, 'Did ye ever see a jackanapes, mon? If so, ye must ken that if ye hold him in your hands, ye can gar him bite me; but, if I hauld him, I can gar him bite you!'

Rosny had had his turn with the jackanapes,—it was Aremberg's turn when he was gone; but he did not come very manifestly forward, being instructed to feel his way, and protract the time, making friends among the Council.

A RIDE TO THE PYRAMIDS.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

OF course we had not been many days in Cairo ere we made arrangements for a trip to the pyramids. Rising at early dawn, we beheld those giant forms in the far distance standing in purple relief against the pale daffodil sky which precedes the sunrise. Our donkeys were already saddled; English saddles had been provided for us. The donkeys of Egypt are charming little beasts, with very easy motion, and canter along, as if they thoroughly enjoyed the fun, without a suggestion of stick; only a little vocal encouragement from their small Arab owners, who kept pace with us the whole way. The freshness of the morning air was heavenly, the sky of that cloudless blue, that tells of such unfathomable depth and height—yet, which after a while becomes almost wearisome in its sameness, and (like an untroubled life) lacks the interest of cloud and shadow.

We passed through Old Cairo, and came upon the majestic river god, with his crown of water-grasses and overhanging palms. We crossed the broad, glassy stream by the ferry at Boulak, where, in the palmy days of Memphis, there was once a great bridge of boats. It is a place of considerable importance, being the port of embarkation for all the Nile traffic of the city.

A palace was pointed out to us as that of Ismail Pasha (the son of the celebrated Mohammed Ali), whose tragic death is still remembered, after the lapse of half a century, as a warning to imperious foreigners, that although they may oppress the miserable Egyptians with small fear of retaliation, they had better beware how they infuriate the Ethiopians. Ismail Pasha had gone to the Province of Shendy, and somewhat rashly rode far inland with about fifty followers. Summoning the chief, he desired him to raise a considerable force of blacks for military service under Mohammed Ali, only allowing him three days in which to do so. The chief pleaded for more time, which Ismail refused, and insultingly struck him across the mouth with his pipe.

Dissembling his rage, the fine, powerful Ethiopian let the affront pass unnoticed, and, feigning a desire to do honour to the noble Turk, he induced Ismail and his party to spend the night at his village. Under pretext of feeding the camels, vast piles of dry reeds were collected round the house, and at midnight these were set ablaze, and as the half-suffocated sleepers awoke, and strove to rush out through the circle of fire, they found themselves surrounded by a host of furious blacks, who slaughtered them without allowing a chance of escape.

This was the first time we had been on the river, and we marvelled to

see how muddy the water looked ; which, when once allowed to settle, becomes so delicious to drink from those cool, porous jars. A herd of buffaloes were swimming across ; sullen, ugly beasts they are to look at although so gentle ; now showing only the top of their black heads and back, while their driver (a poor fellow, with scarcely a rag of clothing) held on by a tail. Most wayfarers cross the river by the ferryboat, but occasionally you may see floating rafts simply made of huge dried water-melons, or empty pottery tied together just like those on the Ganges, affording a slight support to men who paddle themselves and their goods to and from the market.

We were told that cattle are still scarce in Egypt, owing to a frightful murrain some years ago, which thinned the herds ; this probably accounts for our occasionally seeing camels used for draught, instead of being only beasts of burden ; sometimes turning water wheels, sometimes even ploughing. The said water wheels are generally the Persian wheels, with an everlasting chain of jars, which, coming up full, from the well below, empty themselves into troughs, and so water the land. The jars, however, are neither so large, nor so effective as the red ghurras, which are used on similar wheels in some parts of India, where the ropes are sometimes adorned with great nosegays, as offerings to the spirit of the well.

The Egyptian hand-plough is a wonderfully simple contrivance ; exactly the same pattern as that represented on tombs of three thousand years ago, and very like the cascrome now used in Skye. For a harrow or roller, the trunk of a palm-tree drawn by bullocks is highly effective, and when the time for threshing comes, the sheaves are merely cast on a hard threshing floor, where the oxen tread out the corn, which is then winnowed in the wind.

As we noted the rich beauty of the green corn fields, we were told how the soil yields three crops in the year, so that except just during the inundation, the land is constantly clothed ; for as soon as the swollen waters begin to subside, the fellah 'wades into the mud and literally casts his bread upon the waters, which cover the still liquid deposit ; then as the water drains off, a carpet of the most vivid green springs at once into beauty.' We noted flocks of very graceful snow-white birds, like beautiful small storks, hovering over these green fields ; they are the common Ibis, and bear a strong family likeness to the Paddy birds who haunt the swampy rice-fields of India.

Meanwhile we were cantering cheerily along on our brave little donkeys, and nearing the pyramids. As usual, we found ourselves falling back on our nursery legends, and vainly strove to realise the weight of those four thousand years. Of course we expected to be oppressed by the sense of vastness, and 'solid immensity,' but alas ! the great mass of unsightly masonry would produce no such feeling—nothing approaching to the awe with which we had watched the early glow lighting up the fiery pillar of Delhi—the wonderful Kootub.

Here, just as in the Himalayas, it needed a constant intellectual effort to realize the vast proportions before us. One needed to think over and over again, "Here are so many acres of ground covered by solid stonework, built so many thousand years ago, by swarming myriads of oppressed slaves," One hundred thousand are said to have wrought here for thirty years, and the commissariat accounts for their daily rations of leeks and onions were duly inscribed on the pyramids, and explained to Herodotus by the priests of Memphis more than two thousand years ago.

Even in those days it was doubtful for what purpose these great buildings were made. One fable told how, beneath the largest pyramid, lay a huge pit, which at the overflow of the Nile was filled by subterranean conduits, and in the midst was a little island whereon stood the tomb of old Cheops (*alias* Suphis), King of Egypt. Certainly it was very generally believed that he had built this very roomy mausoleum with the intention of therein leaving his old bones undisturbed for three thousand years, during which period the ancient Egyptians believed the soul must pass in turn into the form of every known beast, bird, and fish; at the end of that time he hoped to come to life again, and resume his own human body.

So in the heart of this great mass of stonework he made a chamber of red granite, supposed to have been brought from the quarries of 'far Syene' seven hundred miles up the Nile. Here an empty porphyry sarcophagus still remains; and the passage leading thereto (which was faced with white marble) was barred by four granite portcullises, descending through grooves. He trusted that his sepulchral chamber might become a region of eternal silence; but its greatness defeated its own ends, for it is supposed that very early in the day all these mausolea were violated in quest of treasure, and now whoever cares for a difficult, slippery scramble into that dark abode of bats, with Arabs howling for backsheish while they place each foot on the available ledges of rock, may explore to his heart's content, and

'Thread those passages dark and dim,
While the silence of ages encompasseth him.'

Only three chambers have been discovered in the Great Pyramid, though there may possibly remain others unknown.

In the pyramid of Cephrenes (or Sefhres) nothing was found but a sarcophagus of fine granite containing the bones of an ox—the sacred bull, Apis. This building actually looks down on its big brother, being built on higher ground; and moreover having its summit perfect, still retaining the outer casing of polished limestone; whereas Cheops has probably lost eight layers, leaving a flat top thirty feet square; while sixteen more layers at the base are buried in the sand. These layers, which look like small steps, are each three or four feet in height, and a very inconvenient staircase they make, even with the experienced

aid of stalwart Arabs, who beguile the way by most interesting discourses on all manner of topics and in all manner of tongues. Their ear for languages is perfectly amazing. With no chance of learning, save the polyglot smatterings they must hear from multitudinous visitors always hurrying over the same ground, they nevertheless contrive to know a good deal of all European and Eastern languages, and amazed my sister, her husband, and an American friend, by at once settling their respective nationalities. Naturally their store of British knowledge consists chiefly of the elegant chaff of young England!

Perhaps the simplest way to realise the size of these huge masses of masonry is suggested by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who states that the area of the Great Pyramid is about equal to that of Lincoln's Inn Fields, that is to say, it covers about eleven acres, and rises to an elevation of one hundred and twenty-seven feet above the cross of St. Paul's. It has been calculated by a French engineer, that its materials would suffice to build a wall ten feet high and two broad, round the whole kingdom of France!

Comparatively small as is the height attained by its ascent, the situation of the pyramid itself (on ground slightly rising from the valley of the Nile, and on the edge of the broad level of the desert) is very telling; so that from its summit you overlook on one side a boundless horizon, where the dim sands melt away into space—while on the other side, beyond the minarets of Cairo, and the gleaming citadel, lies the long range of the Mokattem. It is a striking scene, even in its commonplace aspect of intense stillness, and hot burning haze; but doubly so under such an effect as a friend described to me, who had stood thereon while a dust storm swept over the desert and round the base of the pyramid. He, standing on its summit, was raised high above the influence of the hurricance of sand, which drifted along like snow in a wild wintry storm. On every side, far as eye could reach, he beheld nought save the boundless waste of sterile, ever-shifting sand; a cheerless scene, yet grand and awful in its monotony; truly a howling wilderness, yet majestic in its desolation.

The ascent of the Great Pyramid generally occupies about twenty minutes, and the descent about fifteen. Its younger brother is far more difficult of access, owing to the highly polished surface of the top, so comparatively few people attempt it. One gentleman told me that it took him two hours to come down, during which time he had the pleasure of knowing that one false step must be fatal. It struck me as a curious proof of the difficulty of obtaining accurate information about anything, to find two travellers coming down from the top of Cephrenes, one maintaining that the summit was of red granite—the other, that it was a yellowish limestone covered with red lichen and guano. But as to learning anything about any place, on the spot, *that* is almost quite hopeless, as we found most especially in India,

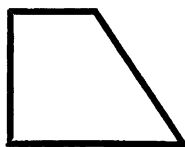
where people seem to pique themselves on knowing nothing of the country, save as it relates to coining rupees !

It seems that all the pyramids were originally faced with a kind of marble ; that limestone, which is commonly known as swinestone, and takes a very high polish. It was brought from the Mokattem hills, where, at El Massera some miles below Cairo, the quarries of the pyramids are among the wonderful sights, which might well amaze modern quarrymen ; so vast are the galleries, from which every stone must have been excavated by strictest rule and measurement. Its natural colour is very dark, but so soon as it is exposed to the sunlight, it becomes bleached, and gradually assumes a warm yellow tint.

The same marble is found in Derbyshire, where it is called the black marble of Ashford, and it is notable that even in England, the action of the sun rapidly changes its colour ; a very striking example of this being that (quoted by Taylor) of two columns supporting vases in the gardens at Chatsworth, which in less than thirty years, were bleached throughout, and are now dead white.

The great body of the Pyramids was built of the same rock on which it stands—a sort of free limestone, highly fossiliferous, but not so hard, nor capable of taking such a polish as the Mokattem stone. So, to make this great work altogether imperishable, these vast blocks of stone, none of them less than thirty feet in length, were carried up from the Nile to their destination by immense stone causeways, which alone took ten years to construct. I suppose they were carried away again in the same manner, for they are all gone now, and only the solid mass of stonework remains. Yet so excellent was the cement in which they were embedded, that to this day fragments of the casing stone remain in their original position, after the lapse of so many centuries, and notwithstanding the violence with which they were detached. It is said that the Mosque of Hassan, and various other great buildings in Cairo, were entirely built of this pyramid facing.

Two of these great casing-stones were, however, discovered by Colonel Howard Vyse at the base of the Great Pyramid, fitting on to one of the steps that we now see, but having the outer face sloping back at an angle of $51^{\circ} 50'$. He says each stone must have been hewn to the required angle before it was built in, and then polished down to one uniform surface ; the joints were scarcely perceptible, not wider than



Profile of Casing Stone.

the thickness of silver paper, and fastened with cement of exceeding tenacity. Instead therefore of the series of steps which the pyramids

now present, there was a perfectly smooth surface from the base to the summit.

The angle of the face is a matter of very great significance in the eyes of the learned, some of whom believe it to have been a record of the measure of the earth, and they point to the exceeding perfection of the building in all its parts in proof of its having been erected by Divine appointment as the one perfect standard of just weights and measures.

These believe the great sarcophagus in the King's Chamber to be no empty tomb, which has failed in its proper use, but a great coffer—a measure for corn—ordained immediately after the flood, and by which the standards in common use among Hebrews, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans were regulated, and from which we ourselves (barbarians of the outer world) have derived those now in use. By no other supposition could the strange similarity amongst all these be accounted for.

The coffer contains almost exactly our chaldron, a word which, in the Latin, whence it was derived, exactly describes the ancient hot-bath in form, resembling this coffer. The chaldron, as we all know, subdivides into 4 quarters, 32 bushels, 128 pecks, measures which have too strange an affinity to those of these other nations to have been the result of accident. Thus, by Hebrew measurement, the coffer contains *four chomers* of wheat; and the Greeks and Romans subdivided their larger measures into 128 *hecteis* or 128 *modii*. As with the measures of capacity, so also with those of length. The coincidences are, to say the least, very wonderful, and it seems certain that the standard used by the pyramid builders was undoubtedly equivalent to the sacred cubit of the Hebrews. The central position of Egypt, equally easy of access to Europe, Asia, and Africa, would account for its being chosen as the site of this great international standard.

In support of this theory, faint voices whisper from out the dim cloud of oblivion which has so long rested on these mighty summits. Herodotus tells of a tradition, that during the building of the pyramid a remarkable shepherd of Palestine, called Philition, was encamped near it, and was supposed to have had much to do with directing the work. He was the great enemy of the Egyptian gods. Certainly he must have had strange influence with the king, for all the temples were shut up, the offering of sacrifices was forbidden, and all the Egyptians were compelled to work at these great buildings—some at the quarries, some bringing the stones across the Nile, others dragging them to the desert. They worked in parties of one hundred thousand men at a time, each party during three months.

At the end of one hundred and six years, during which Cheops and his brother Caphren successively reigned, the pyramids were completed, and the mysterious stranger withdrew in the direction of Arabia. Then Mycerinus ascended the throne, and once more the temples were opened, and the worship of the Egyptian gods resumed.

Another strange reference to this is made by Manetho, an Egyptian priest, who lived 300 years B.C., and tells how these came up from the East men of an ignoble race, who invaded the country and easily subdued it by their power, *without a battle*. These men, 'having our rulers in their hands,' burnt the cities, demolished the temples of the gods, and made themselves generally obnoxious. These were the hated shepherd kings. So greatly did the Egyptians abhor this race that they would not willingly mention their names, but preferred to call the pyramids after Philiton, the mysterious stranger, who tended his flocks beneath their lengthening shadows.

It is said that the custom of these foreign shepherds of offering to their god a sacrifice of blood, was one thing which made their presence so offensive to the people, such offerings being an abomination to the ancient Egyptians. Hence, in later ages, the anxiety of Moses to be allowed to go three days' journey into the wilderness before he could safely venture to sacrifice a burnt-offering to the Lord. It is inferred that during all the time the Israelites were in Egypt on sufferance they never once ventured thus to sacrifice after the manner of their fathers. A thousand years later, however, we hear of the Egyptians themselves having adopted the same mode of worship, and offering animals in sacrifice to their gods.

Bearing in mind this theory of a Divine command for the building of the pyramids, it would seem strange indeed to find no direct allusion to them in Holy Writ; not even so slight a comment as that which refers to 'the ivory house of Ahab' and other things, marvellous in our human eyes, though irrelevant to the sacred story.

On closer inspection, however, various passages are found which seem to point to these great buildings as to illustrations well known by the Jews. Such, for instance, as those which describe our Lord as the Head-Stone of His Church; the Chief Corner-Stone, in Whom all the building fitly framed together groweth up and is perfected, united by this one perfect Stone into a glorious polished building, without spot or wrinkle. No other form of building could justly be described as having a *chief* corner-stone. Four equal corners are sunk, as into sockets, to make a strong foundation, but this One crowns the whole wonderful temple.

This too, remember, must have been cut in those quarries by men who probably were ignorant of its destination; so this huge five-cornered block would be rejected by the builders till the very last, as a thing not understood; literally, a stone of stumbling, a rock of offence—a thing all angles, on which whosoever fell would assuredly be broken; while in its turn should it, while slowly rising to the summit, or when at last finally removed by sacrilegious hands, together with the other polished casing-stones—should it then slip and fall on any man, most assuredly it would 'grind him to powder.' When at length the great building was well-nigh finished, then the stone which

the builders had so long disallowed and set at naught would become the Head-Stone of the Corner. Then, as Zechariah described (chap. iv. 7), the people would bring the Head-Stone of the Great Mountain with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace, unto it!

It has been further suggested * that God Himself alludes to this Great Pyramid as to a type of the earth, when He speaks to Job of having laid the foundations of the earth; having laid the measures thereof, and stretched the line upon it; having laid the Corner-Stone thereof, while the sons of God shouted for joy; although another passage in Job tells us that 'the Almighty hangeth the earth upon nothing.'

The marginal reading for 'Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened' is 'Whereupon are the sockets thereof made to sink,' which is said to be the more literal translation, and strikingly descriptive of those sockets wherein the four corner-stones of the foundation were originally laid.

Job is also supposed to have alluded to the sepulchral pyramids, when he wishes he were at rest, with kings and counsellors of the earth which built desolate places for themselves—*desolate places* being rendered *pyramids* in sundry improved translations. So, in the Lamentations of Jeremiah written in Egypt, 'He has set me in dark places (or pyramids) as they that be dead of old.'

The third pyramid undoubtedly was made use of as a place of sepulture, for herein were found the remains of that King Mycerinus who succeeded Cheops and Suphis, and is commonly affirmed to be son of the former, though from various circumstances, such as his re-opening the temples and restoring the worship of the gods, it seems probable that he was of quite a different race. In his pyramid was found the orthodox mummy-board, with hieroglyphics, whereas no inscriptions whatever are found in the other pyramids. Mycerinus and his coffin of cedar-wood are now in the British Museum, having been found (broken open) in an upper chamber. His whinstone sarcophagus was also carried off, but the ship containing it was lost off Carthage.

Of the smaller pyramids which cluster round these giants, one is said to have been built by the daughter of Cheops. There are also tombs of whole families of kings and nobles, with sculptures and paintings on a coating of fine lime, as fresh as though they were the work of yesterday, though now half-buried in sand.

Among the countless suggestions as to the original intention with which these mountains of hewn stone were built on the edge of a boundless desert, the notion of their having been astronomical observatories for the Magi is one of the most plausible; and after seeing the huge stonework buildings and strange instruments of old astronomers at Delhi and Benares, it struck us with peculiar interest.

* *The Great Pyramid.* John Taylor.

It is said that, with the exception of the pyramids in Nubia, all that have been examined, both in Mexico and Assyria, as well as the pyramidal temples in India, have their sides turned to the four cardinal points. Those at Gizeh do not stand strictly true, but it was proved that they had been placed obliquely so as to make the north side coincide exactly with the obliquity of the sun's rays in summer. This idea was further encouraged by finding the signs of the zodiac sculptured on several tombs. It is curious that Diodorus gives the same story of the building of the pyramid as Herodotus, except that he ascribes the work, not to Cheops, but to Chemmis, the Sun; while the Copts still claim the word pyramid for their own, in spite of Greek derivations, and declare it to mean 'the sun's rays.' Of course the name of Chemmis may have been only a substitute for the title of Pharaoh, 'child of the sun,' by which the Egyptians described all their kings. Nevertheless, considering how many similar buildings have been found in other lands, dedicated to the sun and stars, this coincidence may not be without interest.

For instance, there is the great brick and clay pyramid at Cholula, in Mexico, which covers twice as much ground as old Cheops, though only the height of his son's sepulchre (about 170 feet). Inside of it were found two bodies entombed, and two basalt idols; and on the summit (which is now much overgrown) stood an altar to the god of the air.

Near the city of Mexico were two very large pyramids in steps. On their summit stood two colossal statues dedicated to the sun and moon and overlaid with plates of gold, which, of course, were removed by Cortes and his Spaniards. On these blood-stained summits the Mexicans offered barbarous human sacrifices on the morning of the sun's new birth. Round these large pyramids were several hundred lesser ones, placed in long lines, running to the four points of the compass.

Then there was the great Assyrian pyramid, built of seven different coloured bricks, which was dedicated by Nebuchadnezzar to the planets.

There were also small models of pyramids found in various Egyptian tombs, bearing inscriptions in adoration of the sun.

Even in the Sandwich Islands, we are told by Mr. Ellis, the missionary, that the chief temple was a solid pyramid of blocks of coral-rock, in front of which were fixed idols and their altars, while the bones of dead chiefs were carefully concealed among the coral blocks which formed the great platform on which this pyramid was built. So this was at once a temple and a tomb.

Whether these great Egyptian tombs did, or did not, act also as temples or observatories, it is curious to notice how the same idea has prevailed in every nation, of raising conical mounds of earth or stone over the dead, beginning with the little green hillock of our own church-

yards, up to those great tumuli which we find in almost every county of Great Britain : the monarch of tumuli being that known as Silbury Hill, in Wiltshire, which antiquaries so long believed to be the sepulchre of a British King ; though they now seem satisfied that it was erected as a great moad, or judgment seat. It covers six acres of land, and its perpendicular height is the same as Cholula (170 feet).

We had heard very bitter complaints of the nuisance of being tormented by the Arabs for backsheish ; so, before starting, we made the old dragoman plight his troth that the word should not be uttered in our hearing, and, to his honour be it spoken, the pledge was kept. The regular tip of two rupees per head, was paid by each of the trio who ascended, to the five Arabs who were told off to each of them, and not another coin was craved.

I, who have a physical abhorrence for being jerked up mountainous ridges, and infinitely preferred the rare luxury of solitude in such a place, found my way down to the Sphinx, not without some misgivings of stray Arabs : for I bethought me of two other ladies who had thus lingered in the same place, when a crowd of Bedouins gathered round them, clamouring for backsheish. Just as they were becoming seriously alarmed, the elder lady, by a happy flash of inspiration, bethought her of a complete double set of false teeth, and, after solemnly waving her arms and pronouncing some grim sentences, she rapidly whisked out the said teeth and gnashed them in the faces of her persecutors, who forthwith turned tail and fled, shrieking that it was Satan himself : her fair complexion being strictly in accordance with Arabic demonology.

I remember in Wolfe's travels he tells how the Arab women gathered round him, declaring that he was as white as the devil ! I fancy the idea must be somehow connected with the Nubian Albinos, who, although children of jet black parents, are quite white and dead-looking, sometimes, however, flushing slightly. Their features retain the pure Ethiopian type, the eyes sometimes pink, and hair either gray or reddish, but quite woolly.

How strange it seemed to be standing alone, amid these vestiges of a bygone world, to be, perhaps, on the very spot where, well nigh four thousand years ago, Abraham and Sarah (poor strangers in a strange land, drawn thither, like their descendants, to escape from famine) may have stood, marvelling at these mighty new buildings, and little thinking that the lonely cave of Machpelah at Hebron, in the Valley of Eshcol, would be held sacred thousands of years after these Egyptian tombs, if tombs they were, had been rifled, and the very names of their builders forgotten.

That the tombs of the Patriarchs should have been thus kept inviolate, is due to neither Jew nor Christian, both having been, for seven long centuries, jealously excluded by the Mohammedans, who took possession of the Christian Church, built by the Empress Helena,

mother of Constantine, over the cave where sleep all the Patriarchs and their wives—Rachel alone excepted. The Church was converted into a great Mosque, El-haram, where tombs covered with red and green silk are objects of pilgrimage for the faithful, but so awesome is their reverence for him who is always spoken of as 'El-Kalil,' the Friend of God, that they have built up the entrance to the cavern (although within the Mosque) lest rash foot should intrude on the holy ground. Only a small aperture is left, immediately above the sacred grave, to allow for the suspension of a lamp during the hours of night. Strange, is it not, to think that the descendants of poor Hagar, the brethren of the False Prophet, should be those who, in this nineteenth century, thus debar the sons of Sarah, and the followers of the Christ, from all access to a tomb so dear to all alike? I suppose this is almost the only instance in which veneration for the dead has saved their tomb from desecration by too curiously prying admirers.

As you look back through that far mist of ages, one scene after another seems to crowd on your mind. Once more you seem to hear the wail of bitter anguish echoing through the length and breadth of the land, telling of the death of the first-born in every house, and of every generation, of man and of beast, in the palace of Pharaoh or the captive's dungeon; an exceeding bitter cry, drowning that whereby the Israelites had called down this wrath on their cruel hosts. Since then, it is the cry of the Egyptians, oppressed by foreign taskmasters which has risen up to Heaven; but their Deliverer still tarries. And through all these long centuries the 'giant brothers of stone' still sit enthroned on the verge of the great pathless desert,

'Wrapt in a glory all their own;
A standing mystery given in stone,
Hard to decipher, hard to spell,
Keeping their secret wondrous well;
A riddle to sages of every land.'

And not to sages alone, a riddle; for, as another poet of the pyramids has it:

'Old Time, himself so old, is like a child,
And can't remember when these blocks were piled
Or caverns scooped: but with amazed eye
He seems to pause—like other standers-by,
Half thinking, that the wonders, left unknown,
Were born in ages, older than his own.'

It is this sense of mysterious knowledge that overwhelms you in their presence. You long for some genii of old to awaken them from their spell-bound sleep, and bid them tell you tales of long-forgotten ages. Perhaps, who knows? of antedeluvian times. The thought comes home to you that earth does hold something well-nigh immutable. You may fail to realise the gigantic proportions of these great solid mountains. They certainly have no beauty to charm the eye, but the consciousness of the endless changes which these watchful

dumb witnesses have beheld, keeps evermore welling up from the depths of memory, as you think how one proud dynasty after another has arisen in its might, and crumbled away in dust, leaving no track on those shifting desert sands. Egyptians and Israelites, Ethiopians and shepherd kings, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, Saracen or Corsican conquerors, Patriarchal Bedouins and hard-wrought Fellahs, swarthy Pachas or fair-haired British princes—ruthless pillagers of even the polished facings of the old monuments—or the reverent hand of the archæologist—all have had their little day—have looked down from the same spot on the scene of their ambition or their wonders, and still these mystic piles abide, and must abide, till some wild convulsion of earth may upheave even these, and make the desert blossom as a rose.

And what of the Sphinx, whose sleepless steadfast eyes still watch and wait? Well, I am afraid he is something like the veiled prophet of Khorassan, and sorely needs the silver veil of moonlight to lend him that grace and majesty which might entrance his worshippers. In the glare of midday his scars, however honourable, are too defacing, and the negro lips and heavy sullen countenance (some call it calm and placid) of the Coptic race, requires an eye, trained to so different a type of beauty from that in which we find delight, that I, for one, failed to render him due homage. After all, impressions do depend vastly on times and seasons.

I rather found pleasure in summoning up visions from the past—once more peopling the desert with a vast crowd of worshippers, splendid priests, monarchs, nobles, once more thronging the courts of the sphinx temple, and sharing in its gorgeous ceremonials. Then, as a vision of later days, come the Persian legions wantonly mutilating the grand calm face that heeded their insults so little, and still gazed steadfastly on and on to some far away future.

All we now behold is the human head and part of the lion's back, for though the lower part was some years ago cleared with infinite trouble, the sand silted back into the excavations nearly as fast as it was removed. Those who were then present tell us that the body, which is part of the same solid rock as the head, is 128 feet long, and that the paws, which are built of masonry, extend about fifty feet further.

Between these paws stands a small temple, on the walls of which are inscriptions setting forth the visits of sundry eminent Greeks and Romans, amongst others, the Emperor Caracalla. It also has sundry bas-reliefs, one of which shows a worshipper bringing offerings to the Sphinx. Flights of steps from the plain below to the base of this temple suggested the awe with which such votaries might approach, looking up at the colossal being which towered above them. On the temple may be traced a winged globe, emblematic of Providence overshadowing the land of the Nile.

I tried in vain to make out whether this grand old image still retains his serpent crown. You know the Theban sphinx was generally, if not invariably, surmounted by a serpent as its third component part, a matter of great importance in the eyes of those who believe they can prove some knowledge of a Triune God, from the threefold nature of this image, so widely worshipped under varied combinations—the Mexicans, Assyrians, Persians, Chinese, and other old nations all having sphinxes, more or less similar, with or without wings, sometimes a bull, sometimes a lion, but invariably presenting the threefold type, and always retaining the human 'figure-head,' as the sailors say. This, in the ancient Theban sphinx, was invariably that of a man; while the more courteous Greeks in later days worshipped the type feminine.

Imagine how marvellous a temple that must have been at Karnac, with its avenue of sixteen hundred sphinxes reaching all the way from Luxor, and each of the four entrances to Karnac having similar avenues—each sphinx, the size of an elephant couchant, numbering in all about four thousand! Imagine the gorgeous processions of worshippers and priests winding down this wondrously guarded approach, and passing on to halls so vast, that it is said the mighty cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris might easily have stood within one of them, and yet have left room for an outer passage. Here were presented the offerings of the people; certain animals, fruits, and flowers; the sacred lotus-blossom, water-melons, dates, and figs. But chiefly fragrant incense was for ever rising heavenward, different sorts being offered at the morning and evening sacrifice. That which was used in the temple of the Sun at sunset was the most precious, being a compound of sixteen varieties of sweet-smelling spices.

It is generally supposed that in the later days of ancient Egypt, some conception of the unity of God had found its way to the minds of the learned, and that all their divers gods and abstruse symbols, were to their minds mere emblems of His Divine attributes; though of course to the ignorant, they may have continued to be actual objects of worship. The Arabs still call the sphinx Aboohôl, 'the father of terror,' and believe him to have some connection with those genii who love to dwell in desolate places.

As I sat gazing at the Great Sphinx, a group of these children of Ishmael were kindling a fire beneath its shadow! and as the blue smoke curled up and caught the fierce sun, it became golden. The hot glare from fire and sand reflected its light on the soft dusky tint of their skin and striped blankets worn as robes, their camels and our donkeys completing the group.

Meanwhile, as we looked up to the summit of the pyramid, we detected some tiny black specks beginning to descend from their eyrie in the clouds, and very soon the awful solitude of the great sphynx temple (if such it be), was broken by our descent into its cool shadow, there to

lunch like other vulgar mortals. This has only been excavated in recent times. It is built of huge oblong blocks of polished red granite, some measuring 13 feet by 5, and has a double row of similar monoliths to act as pillars.

At the close of our meal, it felt homelike to see how glad the Arabs were to gather up the remaining fragments, and share them among themselves; after being accustomed to the Hindoo abhorrence of our touch, or that of any of their own brethren, if of other caste. Not that the Arabs would eat their prize at this hour. They were observing the long austere fast of Ramadhan far too strictly to be tempted to any infringement of the law, but it was well to make provision against sundown. During these long forty days, not so much as a crumb of bread, a cup of coffee, or even a whiff of smoke, may pass their lips from sunrise till sunset. Through the burning hours of noon, not a drop of cooling water may moisten the parched lips of a faithful follower of the Prophet.

Several of the Arabs offered us small antiquities for sale, but having heard of the skill of the modern Copts in manufacturing such treasures, we did not invest therein, though some very fine fossil echini (sea-eggs) proved a more tempting bait. Of these we also found most beautiful recent specimens for sale at Suez. We were told that many places in this neighbourhood are highly fossiliferous. As to the pyramids themselves, whether they are, or are not, royal mausoleums, at least they are the sepulchres of countless myriads of minute creatures, inasmuch as the whole chain of Lybian mountains is one vast fossilised mass of nummulites;* so the pyramids and grave-old sphynx are each solid heaps of organic remains. It is said that these nummulites were declared by Strabo to be petrified specimens of the barley and lentils supplied to the pyramid-builders!! Even if such was truly his verdict, it does seem rather hard that it should be remembered to this day!

We were told that in the mud village of Gizeh (once the summer residence of the great folk of Cairo, and adorned with palaces and mosques, but now simply a dirty group of hovels) we might see the process of artificial egg-hatching, which has been carried on here since the days of the Pharaohs. However, Egyptian poultry are even worse neighbours than their Egyptian brethren, so we kept respectfully aloof, having besides no wish to encounter the clamour and jabber of a crowd of Arab women, who on the shortest provocation pour forth their dulcet conversation at the rate of five hundred words per minute.

Certainly their voices are the most unmusical in creation; yet so long as they are silent, they are by no means unattractive; in fact the majority are decidedly graceful, as they move to and fro about their household work, or group themselves by the river or the well, bearing on their heads large two-handed water jars, of classic form. Their stately erect figures seem draped, rather than dressed, in their loose

* *Nautilus Mammilla* or *Lenticularis*.

flowing robe of coarse, dark-blue material, which falls in careless folds, pleasant to the eye, as they walk along with light, swift step.

Though we did not venture into the chicken's cradle, we heard all about the process of artificial incubation. The nursery is a miserable mud building, consisting of two chambers of varied heat ; the inner one is kept at about ninety degrees. The roof is perforated for ventilation. The eggs are placed in recesses all round the room, and from five to six hundred interesting young orphan chicks, may be seen here, sitting huddled together, lamenting the maternal wing with plaintive chirp. The eggs are heated for about three weeks before the chicks come forth. They are supplied by all the neighbouring villagers who receive in return one third of the young birds. One-third are supposed to prove failures, and the rearer receives the remainder. This mode of hatching is only successful in the spring months.

It was late in the afternoon when we bade farewell to the Sphinx and the Pyramids, and the little donkeys cantered cheerily back to shabby, old Cairo, to the north of which sundry mounds of rubble and earth are pointed out as being the ruins of old Babylon ; a high sounding name once born by a small fort, said by Strabo to have been built by some deserters from the great Assyrian Babylon, who fled to Egypt and settled in this place. We recrossed the noble stream, its calm, oily surface reflecting each graceful lateen sail, or feathery rustling palm ; there was an intense tranquillity over earth, and sky, and river ; the light air making each breath a delight, while we drank in the luxurious beauty of the glowing evening.

Then back to the nineteenth century, a *table d'hôte* dinner among men of all nations, and then a few minutes in the soft serene twilight before entering the Khedive's pretty and luxurious opera-house, a curious contrast to the scenes of the morning.

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

Spider. We have not gone on with our English history list.

Arachne. And I warn you that I don't know modern history so well as mediæval, and that I always feel it like wading to read about politics, so that I am not a very good guide.

Spider. Never mind. How about that queer person, James I.?

Arachne. Miss Aikin is very amusing as to one aspect of his reign, but I believe the soundest views both of him and of his son are to be had from Mr. Gardiner, as far as his history has yet gone.

Spider. For the Church history?

Arachne. Take Dr. Hook upon Bancroft, Abbot, and Laud. For bright contemporary history, dear old Fuller; as a briefer guide, Perry's *Student's Church History*, which I mentioned before. Walton's *Lives* come in here too.

Spider. 'His green retreat.'

Arachne. Showing how a real intelligent love of the Church of England for her Catholicity had been growing up, ready to bear the Church through the storms that were coming.

Spider. Here come in such a world of conflicting writers that one is utterly confused.

Arachne. Clarendon was, and still is, the standard guide through the events; but it is needful to take something further removed from the period besides. Guizot's *English Revolution* is excellent, and very fairly impartial. And we always must distinguish between the political malcontents and the religious ones, who were by no means identical, though they made common cause.

Spider. I suppose, short of rebellion, the political ones were not so very wrong.

Arachne. A large-minded man, who could feel the temper of his people, would have satisfied them, and kept their loyalty. The life of Sir John Eliot best shows how heavily a grievance could fall. You see the decay of the turbulent nobility had enabled the Tudors to usurp much power, and all the neighbouring monarchies had likewise been tending to become absolute. The old feudal constitutions were looked on as obsolete hindrances to be got rid of, and Charles, being a really good man, conscious that he merely wanted to do right, thought it only for the good of his people to put down opposition. He was really infinitely less oppressive than the Tudors were, only the people would not bear as much.

Spider. And Strafford thought it his duty to exalt the crown.

Arachne. Exactly as Cardinal de Richelieu was doing in France, and far more conscientiously.

Spider. And Laud, whom all common histories delight to call 'the meddling prelate.'

Arachne. In point of fact, that is nonsense. There was a real necessity that the Church of England should be rescued from the growing irreverence of Puritanism. We owe to Laud the reverence now shown to our altars, for though his work was overthrown in his lifetime, it was the men trained under him who restored the Church, as far as possible, according to his ideal. As Archbishop he had a perfect right to insist on the obedience of the clergy in his own see, and to call on the Bishops to enforce decency of worship in theirs.

Spider. But was it right to put people into the pillory and cut off their ears?

Arachne. My dear, nobody had his ears cut off for being a Puritan. It was the lawful punishment for libel, and Prynne incurred it by libelling the Bishops. It was, no doubt, a horrible penalty, but the old savage law had not been repealed, and those who transgressed it did so at their peril. The hardship was that when every one used such atrocious language about his adversaries, one or two should be singled out to suffer for it. Besides, it was the Star Chamber that gave the sentence, not the Archbishop. He had a seat there, but was not often present.

Spider. And about the Scottish matters?

Arachne. Dr. Burton gives a clear clue to them, but with a bitter animus against Laud, and no perception that the King did not act out of meddling or tyranny, but from the assurance that the greatest mercy he could do the Scots would be to restore to them the true Church. It is really curious to see how utterly incapable so able a man as was Dr. Burton is of perceiving that the changes in the Scottish Service-book from our Prayer-book were not in the interest of Popery, but of Catholicity. If the national spirit required a difference between the books, it was well to take the opportunity of removing ambiguities, and restoring what had been omitted in King Edward's Second Book. That the Scots misunderstood the purpose was no wonder, but Burton's want of comprehension is stranger.

Spider. But was it right to force it on?

Arachne. No. There came in one of the errors that cost good men so dear. However, we cannot realise the notion that prevailed everywhere as well as here, that when a thing was good and right, all ought to be *made* to accept it. The notions of right on the opposite side were quite as strong, and as Charles attempted the thing unconstitutionally, they had full ground for resistance. It is very difficult to find the history fairly put, and I think we can only read for ourselves, and try to make up our minds. For the war itself, Warburton's *Prince Rupert*

and the *Cavaliers* is charming reading, and you may have the other side in grim enthusiasm in Carlyle's *Cromwell*, a book which so upset the sympathies of the reading world that Cromwell has become the popular hero.

Spider. And to have any feeling for King Charles is accounted a young ladyism. What do you think?

Arachne. There is a sonnet of Aubrey de Vere's that greatly expresses my feeling about him—

'Perfect he was not, being but a man
And subject to temptation as a king;
Knowledge came to him from afar, a thing
Mis-shaped as craft inspired or rumour ran.
He fell upon a time when thought began
With faith to wrestle, and hot youth to spring
Into the seat of age, the serf to fling
His chain to earth, the fanatic to ban
The altar and to beard anointed power:
Authority so scorned, prerogative
So lightly valued and so ill-defined,
Unhappy was the Prince who ruled that house,
Unhappy we, unless our hearts we give
To that great warning he bequeathed mankind.'

Spider. Do you think he was false and treacherous?

Arachne. I think political morality as to truth had been so utterly overthrown by the Machiavellian system, that statesmen and kings thought falsehood an absolutely lawful weapon, and that it would have taken a man of more original power than Charles to perceive that he was bound not to make mental reservations in dealing with subjects who, to his mind, were demanding mischievous concessions. At the same time, nobody states anything fairly, and he considered himself to be often met with the same want of absolute truth and honesty, so that it is not possible to judge. Among the contemporary books giving pictures of the two sides, I should take Mrs. Hutchinson's and Lady Fanshawe's *Memoirs*; also Wishart's *Life of Montrose* and Napier's life of the same hero. Madame de Witt's *Memoir of Charlotte de la Tremouille*, who comes out rather a hard personage.

Spider. I once peeped into Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*. How curious they are, and how interesting—we went off to state matters when we had been talking of Laud—I suppose he was right.

Arachne. Most soundly right in principle and in firmness, but ill-judging in manner. I believe that if he had been a gentleman of high family, with dignity of person, and conciliating manner, and a temper to take opposition easily, he would have carried the English nation with him in his changes and restorations, but there was something irritating in his way of dealing with people. As I said, Dr. Hook gives you the best modern picture of him.

Spider. For Restoration literature?

Arachne. As before, Lingard, Knight, Carte for State, Perry for

Church, Miss Strickland and Mrs. Everett Green for private life. *The Tales of a Grandfather* and Burton for the sad Scottish story. Then in more detail Anderton's *Life of Bishop Ken*, Evelyn's and Pepys' *Diaries*, Evelyn's *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, the *Memoirs of Lady Rache. Russell*, and the *Life of Grissell Baillie*. But books crowd on us so much that I can only tell you of a few that have interested me.

Spider. Here Macaulay comes in—

Arachne. With wonderful interest. His account of the trial of the Seven Bishops is one of the most striking bits of writing in the language.

Spider. One may finish up their histories in Miss Strickland's *Seven Bishops*.

Arachne. Add to that the *Life of Robert Frampton*, one of the non-juring bishops. Allowing for Macaulay's hero-worship of William of Orange, like Froude's of Henry VIII., and for his misunderstandings of the Church, he is the most interesting writer you can take up for that time. But Lord Stanhope who comes in next is far more trustworthy, and you should also read Marlborough's life. Cox's is too long for our degenerate days, but Creighton's short life is well done.

Spider. How far does Stanhope go on?

Arachne. Well through the Jacobite days. You should also have for the Church Mr. Keble's *Life of Bishop Wilson*, and Southey's *Life of Wesley*, or a short life published by the S.P.C.K. But Perry has here only a little supplement, and the Church history of those times has yet to be written.

Spider. Horrid times!

Arachne. Yes, there is a sad picture of them in Mrs. Oliphant's *Times of George II.*, or even in the *Life of Mrs. Delaney*. Orme's *History of Hindostan* is quite a relief, the people there are so gallant. Do you remember, it was the solace of Scott's boyhood, during his long illness, when he used to make little forts and fight the battles? I read it aloud once, and it is really fascinating.

Spider. Then there is Macaulay's *Life of Clive*.

Arachne. Without the same detailed charm, though full of life. I think the American war is best to be read in Higginson's *Young Folks' History of the United States*, or in the *History of America*, also by him, in Macmillan's little red series.

Spider. How about Thackeray's book about the four George's?

Arachne. Unjust and unpleasant in every way, especially to the two later ones. Alison's *History of the French Revolution* is a huge book, but it is really the best guide to the whole political history of the time, and as to the memoirs of individuals, and histories of wars, I cannot attempt to tell you the quarter of them, even if I had read any large proportion of them myself.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

SOPHOCLES (*continued*).

THE MAIDENS OF TRACHIS.*

DEIANIRA'S PITY FOR THE CAPTIVES.

[LICHAS, a herald, has just told DEIANIRA of Heracles' success. There are also present the CHORUS and IOLÉ, with other captive ladies.]

CHORUS.

My queen, here's sure and present joy waits on thee,
In what thou hear'st and see'st before thine eyes.

DEIANIRA.

And should I not, hearing the prosperous hap
Of my good lord, with all my heart rejoice?
My joy must still keep pace with his success,
Indeed it must; and yet, if well we heed,
His fortune that's o'er prosperous hath some fear
Lest he once fall; for I am moved, sweet friends,
With marvellous deep pity to behold
These ladies, torn by harsh fate from their homes,
Thrown fatherless on a strange land, and those,
Who, my heart says, were gently nurtured once,
Doomed now to lead the life of slaves. Oh Zeus,
That giv'st the victory, let me not see thee e'er
Thy countenance so turn on child of mine,
Or, if thou dost, yet not whiles I have life.
Thus, looking on these ladies, prompts my fear.
Oh hapless girl (*To IOLÉ*), how rank'st thou among these?
Matron art thou or maid? for thy looks say
Nought of all this thou know'st, but art right royal.
[*IOLÉ remains silent.*]
Lichas, who's he calls this fair stranger child?
What mother had she? who was her father? speak,
For most of all it pities me to see her,
As she doth show alone in modesty.

LICHAS.

How should I know? Why, madam, ask of me?
Perchance she springs from some not meanest there.

DEIANIRA.

From the blood-royal? Some child of Eurytus?

LICHAS.

I know not, for I stayed not long to question.

DEIANIRA.

Nor heard'st her name from these her fellowship?

LICHAS.

Nay, nay. I did my part and held my tongue.

* Owing to an oversight, the introduction to this play was given separately in the *Monthly Packet* for October last.

DEIANIRA.

Oh, tell me then, poor thing, thyself. Indeed
It grieves me much to know not who thou art.

LICHAS.

I think she will not to more purpose move
Her tongue than heretofore, for she's not spoke,
As yet, word small or great, but still as tho'
Her heart did labour with its weight of grief,
Ceased not, poor soul, to weep, since erst she left
Her father's wind-swept towers; her lot's indeed
Past help, and yet it asks our sympathy.

DEIANIRA.

Then leave her to herself, and let her go
Within as she shall choose. I would not add
Another grief to those she hath already.
This one's enough. And now, let's all within;
Thou thitherward to haste where thou wouldst be;*
I, to set all in readiness within.

DEIANIRA'S FEARS OF HER RIVAL.

DEIANIRA.

My friends, while yet within, in act to go,
The stranger holds the captive maids in talk,
Have I, all unperceived, stole out to you,
To tell you of a plan my hands have shaped,
The whiles I claim your pity for my wrongs.
For I've received this girl (no girl, methinks,
But wedded), as a merchant man some freight;
A bale shall prove sore burden to my peace.
And now we two, beneath the self-same roof,
One lord await; such wage doth Heracles,
So fond and true as the world rumours him,
Send me for meed of my long housekeeping.
And yet, my heart cannot be wroth with him,
Though sick to death with this same sickness oft.
Yet dwell with her! what woman lives could do it?—
In the same house—sharing the self-same marriage?
For I perceive her beauties still at bud,
Whiles mine decay; whereof the first invites
The eyes of men to seizure of their bloom,
But from the last they coldly turn away.
Here lies my fear; that Heracles though called
My lord, prove suitor to her younger charms.
But peace! said I not wrath did ill become
A wife's sound sense? yet there's a thought, my friends,
I'll tell you of, shall bring me remedy. . . . †

THE NURSE DESCRIBES THE DEATH OF DEIANIRA.

When she was entered in the house alone,
And saw her son within the court bespread
The yielding couch, against he back returned
To meet his sire, she, hid where none might see,
Moaned, sinking on the altar, 'Desolate!'

* i.e. to meet Heracles.

† She proceeds to tell them of the Centaur's gift.

Sore weeping if some homely thing she touched,
 That ever she, poor soul, was wont to use.
 And ever wandering restless to and fro
 About the house, if e'er the gaze she met
 Of one of those that served and loved her well,
 Forth gushed her tears, poor lady, at the sight,
 Whiles her own mouth did her harsh fate accuse,
 And life made childless for all days to come.
 Anon her plaints she ceased, and suddenly
 I saw her rush towards her husband's room.
 And I, veiling my eyes in shadow, watched,
 Myself unseen, and saw her spread and smooth
 The covering on the couch of Heracles,
 And when an end was made, she leapt thereon,
 And sat her in the midst upon the couch,
 And thus, weeping hot floods of tears, she spake :
 'Oh couch and all that was my bridal bliss,
 Farewell for ever now, since me no more
 Your downy rest shall have as bed-fellow.'
 Thus speaking, both her eager hands at once
 Her robe unloosed, whose clasp of beaten gold
 Was fastened o'er her breast, and all her side
 And her left shoulder bared ; but I made haste,
 With all the strength I could, to tell her son
 What deed his mother did devise ; then scarce
 Our hasty steps had measured to and fro,
 Ere we beheld her smite the two-edged sword
 Deep in her side, below the heart. Loud shrieked
 Her son when that he saw ; too well he knew,
 Unhappy boy, his wrath had aimed that blow,*
 Warned as he was too late, by those at home,
 That she unwillingly did what she did,
 At the brute beast's † behest. And then the boy
 Seemed, in his grief, as he would never cease
 Lamenting, while he wailed his mother's fate,
 Or pressing her cold lips with his, but lay,
 His languid side by her side, moaning oft
 'Twas his light tongue had basely slandered her,
 And crying, 'twixt his sobs, his life was reft
 Of father, mother both, and in one day.
 Thus things are there ; so that if one should count
 On two short days or more, his thoughts are vain.
 For no man shall the morrow call his own,
 Ere he in bliss outlive the present day.

GERARD W. SMITH.

* Her son, Hyllus, had been the first to bring her the news of his father's death, and to cover her with reproaches for her supposed guilt.

† The Centaur Nessus.

ODDS AND ENDS OF WORK IN A CITY PARISH.

IV.

PICTURES AND MUSIC.

If it be true that one of the greatest kindnesses we can do for the children of the working classes is to teach them, as far as we can, to care for things that shall be sources of pleasure to them in all their hard-working lives, then, after we have made them love flowers and books, we can scarcely do better for them than teach them to care about looking at pictures.

We shall not talk about the use of it, for the words we quoted in our paper on books dispose, once for all, of all utilitarian objections that might be raised against it; so we shall only tell of the pleasant mornings that once a year it falls to our lot to spend with our school children in a large annual exhibition of paintings which is held in our city. And any one who tries a like experiment will probably feel, as we do, that in the couple of hours spent among the pictures he has learned more of the individual characters of many of the children, and they have taken into their little minds a larger store of new ideas, than could have been done on either side in as many months of the ordinary schoolroom routine.

For there are as many different ways of looking at a picture as there are of reading a book. Some few of the children seem to find their whole pleasure in going as fast as they can from one painting to another, and ascertaining the names, almost without taking time to see what they are about; but most of them look at them intelligently enough, and are delighted to be talked to a little about them—to have some of the beauties of the landscapes pointed out to them—to be told the stories of the historical pieces—and to have stories or meanings suggested for the figure pictures, which latter stories, however, we find they nearly always accept, not as suggestions merely, but as literal and well-authenticated facts. Of course the figure pieces are the most general favourites, especially those that represent such scenes of everyday life as they are familiar with already, for there seems to be a special attraction in seeing common things transferred to canvas and hung up to be looked at; and one child, indeed, amused us not a little by picking out for particular admiration in a very beautiful painting an earthenware jug with the window reflected in it, which occupied a very subordinate place in the picture, and yet pleased her more than any other part of it, because it was something whose truthfulness she could test for herself.

But, on the other hand, we have often been astonished at the fascination that some sad or tragic picture has for most of the children—at the grave faces with which they have gathered round a painting of a woman receiving sentence of death—at the shuddering earnestness with which they listened to an explanation of a scene from the September massacres in Paris—at the hold that the story of Lady Macbeth's remorse seemed to take on their minds.

Of course, a picture that merely terrified them, or that gave too literal a representation of physical horrors, would do them unmixed harm; but in English picture galleries such are happily not often to be met with, and the sad pictures seem to give them the same pleasure that the very brightest and most light-hearted children will find in a melancholy book.

As for the landscapes, although there are some few children who prefer 'scenes,' as they call them, to everything else, yet on the whole they are not general favourites; partly, no doubt, because to children pent up all their lives in close streets they are *only* pictures, and have none of the charm that comes to us, when we look at them, from what they recall to us, as well as from what they actually represent. But the elder children like to see them, nevertheless; and who can tell how many pleasant ideas of heathery mountains, or still lakes, or green shady woodlands those pictures may have stored up in their minds, which, without some such help, would know very little of the glory and freshness of the wide and beautiful world that lies outside that world of brick and mortar to which their own experience is almost entirely limited?

We might fill a whole paper with the queer remarks and the odd questions which the different pictures suggest to different children, for our rule of never laughing at any question asked us is, perhaps, seldom harder to adhere to than it often is in the picture gallery. Once, after telling as much of the story of the *Merchant of Venice* as was necessary to explain a picture of Shylock, we were asked very solemnly by a very small child, 'And is all that in the Bible?' And the practical turn of mind that town children of the poorer classes acquire so early was, we thought, exemplified by the question asked us by a very little girl the last time we went to see the pictures. She had been carefully studying a beautiful painting of an old ivy-covered ruin on an island set in a still lake, whose waters, all rosy with the sunset, reflected the little boats that were moored to the shore—a picture suggesting pleasant dreamy thoughts, and carrying one very far from the cares of every-day life; and when we remarked how delightful it would be to step into one of the little boats and row far over the lake to the distant mountains, she asked with much earnestness, 'And would you have to pay for going in the boat?'

But these visits to the pictures are of use to us as well as to the children, for they often give us a new insight into the characters that

we have least understood, and show us a bright intelligence, or a quick appreciation of what is beautiful, or a deep sympathy with what is sad, under some quiet exterior that had brought us too hastily to the conclusion that the child was commonplace or even dull; while sometimes the 'model child,' whose faculty for learning by rote has exalted her to the head of her class, and perhaps the highest place in the teacher's favour, will go through the whole exhibition without seeming to derive one new idea from all the pictures presented to her.

About one other part of our work we must say a few words before we have done, and that is our school singing-class. We are not going to enter here upon the wide field of choir-training—that is too grave and important a branch of parochial work to be treated of amongst the 'Odds and Ends'; neither are we going to speak of any particular system for the imparting of musical knowledge to our children; we are going to say only a very little about the indirect influence that in many ways a school singing-class may be made to exercise on the children and their parents.

Ours was originally started for the purpose of practising the hymns to be sung at the opening of Sunday-school, but we found after a while that, in teaching these to the children, we were teaching them something more—that the Church seasons had a new reality and importance for them, as each one came marked by its own particular hymn—that the great festivals seemed ever so much greater because of the special practising given to the hymns for Easter and Christmas—and that the singing of these hymns in their own homes would carry the lesson to a great many more than the children themselves; for that they sing at home everything they learn at school we found out long ago, and the idea is a very pleasant one. Who has not noticed how different a gloomy street, or a dingy old house, seemed, if a child's voice rang through it, singing at its play? And without accepting as a literal fact Martin Luther's opinion of the influence of good music on the Evil One, we may yet be very sure that the evil spirits of anger and sullenness and discontent may often be driven away, even by the voice of a little child.

So we have come to the conclusion that the more our children sing the better, whether hymns, or pleasant and innocent songs; and for this reason we teach them, in the scanty time that for various reasons is all we can give to the singing, many other things besides the Sunday-school hymns, the ostensible reason being generally some special day that is coming near—for, like flowers, singing is a necessary part of every one of our school festivals.

The summer excursion—that day which is to the children like a glimpse into another world—seems to lengthen out its pleasure into the weeks that precede it, because school songs and one or two simple hymns of thanksgiving have to be learned and practised for

it. The Flower Show gives us a good opportunity for making others besides the children look on the flowers as we want them to look on them; for we have had from more than one elder sister an application for 'the whole of the words of that hymn about flowers that the children are learning; she likes so much the bits of it that the little ones are always singing about the house.' And, above all, at Christmas-time we teach them the old Christmas carols; nominally, that they may sing them at the examination,—really, that the quaint old tunes, and the simple words that go with them, may make the bright hours of Christmas brighter in many poor but happy homes, and that they may echo too, as we know they do, through dingy houses, and comfortless rooms, and dark passages and staircases, where the fresh voices of the children may carry into weary and sorrowful hearts, that perhaps would listen to them from no other lips, the 'glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people,' that unto them was born on Christmas morning long ago, in the city of David, 'a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'

And so with music, and books, and flowers, we try to brighten our children's lives, doing very little, as we feel, when we look at what others are doing for the poor every day; but making a few children happier now, and teaching them to find sources of happiness for themselves by and by. And perhaps in some other City Parish, where one or other of the corners that we fill here is still unoccupied, some one who reads these papers may be helped to find it out, and, without waiting for some great thing to do for the poor, may set to work at once, cheerfully and bravely, at some of the 'odds and ends.'

A PLEA FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS.

BY H. J. H.

THERE is, I suppose, some instinctive preference for right which makes the perversion of anything to a purpose for which it was not made or intended felt by us as a wrong or injury. There are perversions, however, much more painful and far-reaching than others, one of which I would dwell upon more at length, and sue for help to check and, if possible, root out. It is one which no man or woman worthy of the name can smile at, nay, rather, their heart is wrung with shame and tender yearning at the bare thought of *the perversion of childhood*, of its truthfulness, its purity, its innocence. Such terrible revelations of this kind have come before us, that we are almost tempted to ask has the little child's nature been changed since the days when our Lord walked on earth, and spoke of children as 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' 'except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven,' 'in malice be children.' We are told that the children of the drunkard inherit his terrible drink thirst: there is another intemperance which may be inherited also, and, as if that were not enough, which is seen and learnt in the very earliest of our little ones' lives in our crowded city streets and alleys, even in country villages.

Until recently few, comparatively, knew of the awful profligacy with which little girls of tenderest years are familiar. It is told of one high in authority in the Church that, upon first hearing and realising it, he was bowed down with shame and grief.

But, thank God, with the knowledge has come the determination to rescue and bring into suitable homes these little girls, they being unfit for reformatories and industrial schools. Some twelve or thirteen years ago, the Home at Leytonstone, in Essex, was opened, and has quietly gone on doing its work, and this year three such have been opened in consequence of the increased revelation of their need. One of these, with which I am personally acquainted—S. Andrew's, at Farnham—I desire to plead for in interest, prayers, and money. Sister Emma, Head Sister of the Diocesan Deaconess Home, appalled, as every true woman must be, with the newly-discovered evil seething up at every turn of her work, established S. Andrew's Home with the Bishop's blessing and sanction, the Rector also giving his full approval, and with the hearty co-operation of Mrs. Harold Browne. It was opened in March last, on the Feast of the Annunciation, to receive twelve

little girls, and is now full ; so that forty more applications [from clergy and associations have been obliged to be refused. Another house close by, suitable for industrial work, to which the girls are trained, is offered rent free ; and Sister Emma asks for 120*l.* to furnish and fit it up, and for annual subscriptions for the current expenses of the Home. The simple necessities of life, and washing and cooking apparatus, books, pictures, and texts, make up the sum of her demands. Let her not plead long or in vain. If she and other devoted women give their thoughts, time, and lives to these children, is it much that we should give of our substance to supply their wants ? The luxury of giving is great. Shall we not deny ourselves to give freely without return ? Why not make a thankoffering for our guarded lives and the sanctity of our homes, where the evil which we hear of, but do not understand, is unknown ?

I spoke of the Deaconesses as 'devoted women.' Devotion to God alone can support them in their daily, hourly life, in contact with such a perversion of childhood. Irreverence, disobedience, cunning, deceit, impatience of restraint, violent and passionate tempers, impure words and deeds, are the natural inclination of the children who are sent to the Home. They must be watched always : at play, at lessons, at work, at meals. Think what the depressing tendency, the strain must be ; and can you resist, can you escape from the desire and determination, with your happy surroundings, to give generously and regularly to enable others to carry on the work of training these little children for Christ ? Some of them come to S. Andrew's just out of hospital, or in wretched dirt and health, the result of neglect and crime.

It is a piteous tale ! Let me try to cast in a little gleam of bright hope before I close it. First, I would say their life in the Home is a happy one, because of the effort after what is good and happy, making quite a revelation to these poor children ; they are capable of learning obedience, reverence, and truth, and are very affectionate, and they respond to kindness in a touching and winning way. A walk with 'Mother,' as they learn to call Sister Emma, is a joy for a week ; and I recall a long walk and tea picnic which Sister Emma and other ladies took them, and from which they returned in great excitement and high spirits, so that their little tongues would naturally have run on and on : but talking in their bedrooms is forbidden. How was it to be prevented this evening ? I will tell you : an earnest, loving reminder from 'Mother' as she left them, that their best thanks to her would be to let her hear of full marks for behaviour in their rooms met with a universal promise ; and when I inquired two days after, I found that for both successive evenings there had been no defaulter. They look upon a visitor at the Deaconess Home, who goes to see them frequently, talks to, and plays with them, or takes them out walking, as quite their own property ; and her leaving Farnham as a personal affront. 'She's going away ! What a shame !' is their usual form of

regretful good-bye. I cannot help caring for them ; and I want every one who reads this to care for them in a substantial way, and by praying for them ; and so to help Sister Emma, and to cheer her heart and enable her to take another, and another house if necessary, wherein, by God's blessing and grace, to build up 'polished corners of His temple.'

Reports and further information may be obtained from Sister Emma.

Cheques and P.O.O. to be made payable to *E. Day, Deaconess Home, Farnham.*

SOME THOUGHTS WRITTEN IN OLD AGE.

WHAT a book I could write if the experience of seventy years could be expressed with the vigour of seventeen ! But as this cannot be, I will try to note some results of the experience, however dull and confused may be the mode of conveyance. Truly it is a wonderful thing to stand upon the outer verge of life, and look back on the way we have travelled with all its associations ; no one can imagine what an interesting world it is until they have passed through the stages of its whole course and have seen the bearings of that varied and fleeting course upon the final and the eternal. And a wonderful thing it is to look back upon characters, appearing in infancy like the bud peeping from its calyx and showing its first tinge of colour ; developed into maturity, changing under changing influences, and finally fixed in one mould for good or for evil when the end came of its earthly exhibition ; then again to look back upon finished histories, from the nursery to the grave, generally so very unlike what was anticipated. I recollect, as closed volumes, the stories of those brought up in the most refined luxury, and surrounded with every indulgence, who have afterwards trodden the roughest and poorest path of life's highway ; some ennobled by the struggle, and others sinking into the mire ; and also those brought up to 'embrace dunghills' (literally and metaphorically), who have died the victims of an unnatural refinement and unsuitable luxury ; and stranger still than any external contrast have been the contrasting characters of those sedulously guarded from evil and recklessly rushing into it when restraint was withdrawn with those ill-trained or neglected who have afterwards sought and found the highest life.

Before the old woman's sight, rise up the aged, whose spring-time seems so recent ; the forever young, who can never be old because the blossom was gathered in its early freshness, and preserved from decay among the sealed ones, who 'past changing are' ; the bearded man in the hot battle of life, remembered best as the tender babe in its embroidered robes, and guarded in its silken curtains from each sight and sound that could disturb its rosy sleep, as if noise and light were its only enemies ; and he so rough now, and in so rough a conflict ! or he, the cherished infant, now remembered best as the strong man who struggled, and fought, and died ! or he, the wild and wayward boy, from whose matured wisdom the wisest and best have sought guidance and instruction, who, 'after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep and was gathered to his fathers.' And lovely girlhood, too, passing from its soft shelter into the stern duties of life ; learning to endure, learning to support others, learning to become the

leader where she would fain be led; living that deepest inner life which is hidden even from human sympathy; and now passed away, like a dead rose, withered and dry, but not scentless. Memory can recall the sapling planted by the prophetic hand of taste in the place over which the full-grown tree afterwards spread its luxuriant shelter; then those branches laid low, and the grand stem fashioned by the craftsman into other forms; and like it have been many lives. No one who thinks of these things can speak of the world as 'a fleeting show'; it is a great reality; and the retrospect of half a century only proves the deep importance of things that in passing seemed but trifles; the laugh that inflicted a wound that was never healed, the light word which echoes on for ever, the casual introduction that fixed the life of many individuals, the careless parting which proved to be the farewell for ever, the meeting by some chance that altered the whole course of action, the delay of a letter, where a whole family history grew out of the postman's half-hour mistake—all these trifles prove that 'life is real, life is earnest.' And mark our dependence upon Him for whose guidance nothing is too small because nothing is too great. The unwritten reams of paper in a factory, of which each page may hereafter convey a warrant of death or life, the myriads of little dry seeds, all so similar and uninteresting as they lie in the seedman's store, yet each containing nutriment or poison, or beauty or scent, all alike waiting their development—these are types of the hourly trifles of which our days are composed.

A curious phase of memory is the sudden flash by which a single scene of the long past is sometimes lighted up, without any perceptible association to kindle it. A curious old painting of this kind is vividly before me to-day. My cousins and I met in the public garden where we used to play three little children who spoke only French; the eldest was Rosalie, the second Ricarda, and the baby lisped out, '*Je suis Adèle; moi, je suis l'épouse de Dieu.*' We could not imagine what she meant. We grew very fond of the little ones, and appointed daily meetings; but having for two days missed our little playthings, we inquired of the gatekeeper where they lived; he pointed to a house opposite, where all the windows were closed and darkened. We knocked at the door to inquire; and I forget how, but we were in a moment in the dining-room, where a coffin was laid upon chairs, around which stood the three little girls and their mother, a quiet and sorrowful French lady. The father had been drowned in the canal, and his body had just been brought in. I think there was water dripping from the sides of the coffin. Adèle lisped again, '*Moi, je suis l'épouse de Dieu,*' and the mother explained that she had been dedicated from her birth, and was to be a nun. We kissed our little friends hoping to see them to-morrow; and full of plans for their consolation returned home, where we detailed the sorrowful scene, and were blamed for visiting a strange house, and desired never to go there

again. In a few days the windows were open and the house empty, and from that day to this I never heard their names, or had the least clue to their history ; yet here, at fifty-eight years distance, they return to me, the three children and the dismal coffin, as distinctly as the scenes of yesterday ; and there was nothing to recall them. Probably our little Adèle is now an aged nun, and perhaps has served for half a century as a sister of mercy. Where are these pictures kept all these long years ?

C. B.

MISCHMASCH.

A WORD-GAME FOR TWO PLAYERS, OR TWO SETS OF PLAYERS.

THE essence of this game consists in one player proposing a 'nucleus' (i.e. a set of 2 or more letters, such as 'gp,' 'emo,' 'imse'), and in the other trying to find a 'lawful word' (i.e. a word known in ordinary society, and not a proper name) containing it. Thus, 'magpie,' 'lemon,' 'himself,' are lawful words containing the nuclei 'gp,' 'emo,' 'imse.' A nucleus may not contain a hyphen: e.g. 'apple-tree' is not a lawful word for the nucleus 'letr.' Substantives and adjectives, derived from proper names and beginning with capitals (e.g. 'Jacobite,' 'French'), count as proper names.

RULES.

1. Each thinks of a nucleus, and says 'ready' when he has done so. When both have spoken, the nuclei are named. A player may set a nucleus without knowing of any word containing it.

2. When a player has guessed a word containing the nucleus set to him (which need not be the word thought of by the player who set it), or has made up his mind that there is no such word, he says 'ready,' or 'no word,' as the case may be; when he has decided to give up trying, he says 'I resign.' The other must then, within a stated time (e.g. 2 minutes), say 'ready,' or 'no word,' or 'I resign,' or 'not ready.' If he says nothing, he is assumed to have said 'not ready.'

3. When both have spoken, if the first speaker said 'ready,' he now names the word he has guessed; if he said 'no word,' he, who set the nucleus, names, if he can, a word containing it. The other player then proceeds in the same way.

4. The players then score as follows:—(N.B.—When a player is said to 'lose' marks, it means that the other scores them.)

Guessing a word, rightly,	scores	1
" " wrongly,	loses	1
Guessing 'no word,' rightly,	scores	2
" " wrongly,	loses	2
Resigning	loses	1

This ends the first move.

5. A 'resigned' nucleus cannot be set again during the same game. If, however, one or more letters be added or subtracted, it counts as a new one.

6. For every other move, the players proceed as for the first move, except that when a player is 'not ready,' or has guessed a word wrongly, he has not a new nucleus set to him, but goes on guessing the one already in hand, having first, if necessary, set a new nucleus for the other player.

7. The move in which either scores 10 is the final one; when it is completed, the game is over, and the highest score wins, or, if the scores be equal, the game is drawn.

I shall be grateful to any readers of the *Monthly Packet* who will try this game, and will kindly send me any criticisms, or suggestions for improving it, which occur to them. It seems to make a better game for *sets* of players than for individuals; the two sets ranging themselves on opposite sides of the room, and holding a whispered consultation on each side.

LEWIS CARROLL.

Spider Subjects.

The problem in arithmetic given in the last was misprinted, and could not be done. The history of Alexandria and the words must be deferred to the next for want of space.

How many persons eating '625 lb. of meat for dinner can be supplied with dinner from 2 joints weighing together 4 stones and 4 pounds.

Erratum.—Antiochus Epiphanes was also called Epimanes, or the madman.

LISTS AND COMPARISON OF NICKNAMES OF SOVEREIGNS.

A CATEGORY of the nicknames of sovereigns will not tend to increase our reverence for the rulers who bore them, for as a nickname is according to the generally received derivation a *nom de nique*, a name given in contempt, derision, or opprobrium, all appellations which recall the nobler qualities of their royal bearers must be omitted. We may take first those designations which are derived from peculiarities of personal appearance, all savouring more or less of ridicule. Five kings have been known by epithets alluding to their stature, Edward I. of England and Philip V. of France as 'the Long' and 'Longshanks' respectively, on account of their unusual height, while the opposite extreme is commemorated in Pepin 'le Bref' of France, Ladislas IV. 'the Short' of Poland, and Napoleon, 'le petit Caporal.' Others have by reason of their corpulence attained the reputation of 'the Fat,' i.e. Charles II. and Louis VI. of France, Sancho I. of Spain, and the Portuguese Alphonso II. Complexion and colouring have also

had their weight in the choice of nicknames. Henry III. of Germany and the Polish Lesko VI. are known as 'the Black,' while an earlier Lesko was distinguished as 'the White.' Brilliant colouring gave to Otho III. of Germany the name of 'the Red,' a distinction which recalls William 'Rufus,' so called from his red hair, and the famous Frederick 'Barbarossa.' The Emperor Constantine IV. was distinguished as 'Pogonatus' (the Bearded), while Sweyn, the Danish sovereign who for one short year wielded the English sceptre, was 'Forked Beard.' Nor must we omit from the category Boleslas IV. 'the Curled,' of Poland, and Charles 'the Bald,' of France. More singular peculiarities gained for Artaxerxes the title of 'the Long-handed,' and for Boleslas III. of Poland that of 'Wry mouth.' We have also the Danish Harold II. 'Bluetooth,' and the Scottish Malcolm 'Canmore' (large head), while infirmities by no means uncommon distinguish Henry II. 'the Lame,' of Germany, and Sancho VII. 'the Infirm' of Navarre. Difficulty of speech gained for the Eastern Emperor Michael II., for Louis II. of France, and for Eric XII. of Sweden the title of 'the Stammerer,' and some authorities trace to this origin the name of Hutin borne by Louis X. of France, though others see in it an allusion to his headstrong temper. The extraordinary swiftness of foot shared by Harold of England and the Danish Eric IV. is immortalised by the name of 'Harefoot.' We turn now to five rulers whose peculiar form of dress is commemorated in their nicknames, i.e. 'Caligula,' so called because he wore the caligæ or sandals used by the Roman soldiers, 'Caracalla,' so named from his Gaulish mantle, Hugues 'Capet,' whose monk's hood gave its name to a dynasty, the Saxon Edmund 'Ironside,' from the armour which he constantly wore, and Henry II. whose name of 'Curtmantle' is an allusion to the form of robe he introduced. In some cases circumstances connected with the birth of future kings have determined their designations, such as the French Philip II., called 'Augustus' from the month of his birth, and Louis VIII., whose name of 'the Lion' recalls the sign under which he entered the world. The name 'Heliogabalus' of the Roman Emperor Antoninus recalls his former vocation as priest of the sun-god, and we find similar allusions to former position in George I.'s nickname of 'the wee German lairdie,' and in William IV.'s of 'the Sailor King.' The name of 'Lackland' was given to King John prior to his accession, because he received no fiefs from his father, and the designation of 'the Fowler' stuck to the German Emperor Henry I. all his life, from the fact that the deputies who came to announce to him his election to the throne, found him engaged in that pursuit.

But by far the most considerable number of royal nicknames have been suggested by the characters of their bearers. In English history, 'Bluff King Hal' recalls the burly manners of Henry VIII., and 'Harry Madcap' the early follies of the more worthy Henry V., while 'the Merry Monarch' reminds us of the genial disposition of Charles II. Malcolm IV., 'The Maiden,' of Scotland, points to the mild disposition of an amiable youth; but incapacity and want of energy gain their meed of contempt in such titles as 'les rois fainéants,' Louis I., 'le Débonnaire,' of France, Charles III. of France, and Harold III. of Denmark, 'the Simple,' and Henry IV., 'the Impotent,' of Castile. More deserved scorn is expressed in the titles of the Eastern

Emperor Michael III., 'the Sot,' the Saxon Ethelred, 'the Unready,' Louis V., 'the Indolent,' of France, and the Polish Ladislas I., 'the Careless.' Contemptuous again is the designation of Garcias II., 'the Trembler,' of Navarre, while perhaps the title of 'the Pacific,' applied to the German Emperor Frederick III. and Olaus III. of Norway, was not intended to be complimentary. Two sovereigns, the Roman Tarquin II. and, at a long lapse of time, Otho IV. of Germany, come down to us with the epithet of 'the Proud.' In good-humoured derision was Philip I. of France known as 'l'Amoureux,' while less deservedly was our Richard II. called 'the Coxcomb,' a name which has its equivalent in that of 'Mignon,' applied to the French King Henry III. We pass next to names given in fear or execration, of which perhaps the most unvarnished is that of 'the Bad,' borne by Charles II. of Navarre, though King John's title of 'the Detestable' is hardly less unmistakable. Otho III., 'the Bloody,' of Germany, Pedro I., 'the Cruel,' of Castile, and the Russian Ivan, 'the Terrible,' boast an unenviable reputation, in which the 'Bloody Mary' of English history shares, some say unjustly. Severity tempered with justice earned for the Emperor Henry VI. the title of 'Asper,' and for Peter I. of Portugal that of 'the Severe,' while the passionate tempers of Christian II. of Denmark and of Louis X. of France are commemorated by the epithets, 'le Querreleux' and 'the Angry.' In several cases proper names from the past pages of history have been revived as nicknames. Thus the famous Swedish Queen Margaret and Catherine II. of Russia share the title of 'Semiramis of the North,' while a less honourable distinction is that accorded to another northern ruler, Christian II. of Denmark, in 'the Hero of the North.' The name of 'Solomon' is applied in a manner unworthy of the wise king to the effeminate luxury of the French Dagobert, and to the pedantry of our James I., called by Sully 'the wisest fool in Christendom.' Charles XII. is distinguished by no fewer than three names—'the Alexander,' and 'the Quixote of the North,' and also 'the Madman,' a title which he shares with the Macedonian hero, with whom he is coupled by the poet. Akin to these is Francis I.'s name for the Emperor Charles V. of 'Harlequin.' Of terrible import is the title of 'Scourge of God,' applied to the Vandal Genserik and to Attila, King of the Huns, while on the other hand, Stephen of Hungary's name of 'Thunder' and Charles 'Martel' commemorate victories of the Cross. In after days this last title was renewed on the tomb of the English Edward I., 'the Hammer of the Scots.' The great Napoleon was known as 'the Nightmare of Europe.' There was more of contempt in the title of 'the Snow King' bestowed upon the Swedish Gustavus Adolphus, as an intimation that his greatness would melt and disappear as he approached southern climes.

In the fifteenth century the title of 'King of Bark' was conferred upon Christopher III. of Sweden, in grateful commemoration of the use he caused to be made of that commodity in a time of famine. Less forethought gained for the Emperor Maximilian, the last of the knights, the name of 'Pochi Denari,' or the Penniless. In French history we find several nicknames of distinct political import; thus, the popular and aristocratic tendencies of Louis XII. and of Francis I. are recalled respectively in the names of 'le roi des gentilhommes,' and 'le père du peuple,' while the weakness of Louis XVI. originated that of

'Monsieur Veto.' In the present century crowned heads have not escaped ridicule. In English history, in addition to those already mentioned, we meet with George III.'s nickname of 'Farmer George,' in allusion to his simple tastes and style of dress; and his successor's of 'the first gentleman in Europe.' In France, 'Panade,' or King of Slops, designated Louis XVIII., while Napoleon III. was distinguished by no fewer than six nicknames, of which the most notable, 'Ratipole,' alludes to his enrolment as special constable in London. Victor Emmanuel went by the complimentary, if unceremonious, title of 'King Honestman,' and the name of 'Bomba,' gained by Ferdinand II. of Naples by his cruel bombardment of Messina in 1848, descended also upon his successor, Francis II. Thus, in almost every age, and in far distant climes, have opportunities occurred to more or less imaginative minds for the easy task of finding something in the persons, characters, or careers of their rulers to hold up to derision or obloquy.

BUBBLES.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

August 1882.—*Dianthus*; *Silene*, *Lychnis*. An improvement this month as regards numbers, though, with a few exceptions, the contributions are rather meagre, not to say common-place. The delay in sending off the bundle was caused by the absence from home of the secretary.

Vertumnus regrets to announce that his retirement from office, hinted at towards the end of 1881, cannot now be avoided. A new president must therefore be elected before the close of this year. It would perhaps save trouble and delay, if Vertumnus were allowed to nominate his successor. Will members please to signify their agreement or disagreement with this suggestion, by *letter*. Vertumnus will act according to the votes of the majority.

PRESTON VICARAGE, *October 4th.*

Notices to Correspondents.

M. D.—The scallop shell was picked up on the shores both of Palestine and Galicia, near the shrine of S. James. It was therefore the token of pilgrimage.

O. W. D.—The story of *Little Queen Mary* had been published previously as the first of *Uncle Peter's Fairy Tales*. It is out of print.

In reply to Margaret Field, the air (Blondel's) 'O Richard! O mon roi,' so unhappily connected with the history of Marie Antoinette, is from Grétry's comic opera, in three acts, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, date 1783. If Margaret Field will send her address to Miss Burmester, Little Oakley Rectory, Harwich, Essex, the words shall be forwarded to her.

A Young Catholic.—1. The rule of the Church is, that a person *willing and desirous* to be confirmed, may be admitted to holy communion. 2. The manner of signing the cross is quite immaterial. 3. Mrs. Jerome Mercier's *Our Mother Church*.

Timothy.—The verse Macaulay referred to in Goldsmith's poems was the last of a translation from the French, entitled *The Gift*.

'The night has a hundred eyes,' &c.,

is by the Rev. F. Bourdillon, and appeared in the *Spectator* in November, 1873.

'I have not seen the most precious diamond that is,' in the August number of the *Monthly Packet*. It is in *Cymbeline*, Act i. sc. 5. The quotation *E. M.* gives in the September number is from Tennyson's *Launcelot and Elaine*, line 258.—*G. A.*, *C. A. B.*, also *Miss Pie*, *J. A. Blagden*.

'But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.'

We are requested to inform our readers that a movement is about to be made by the women of England, in opposition to the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, and that 20,000 copies of an appeal to Englishwomen, with form of petition, will be issued with the October number of *Our Work*. Persons desirous of helping forward this important movement, are earnestly requested to communicate, without delay, with Mrs. Plows, honorary secretary, Barnham, Thetford, Norfolk.

Royal Dockyard of Deptford, S.E.,
August 21, 1882.

DEAR MADAM,—Will you allow me, through the pages of the *Monthly Packet* to ask your readers to help to form a *library* for a poor branch of the Girls' Friendly Society in South London. We are anxious to have a good branch library in full work before the winter sets in. Those who will benefit by the library will be members in business, servants, factory girls, and candidates; and I feel I may leave it to your readers to send what will be suitable for them to read, as the library is being started with the view to discourage the use of much other cheap and undesirable literature. Magazines, bound or unbound, will be welcome.

Books may be addressed to *Miss Grant, Royal Dockyard, Deptford, S.E.*,

And believe me, dear madam, yours truly,

MAY GRANT,
Branch Secretary of Deptford.

The Monthly Packet.

DECEMBER, 1882.

FAIR OF FACE.

BY MARGARET FIELD, AUTHOR OF 'LEAVES FROM THE ASH.'

FAIR of face? Ay, very fair was the little face uplifted to the unknown relative in the quaint old Flemish town of Volkmaar, very winning and wistful the childish tones which said so confidently, 'Please, I'se Muvver's Peg!'

And who was 'Muvver's Peg,' and how came the owner of that bonnie little English face, and those unmistakably English, even north-country accents, in that same little town of Volkmaar in the year of grace 1566?

For indeed it was not a time when foreigners, save always the hated Spaniard, visited the Netherlands much; nay, even the natives of the country were fast forsaking a land where there was no longer freedom even of thought, and on which the deadly Inquisition lay like a blight. For though Margaret of Parma was still regent, not having yet given place to the terrible Alva, persecution desolated the country, urged on by the express orders of that most cruel and sanguinary of bigots, Philip II. of Spain. Even the most devout and sincere Romanist was hardly safe if he had money which could swell the royal coffers, or if he dared to hint that the rights and liberties of the Netherlands were being trampled under foot. Not the most stainless virtue and loyalty, nor the most undoubted adherence to the Catholic faith as it was held at Rome, could save Egmont a few months later.

For the present, however, Egmont still lived, and ruffled it gallantly at the court, now as ever the idol of the people, though somewhat abashed in his own eyes, and looked coldly on by his friends, Orange and the rest, for the failure of his embassy to Spain, in which his loyal, unsuspecting nature had given ready, and almost weak, credence to the fair promises and flatteries of Philip. It was so natural that one who was himself a brave, honourable, chivalrous gentleman should have

believed in the promises of clemency of His Most Catholic Majesty—clemency, too, towards men who, save for their religion, were the most obedient of his subjects, and certainly among the most virtuous. If Egmont's ready trust was a fault, it was bitterly atoned.

But, as I have said, Egmont and Orange were still at the court, striving their utmost in the cause of patriotism and toleration, discountenancing and repressing, as far as possible, the harebrained schemes of the 'Gueux,' the chief of whom were the reckless, dissipated, yet brave and attractive Brederode and the chivalrous Louis of Nassau, but uniting with them in a hearty hatred to the Inquisition, and a steadily growing determination, on Orange's part at least, that, whether with Philip's consent or without it, their country should yet be free.

But this being the state of affairs, the Netherlands did not offer a very inviting asylum for foreigners, especially English, to which people, as is well known, Philip and his Spaniards bore a particular hatred. Yet here was this mite, Peg, who had been sent all the way from the beautiful northern city of Durham to her uncle at Volkmaar!

That uncle was himself an Englishman, Master John Thomson by name, who being of the Reformed religion had fled from England during the reign of Queen Mary, and had begun business as a merchant at Volkmaar. Here, like so many more exiles, he had revolted more and more from Rome as he saw the crimes committed by her, and his burning indignation at the deeds done in the name of the Catholic faith disposed him to think that his own English Church had not gone far enough in the work of reform; and so, away from her influences, and with none to point out the dangers of the path, he drifted into Calvinism and indifference to Catholic doctrine. It was the case with so many, and surely the blame is rather with the Church than with them. He had thought of returning to England on the accession of Elizabeth, but had delayed doing so, and by and by almost gave up the idea. He was prospering in his business, Volkmaar was a small place, and persecution had not as yet been violent there; and moreover he knew that Queen Elizabeth had little liking or mercy for Calvinists and Puritans, or indeed for any whose opinions did not tally exactly with her own, having in truth inherited no small share of her father's despotic temper. Therefore, though often thinking, and even speaking, of returning to England, he had never done so, but seemed, on the contrary, to have taken deep root in his adopted land. He had few ties now to draw him home. When he left England his nearest relative was his only sister, who was married to a wealthy merchant at Durham, and now he had just heard of her husband's death of a malignant fever, followed speedily by her own. Little Peg was her legacy to her brother.

The letter which Master Thomson was reading at this moment was from the clergyman who had soothed his sister's dying moments, and set forth in quaint yet earnest and kindly language, how good Mistress

Margaret Cuthbert, who had been long known to the writer as a very godly and discreet gentlewoman, had made a truly pious and Christian end, after having received the Holy Sacrament according to the rites of the Reformed Church of England, 'whilk may God preserve!' and had departed as one who setteth out for a better country, thanking the Lord that she was not to be long estranged from the husband to whom she had ever maintained a most loyal and humble affection. This joy of hers had only been marred, continued the narrator, by the grievous and painful necessity of leaving her daughter, her little Peg ('for so she was ever wont to name her, out of the fond habitude of women, which is not lightly to be despised') to the mercy of a world which often proveth but a hard stepdame to the young and tender. Therefore Mistress Margaret Cuthbert had entreated him, 'of his courtesie and gentillesse,' to discover means to send the babe to her brother, Master John Thomson, at Volkmaar, in Flanders, praying him, by the love and tenderness that had been ever between them, to be to her child as a father, and to 'bring her up in all vertue and gentillesse, and in the true faith and following of our dear Master, Christ.' The writer added that he had accepted the trust, and that, after having closed the eyes of that gracious soul, he had taken 'Mistress Peg' home to his own house, where he had kept her, until hearing that a captain, whom he knew to be a grave and worthy man, was taking ship for Flanders, accompanied by his wife, Molly Wilson, a discreet and kindly woman, he had thought it well to send Mistress Peg under their charge to her uncle, the said Master Thomson. And so, commending the little maid ('who indeed was a faire imp, and of a marvellous intelligence') to the protection of God and the goodwill of her uncle, he subscribed himself 'Walter Martin, clerk of ye church of Saint Thomas, in ye citie of Durham.'

Master Thomson's first feelings on reading this epistle were those of natural sorrow for the sister whom he had sincerely loved, though they had been separated so long; but he was a man little inclined to the display of emotion, the manifestation of which was also discouraged by the religion he professed. His grief, too, was mingled with perplexity respecting the charge which his sister had bequeathed to him. He had been a bachelor all his life, and had lately grown to entertain somewhat cynical views with regard to womankind, and it was a sufficiently embarrassing position for a man past middle age to find himself suddenly presented with a little girl of four years old, for whom he was to be henceforth responsible. He glanced down at the tiny figure before him in a perplexity which was almost terror. Ye the object of it did not seem calculated to inspire anything but affection.

'A faire imp, and of a marvellous intelligence.' So had the good priest described Mistress Peg Cuthbert, and Master Thomson could not deny that the first part of the description was true. Such a bonnie

wee baby-face he had certainly never looked on ; it had no equal among the stolid, round-eyed Flemish babies at Volkmaar, and even by those better acquainted than he with childish beauty, little Peg would have been pronounced charming. The short, curly hair was so bright, and soft, and golden ; the dark-blue eyes so beautiful in colour and shape ; the rose-flush on the cheek so bright yet tender ; the tiny mouth so exquisitely moulded ; the fairness of the skin so pure and perfect ; the whole face so full of childish trust and fearlessness, as to be utterly and wholly irresistible to any one who possessed the heart of man.

'Please, I'se Peg!' was the answer of this fearless mite to the question, by the grimness of which Master Thomson strove to hide his emotion.

'And wherefore art thou come hither?' demanded Master Thomson, gruffly still.

'Me's tum to mine Uncle Don. Muvver bade me. Is you mine Uncle Don?'

Master Thomson was unskilled in baby-language, and after so many years' exile not very familiar with his mother-tongue, and he looked at Mistress Molly Wilson, who had accompanied her little charge, for an explanation.

'What meaneth the child?' he demanded.

Molly, who was a well-grown, comely woman, of six or seven and twenty, dropped a curtsy, and answered—

'Mistress Peg cannot yet speak very plain, though indeed she be a marvellous quick bairn. She meaneth you, master, when she saith "Uncle Don," may it please you. She cannot say *John*, and thus she hath been learned to name you by her blessed mother—Heaven rest her soul!'

'Woman,' said the Calvinist sharply, though with the habitual caution of the time, 'art thou of *the Faith*?'

'Ay, truly am I of the new religion,' answered Molly, 'as was Mistress Cuthbert herself. There be few Papists in England now, since our good Queen takes such order with them.'

'Then what meanest thou by that superstitious exclamation?'

'Faith, an' I thought not it was superstitious. Mean you that her soul will rest not? An' you say that, master, I tell you, saving your presence, it is a most unkindly thought, for I knew her well, and a more gracious gentlewoman never lived, and pious and Christian also, Protestant as she was! And before the silly bairn!'

'Pshaw, woman! I meant not that,' answered Master Thomson, giving up the argument for the nonce.

Peg had been gravely regarding her uncle all this time

'Is you mine Uncle Don?' she demanded once more.

'Ay, maiden.'

'Me not "maiden." Me Peg—Muvver's Peg. Muvver done away

and me tum to mine Uncle Don. If you mine Uncle Don, me must tiss your hand. Muvver bade me.'

And with a strangely quaint and touching gravity the fair child bowed her little head over Master Thomson's hand, and kissed it, with the graceful reverence for their elders which children were taught very early then.

The touch of the soft child-lips melted the stern old man. He did not take her in his arms and press her to his heart, as he might have done in these days; but he laid his head on her shining curls with a murmured blessing.

'The God of Israel bless thee, poor motherless maid.'

'Is it not a fair babe, master?' broke in Molly, who was somewhat fond of hearing her own voice, and who was besides devoted to her little charge.

'Fair eno,' fair eno'!' answered Master Thomson grimly, a little ashamed that his emotion should have been remarked, 'an' she be but virtuous as she is fair of face.'

'Fair of face!' cried little Peg, catching the words, 'Monday's bairn fair of face. Dat me, dat Muvver's Peg! Muvver's Peg a Monday bairn!'

'What meaneth she?' demanded Master Thomson once more.

'May it please you, master, it is just a jingle that the blessed Mistress Cuthbert was wont to say over to her. It beginneth, "Monday's bairn is fair of face." Mistress Peg was born on a Monday, master.'

'Tush, women's foolishness! 'Tis but a superstitious vanity, and moreover it savoureth somewhat of accursed idolatry, and of observing of times and seasons, as do the Papists.'

'Mistress Cuthbert was no Papist, master,' answered Molly indignantly.

'I fear me she still hankered too much after the fleshpots of Egypt, lingering in that Church of England, which, though it calleth itself reformed, hath too much of the gall of iniquity, holding still to bishops, and saints' days, and the like. May she have found mercy of the Lord!'

'And doth not that mean the same as "Heaven rest her soul"?' muttered Molly to herself.

'For the rest,' continued Master Thomson, '"favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain," saith the Holy Book; and let us pray that the maid's fair face prove not a snare of the Evil One.'

'Mistress Cuthbert was wont to call it a gift of the Lord,' answered Molly shrewdly. 'She was used to say that, though it was not to be compared with other gifts, such as virtue and discretion, and the like, it was yet a thing for which to be thankful. She was of a right fair and gracious countenance herself.'

As she spoke a sudden memory of the bright, young sister, with

whom he had grown up in the peaceful English home, swept over the stern, time-worn man, and he glanced down at the babe before him with a pathetic tenderness.

'It was a gentle soul,' he murmured to himself, 'and the maid hath somewhat of her mother's fashion, though I fear me lest she be not of so heedful and discreet a spirit,' he added, shrewd enough to read some of the meaning of a mischievous twinkle in Peg's eye, innocent though she looked, and indications of a determined little will of her own in the set of her tiny mouth, and the very attitude of her firm, graceful figure.

Some thought flitted through Master Thomson's mind, that the ways of Providence were very mysterious in thus having left this curious morsel of humanity on his hands, after taking away the mother who would have known how to guide her, but he was not accustomed to give way to such thoughts.

'It is the Lord, shall not He do right?' he said, simply, for his faith, if somewhat stern, was real and earnest; and then he went to inform his old housekeeper of this addition to his family.

The Vrow Anna Soest, who had kept Master Thomson's house for many years, did not receive the news very cordially. She was a widow, and had known much trouble, her husband having been burnt as a heretic. She herself had suffered many things for her faith, and the effect of persecution on a mind naturally narrow, and not very amiable, though honest and true, had been to sour and embitter her, and her feelings towards her fellow-creatures were as a rule tinged with suspicion and hostility. It was a common and sad result of the troubles of the time. Vrow Anna was old too, and not inclined to welcome very heartily the advent of a little child to her master's orderly household. But she was touched with Peg's beauty and winningness, and her motherlessness was a key to any woman's heart.

Thenceforth began a new life for the little one, to which she accommodated herself with the happy facility of infancy, though it was a strange existence for this wee mite, who was the one bit of youth and brightness in the gloomy old house in which Master Thomson dwelt. He had always been a grave and silent man, and Vrow Anna was not one to encourage gaiety. Neither were the times such as to induce light-heartedness. The Inquisition was a very terrible reality, and the daily reports of its horrible tortures, which make us sicken as we read them even now, were a present ghastly fact to Master Thomson, and others like him, a fact none the less horrible for the possibility, nay the *probability*, that the things of which they heard might be their own fate one day.

Calvinism is not a beautiful thing nowadays; perhaps it never was a very beautiful thing; its view of the universe must always have been fatally narrow and imperfect; it held within it the seeds of

bigotry and cruelty as frightful as those against which it revolted, and it fell grievously short of Catholic truth ; but Calvinism had its work to do in the Netherlands then, and almost all that was right and noble was on its side. It was the Church which had made it schism, and on her rests the greater share, at least, of guilt.

The cruelty and sin were not all on one side. The Calvinists showed, when they came into power, that they could do deeds as terrible as those of their enemies, and many a loyal Romanist hated persecution, and lived a purely noble and Christian life, but, speaking generally, it did seem then that the Church, as represented especially in the Netherlands by the Spanish clergy and laity, was wholly given over to cruelty, falsehood, greed of gain, and licentiousness. What wonder that the people revolted fiercely and passionately, and sought for truth elsewhere than in the Church which would not give it them ? The result was sad enough, but surely a thing to weep over rather than condemn.

Under all these circumstances, life in a Flemish town was not a very gay matter just then. The troubles of the country checked and crushed the prosperity of the provinces, and lay like a dead weight on the natural cheerfulness and contentment of the people. The majority of the inhabitants of Volkmaar were Calvinists, and their creed, in itself a gloomy one, was not rendered less so by the risk at which it was held. Men and women who knew not, when they went to bed at night, whether dawn might not find them in the dungeons of the Inquisition, were naturally inclined to a somewhat grave habit of mind. For the danger was by no means imaginary. How could it be, when that monster in human form, the Inquisitor, Peter Titelmann, was raging like a demon through Flanders, burning, strangling, torturing ?

So there was a blight over everything, and even the little children were less gay than elsewhere.

And into this sorrow-stricken land came Peg, like a bit of God's own sunshine, that sunshine which, thanks be to Him, never can fail utterly so long as people are born into the world as little babies. These good Flemish folk received it for what it was, a gift of the angels, and took little Peg into their hearts.

She was very happy on the whole. She had cried and clung to Molly Wilson when she was leaving her, and the good woman had gone away tearful and heavy-hearted at parting from her charge ; but when she had departed, Peg turned to Vrow Anna, and put her hand in hers confidingly, and the perfect trustfulness of the babe conquered the good Vrow as it conquered every one else. Nobody ever did resist Peg.

Soon she reigned as a little queen in Volkmaar. Every one grew to know and love the little English maid, whose face was so fair, and her ways so pretty. Her utter fearlessness won all hearts. Peg had

never known what it was to fear the face of man or woman, and I think that beautiful trust of hers must have won her mercy even from the savage Titelmann himself, if she had ever had the ill luck to come in his way.

She had wept bitterly when first parted from her mother, though, of course, she was too young to comprehend the nature of the sorrow which had befallen her. But time and change of scene had done their work, and her mother had become little more than a dim memory to her, though the childish heart was faithful to that. 'Muvver's Peg' was always her answer when she was asked her name; and when the kindly Flemish dames learnt what she meant, they would look very pitifully at the little English child to whom those two words were all that was left of earth's holiest tie.

The quaint old house in the market-place, with its steep gables and carved front, grew strangely alive, as if it had flowered out into a second youth. The grave, sober townsmen who had business with Master Thomson felt dimly that there was something pathetic in coming suddenly on little Peg amid the gloom and silence of the house, making a patch of brightness in the shadow, perhaps with the light from the high narrow windows just catching the golden hair and bonnie laughing face. If the good burghers had ever thought of anything so fanciful, she would have seemed to them like some lovely fairy caught in a grim enchanter's castle. They gave her a kind word always, and often laid a gentle touch on the shining curls. And Peg would seize the kindly hand, or catch at the rich furred cloak, and run by their side to the door, chattering gaily in a language of her own—half Flemish, half English.

Need it be said that she ruled utterly over Master Thomson—'mine Uncle Don,' as she called him still? The good man never knew it; he was grim and stern with Peg as with every one else, but she did not care for that. Peg's feet had never strayed out of the child's golden world where everybody loved her. She feared him not a whit; however gloomy or sharp his tone, she never shrank or trembled, but looked up smiling into his face, as if to say that she understood him quite well, and knew that 'mine Uncle Don' could never be really cross with 'Muvver's Peg.' Nor could he. Master Thomson, who was accustomed to be held in some awe and fear, found himself utterly laughed at and defied to his face by this tiny mite. He did not know what to make of it at first, and tried to be graver and sterner than ever in self-defence, but Peg seemed to regard that as only a very new and excellent joke; and by and by the good man began to realise dimly that his heart had been taken by storm, and that he was growing to worship utterly every hair of that golden baby head. Not that he confessed this to himself; indeed, I think if he had half understood his own feelings, he would have taken himself grimly to task, as for something which savoured very strongly of idolatry; but yet was it

true that; better than he had ever loved his sister Margaret, did he love this child, who had all her mother's beauty and grace together with a charm and fascination which Margaret had lacked.

The Vrow Anna was very good to her too. Somewhat strict and stern, bent on bringing her up in the way she should go, repressing severely all those outbursts of affection and merriment which no one else could have had the heart to check, she was yet kind to her after her own fashion. She looked after all her wants carefully and conscientiously; she gave her the best and most wholesome, though most rigorously plain food; she dressed her with exquisite neatness and cleanliness; she taught her a very long and elaborate prayer, as soon as Peg knew enough Flemish to learn it, together with one of Clement Marot's Psalms. But long as these were, Peg always insisted on adding to them the English 'Our Father.' 'Muvver' had bid her always say that. She liked to say it in English too, though her English words were fast slipping from her.

Peg was fond of Vrow Anna, discerning with the child's quick instinct the honest heart beneath her severity; but she much preferred her uncle. Vrow Anna would fain have brought her up after an orderly and methodical fashion, and trained her to be exactly like the round-faced, good-tempered, stolid Flemish maidens of Volkmaar; but any one with the slightest knowledge of human nature could have told her that she would never succeed in that. Little Peg was cut in a different mould from theirs. Even Master Thomson, though cordially approving Vrow Anna's discipline, could hardly be sorry in his heart of hearts that after it all Peg remained Peg still, impulsive, heedless, wilful, but, oh, so winsome! Neither could he quite agree when Vrow Anna lamented over her beauty as though it had been a misfortune. It was true that he had seemed to take somewhat the same view of it when talking to Molly Wilson, and his stern creed led him to see in it merely an additional temptation—'a snare of the Evil One,' as he had said, but, spite of himself, his heart, which in him as in so many other good men, was wiser than his head, rose up in instinctive human revolt against this doctrine. He thought it carnal weakness, doubtless, and strove conscientiously not to take delight in the child's fair face; but nature was too strong for him, and he could not wish her different.

But Margaret Cuthbert's view that Peg's beauty was a gift of God to be freely and frankly rejoiced in by herself as well as others, would have been startling and almost distressing to him. He quite agreed with Vrow Anna that it was right to keep the child in ignorance of her own charm, and, if possible, to persuade her that her pretty face was an ugly one. He was almost as much shocked as that good woman herself at the persistency with which Peg clung to the foolish old rhyme which her mother had taught her:

'Monday's bairn fair of face,' she would cry. 'That's me, that's Muvver's Peg! Me a Monday's bairn!'

Vrow Anna thought it almost sinful when she learnt what it meant, and administered a grave lecture to Peg on its impropriety, but the child utterly refused to accept her view of the matter.

'It not silly, nor not naughty,' she said indignantly; 'Muvver said it me—mine own muvver. Me's Muvver's Peg, and me is fair of face.' And, thank Heaven, Vrow Anna had sufficient reverence for the child heart not to hint to it that its mother could have been wrong. 'Muvver said me was fair of face like de little daisy flowers—what you call "Margarethe,"' continued Peg, 'and me must be dood like dem.'

It seemed to Vrow Anna that Mistress Cuthbert's teaching must have been strangely trifling and frivolous, if nothing worse, but she caught an unwontedly soft gleam in her master's eye, and refrained from remark. Was Master Thomson thinking of the days when he and his little sister had wandered through the daisy-covered meadows of old England long ago? It might be so, for when little Peg went on in an unwontedly plaintive tone, 'Me do wish mine muvver would tum back, Uncle Don, when will mine muvver tum back?' he took the babe up in his arms, and pressing one of his rare kisses on her brow, murmured, 'She will not return to us, my maid, but pray God we go to her. God knoweth, if it might be His will to let me depart hence to the heavenly fields, I would be right fain!'

That was the aspiration of many a good man then, for, indeed, there seemed little rest on earth.

So Peg lived and throve there in the dark house in the gloomy and saddened Calvinistic town, and grew fairer and sweeter day by day, where a less sunny nature might have pined and drooped, even as the yellow gorse makes a patch of golden radiance on the bleak hillside where nothing else will grow.

All the inhabitants of Volkmaar were Peg's friends: grave men and women and little children. Soon she ran about the tiny town quite fearlessly and quite unharmed. Vrow Anna was shocked and horrified for the first two or three times when she missed her, and found that she had gone off on a journey of discovery by herself, and Peg was sternly rebuked for her wanderings, and was seemingly very penitent, but by and by (no one exactly knew how it came about) she won a kind of permission to wander in and out of the tall house, and about the one or two quaint streets, as she liked. It was a very quiet place, and the people were sober and kindly. And who would hurt Peg?

They were all her friends, but the very chief was Jan Soest, a young sailor nephew of Vrow Anna's. He was an orphan, and the only living relative the old woman had, and it was therefore no small grief to her that he persisted in clinging to the old faith, and was one of the few Romanists in Volkmaar. Jan was a fine young fellow of seventeen, handsome and brave, soft-hearted and impulsive, and a general favourite. He was very good to his old aunt, and though Vrow Anna

was almost more cross to him than to others, he was really 'the very apple of her eye. This being so, she lamented sorely over his Catholicism, but on this point Jan was firm. His parents had been Romanists, and had brought him up in their faith, and he clung to it loyally, though he hated the Inquisition and the Spaniard, and, like many another bold Netherlander, was only waiting his time to contend earnestly for the liberties of his fatherland. He had already gone several voyages in Master Thomson's vessels, and had also travelled a good deal in his native country, having been to Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, and other cities, where he had seen many of his distinguished countrymen, and especially the great Count Egmont, who was his idol, as he was many another's.

Jan had been away on a voyage when Peg came to Volkmaar, and at his first visit to his aunt on his return, he was amazed to find the grim house lighted up by the presence of the little child. His first sight of her was on the evening after his arrival, when, on entering Master Thomson's house-place, he saw his aunt seated erect and solemn in a high carved chair, dressed in a short, full, long-waisted gown, with a tall, peaked white cap, and little Peg standing before her with closed eyes and folded arms, demurely repeating one of Marot's Psalms. She looked so fair and pure in her quaint little blue gown, with its puffed sleeves and tiny white ruffles, her little feet cased in dark blue hosen and bright buckled shoon, that the young sailor felt as if the unexpected vision were one of the sweet child saints, of whom his mother had been wont to tell him long ago, nay, were there not pictures of the Blessed Mary herself standing just so at her mother's knee? It seemed curious to Jan that this little figure, looking as if she had stepped out of a cathedral window, should be saying a Calvinistic hymn.

It was finished before he had disentangled his ideas, and then Vrow Anna looked up and saw her nephew. She could not conceal her gladness, though her words were grim as usual. Jan was used to that however.

'And who is this gracious little gentlewoman?' he asked, when there was a pause.

Peg caught the words, and answered promptly with her usual formula,

'Me's Muvver's Peg!'

Vrow Anna was about to explain the meaning of the unfamiliar English words, but to her surprise the young sailor understood them. He had been to England in some of his voyages, and had picked up some of the language.

'And will Mistress Peg let Jan kiss her hand?' he said, in her own tongue, suiting the action to the word.

Peg looked with great favour at his honest, kindly face, and as he sank down on one knee, with something of knightly grace, and pressed his lips with reverent courtesy to one tiny hand, she put up the other

to stroke his face softly, and then gravely offered him her lovely rosebud mouth to kiss.

The action was so quaintly pretty, yet at the same time so queenly in its dignity, that it was a minute or two before Vrow Anna remembered to chide Peg for its forwardness. Forward or not, it had won Peg another friend. From henceforth Jan Soest was her slave.

He began to haunt Master Thomson's house at all hours of the day, sometimes on the pretext of errands to its master, or little jobs for Vrow Anna, sometimes openly bringing some quaintly-carved toy, or rare shells, or feathers, or merely a bunch of meadow flowers for 'Mistress Peg.' Vrow Anna chided often, and rated him for wasting his time thus, and sometimes even sternly kept Peg out of his way, in a spirit of wholesome discipline, but such severity was rare, and reserved for the occasions when the little maid had been more than usually heedless. At other times Peg would run to him with a cry of delight which caused Vrow Anna to call her back to learn to walk soberly and decorously in a manner befitting a modest maiden. And then Jan would kiss her little hand with as much, if not more, reverence as he would have shown to the Duchess Margaret herself, and would gravely ask if it were Mistress Peg's pleasure to go abroad that day, and then, having obtained Vrow Anna's permission, the two would go off together, and be happy.

They would go into the country, wandering over the flat, rich Flemish meadows, amongst the fat, sleepy cattle, or along the sandy dunes with their crown of pines, or Jan would take her down to the shore amongst the shipping. He generally carried her down here, for the ways were rough and dirty, and not very fit for little feet, and Peg surveyed everything with great delight from his shoulder. She sat there as if on a royal throne receiving the homage of her subjects, for her appearance was always the signal for a kind of *levée* among the good-humoured Flemish sailors. Jan was very careful of her, and allowed none to approach her who were not noted for good behaviour, and to be one of Mistress Peg's friends became a sort of Order of Merit.

But one day as Peg was trotting down the town with her hand held fast in Jan's, she came to a full stop outside the church, which rose tall and stately in the market-place, a few yards from Master Thomson's door.

'Me want to do in dere, Dan. Dat is like mine home. Is it a church, Dan?'

'Ay, Mistress Peg. Have you never been within?'

'Nay, Vrow Anna saith it is not a dood place, but I would fain see. I was wont to go to church wid muvver, ere she's gone away.'

'Pity so fair a babe should be trained up as a heretic,' thought honest Jan. 'May the holy saints have pity on her, and bring her safe into harbour!'

'What will Vrow Anna say?' he asked.

'Vrow Anna not chide *thee*,' said Peg shrewdly. 'Take me, dood Dan!'

The pleading was irresistible, and Jan felt that there could be no harm in just showing the child the church. So the two went in.

The Church of the Holy Child at Volkmaar was one of those exquisite monuments of Christian art in which the Netherlands were then so rich. Small in size, as compared with the magnificent structures of the great cities, it was yet in its own way as perfect a model of Gothic architecture as the noble cathedral of Antwerp itself. The rich light fell softly from many a painted window, and dyed the floor with varied gleam, and glanced tenderly on the slender shafts and pillars, from which sprang many a lofty pointed arch. The columns rose stately and fair as the monarchs of the forest, and tracing them upward, the eye lost them amid the intermingling of countless delicate branches as completely as if they had indeed melted into the infinite blue of Heaven. Time would fail me to speak of exquisite stone flowers unfolding in perennial loveliness, of strange birds, and beasts, and fishes, whose presence there seemed to say that all nature bore its share in worship; of adoring angel faces; of fair Madonnas bending pitying eyes on the sorrows of humanity, perhaps not least on the grievous error which profaned where it sought to honour; of the Divine Child with that wondrous smile more deep than tears; or of how softly the sunbeams touched the representation of the great Agony, speaking of the Love which still draws all men unto it, and makes them one in Itself, whether the symbol be to them a holy or an accursed thing.

Little Peg stood spell-bound just within the door, and gazed, and gazed, as if her soul were drinking in the loveliness. As she stood there with clasped hands, rapt, earnest face, and golden hair, Jan felt a strange awe steal over him, and it seemed to him for a moment as if this were no human child, but divine as one of the sculptured angels around.

At last Peg fell on her knees with a little cry, and as if by instinctive impulse repeated her 'Our Father.'

'Heretic!' thought Jan. 'Heaven forgive me! the babe is more like a sweet saint of God!'

And then Peg burst into sudden tears, and cried out, 'Oh, Muvver, Muvver! When will you come back to Peg?'

The young sailor took her up in his arms, and would have carried her away, but she resisted. 'Nay, nay, let me bide,' she sobbed. 'Oh, Muvver, Muvver!'

Jan sat down with her in his arms, and tried to soothe her, feeling it no shame to his manliness that his own tears fell fast at the repetition of that touching cry.

'It may be that it is the sight of the Holy Mother which recalled

her own mother to the mind of the babe,' he thought, and he was partly right, but he knew nothing of the dim and vague memories of the stately cathedral on the banks of Wear, whither she had been wont to go almost daily with her mother, which had crowded into Peg's little mind as she stood in this church in a strange land. There was a great difference between the massive, solid grandeur of Durham on its hilly throne, and the exquisite grace of this flower of Gothic loveliness, springing upward from the lowly Flemish meadows, but the child's keen instinct told her that the meaning at the heart of each was the same.

By and by Peg grew calmer, her tears ceased, and as she allowed Jan to lead her round the church, she tried, in her broken baby way, to tell him something of the faint and confused recollections which were struggling in her brain. He could not understand much, but he made out enough to cause him to ask Vrow Anna, when they returned, if Mistress Peg's mother had not been a Catholic.

'Nay,' answered Vrow Anna, sharply, 'she was of the Reformed, so Master Thomson saith, though methinks she must have been but a lukewarm and ill-guided young creature.'

'Nay,' said Jan, warmly, 'needs must she have been a holy and gracious gentlewoman, or how should she have had so sweet a babe? Such fair flowers grow not save from a goodly root.'

'The maiden is well enough to look upon,' said Vrow Anna, 'but be not led away by a fair countenance, Jan. I fear me lest it be but a temptation to her. She already setteth overmuch store by her comeliness. I cannot but deem the mother to have been ill-guided, since she learned her those foolish words she is so fain to say.'

'Nay, the rhyme saith true eno', answered Jan, stoutly; 'and methinks Mistress Peg's mother was in the right to thank the saints for her fair daughter. Pity so beauteous a maiden should be trained as a heretic!'

'Nay, rather thank God that she is plucked as a brand from the burning!' cried Vrow Anna, kindling to the fray. 'I would, Jan, that thou also wert rescued from thy pestilent creed. 'It is thou that art the heretic, with thy prayers to saints, and thy worshipping of graven images, and thy foul idolatry of the mass.'

'Nay, nay,' said Jan, good-humouredly, 'call not hard names, good mother. Methinks sometimes that the *bon Seigneur Dieu* knoweth that each seeketh after Him in his own way, Catholic or heretic, and that He will not be so hard on us as we on each other. I cannot conceive that this work of burning, and torturing, and tearing one another limb from limb like savage beasts of prey, befits Christian men, whom the good fathers tell us He made in His own likeness. I would fight with a free conscience against the Turk or the infidel, but I like not this hunting of heretics, who, after all, do worship the good God, though it be after a strange fashion.'

'Nay, by my troth, it is you Catholics that are little better than Turks or heathens,' broke in the irate Vrow Anna; 'mumbling what you deem your prayers in a tongue which you understand not, and bowing down to painted dolls, of which the Psalm saith—

'Ils ont les yeux et voyent pas,
Les oreilles et entendent pas'—

dumb idols like those in the church yonder. I would they were all burnt, even as Peter Titelman burns the blessed martyrs, and that yonder temple of idolatry were levelled with the ground!

'Now the saints forfend!' cried the young sailor, making the sign of the Cross. 'And see you not, good mother, that you heretics are as bitter as we, and that were you in power you would send us to the stake, together with the images of the blessed saints—with whom indeed it were an honour to be burned! But it seemeth to me that such doings befit only the cruel Spaniards, who verily thirst for blood and treasure like the foul fiend himself; and are worthy, honest Netherlanders, who should hold all together, and love as brethren? So say the good Counts Egmont and Orange, and so think I.'

'Ay, lad, thy words are discreet and reasonable,' said Master Thomson, who had come in unobserved, and at sight of whom Jan made a respectful obeisance, 'if it were but possible they might be carried out. God knoweth the land is weary of blood, and of this hunting the souls of men even as birds are snared by the fowler; but I fear me there is no peace for the country while it is oppressed and trodden under foot by the greedy Spaniards. If the Duchess Margaret would but hearken more to our own good nobles, Egmont and Orange and Horn, then should the land have rest and quiet.'

'But they be Papists too,' objected Vrow Anna.

'Ay, but yet be they no persecutors, and they have protected the Reformed often. I hear rumours that there have been great field-preachings without the walls of Antwerp and Ghent and other of the chief cities, much against the will of the Regent, who would fain have dispersed them by force of arms; but when the magistrates would have sent the soldiers against them, these refused to march, nay, many of them were secretly among the congregations. And the Duchess would have sent the Spaniards, with what result of murder and misery we can too well conceive, but Orange and Egmont withstood her to her face, telling her there had been enough of bloodshed, and that if our free Netherlanders had resolved to worship God that way, neither soldier nor devil would stay them. They said that heresy would never be stamped out of the Netherlands by fire and sword, but that if the priests would cease to live foully and be greedy of gain, and sell pardons of sins for money, and live pure and godly lives, then would the people return to the Catholic faith—which methinks were a thing to be fervently prayed against, did I see any chance of it! And

Orange was for granting freedom of worship to all, but Egmont thought that not good. However, both were agreed that the bloody Inquisition was the root of all our miseries, and the Regent went out of the Council even weeping.'

'And what followed?' asked Jan, eagerly.

'Nay, I know not, but the field-preaching spreadeth far and wide, and many thousands flock to hear the Word. But doubtless thou, Jan, being still a blinded Papist, would rather hear of burnings and torturings than of men going miles at the peril of their lives to expound the truth, as do these godly ministers.'

'Nay, nay, good master. I was saying to Mother Anna but now that, after all, we do worship the same good Lord God, and He will without doubt have pity on us if we do so in truth and singleness of heart.'

'Nay, I know not that that is sound doctrine,' answered the worthy Calvinist, fearful of allowing too much; 'but for the rest, thou art a good lad, Jan, and it is borne in upon me that thou wilt yet be of the Lord's elect. Neither thy good aunt nor myself cease to pray for thee, that the Lord may bring thee out of the house of bondage.'

'Thanks, master, and good even to you.'

But honest Jan departed feeling somewhat ill at ease, not being able, spite of the rare tolerance which he had learnt from his idols, Egmont and Orange, to get rid of a kind of dread lest the prayers of heretics should bring some ill on him. 'Yet the *bon Seigneur Dieu* knoweth well that I am no heretic,' he said to himself, as he passed the beautiful church, 'and if they will teach little Mistress Peg to pray for me, sure the good God cannot but take pleasure in her prayers, for she is pure as an angel of light, and she saith the Pater-noster too, in her own English tongue. And our blessed Lady must needs have pity on the sweet motherless babe!'

The field-preaching, of which Master Thomson had spoken, spread more and more, in defiance of all attempts to prevent it, and by and by it was known in Volkmaar that a godly minister was going to hold a meeting within a few miles of the place. The enthusiasm excited by this intelligence was immense, and multitudes of Calvinists flocked out of the town, heedless of the danger and the threats of the Romanist authorities. Master Thomson and Vrow Anna were among them, the latter leading little Peg, who, she thought, could not be too early instructed in pious doctrine. As they went down the street in the morning, they met Jan going to the early mass.

'Dan, Dan,' cried Peg, 'wilt thou tum wiv us, Dan?'

The young sailor shook his head, as he doffed his cap and stood bareheaded before the little one. 'I cannot, Mistress Peg. I am going to church.'

'Me do wiv thee, den. Me would like to go to church.'

Jan looked up eagerly at Master Thomson. 'Might she, master?'

he said, wistfully. 'Your way is a long and a rough one for little feet, and I hear the meetings are wont to be tedious and prolonged. She is but a babe, master, and cannot understand.'

'Tempt her not!' said Master Thomson, grimly. 'Thou sayest truly the way is long and rugged, but yet is it the way which leadeth unto life, whereas thine is the broad road to destruction. Woe to him that turneth aside one of the Lord's little ones! Harken thou thee rather, Jan Soest, to the voice of the maiden, which biddeth thee come with us to hear the word of truth!'

Jan shook his head, and turned away, and the three went on, though Vrow Anna had to chide Peg more than once for stopping to gaze after her friend.

'Pity they should train the child as a heretic,' said a worthy Roman Catholic dame, joining Jan immediately after he had parted from the Thomsons, 'for she is a child of a tender spirit. It was a pretty sight to see her yesterday. She was playing with my Clara. Clara was somewhat froward, as babes are wont to be at times, and when she clamoured for "butterbrod," I denied it her, and gave a double portion to Peg. Clara wept, and the other little maid sat and considered with herself for a space in much gravity, and then she murmured low to me, craving leave to bestow her "butterbrod" on Clara. I could not say her nay, and she gave it right joyfully. But the prettiest was yet to come. She lingered for a moment speaking no word, and then turned she to Clara with the fairest look of question. "Bist glücklich nu, Clara?" saith she. I tell thee, neighbour, it brought water to mine eyes. "Bist glücklich, Clara?" quotha! My goodman chideth me for letting Clara play with one that is a heretic, but this is such a fair maid, and so gentle. And sure the saints will take care of their own, and will let no hurt come to Clara, and belike one of them may spare a thought for little Peg. Thinkest thou not that it may be so, Jan?'

'Ay, surely!' answered the young man heartily. 'If they did not, methinks the *bon Seigneur Dieu* Himself will do so!'

Peg enjoyed the journey very much. It was a lovely summer Sunday, and the walk through the beautiful, rich, dewy meadows was full of delights, spite of Vrow Anna's rebukes of her gleeful laughter, and her eagerness to pluck the flowers as unseemly on *der Dag des Herren*.

'Why may me not laugh and sing as well as the birds?' asked Peg, somewhat aggrieved. 'Why doth the *bon Dieu* not tell them to be twiet tause it the Lord's Day if He liketh us not to laugh?'

A question which Vrow Anna did not know exactly how to answer, and therefore replied to it by a stern command of silence. Perhaps there appeared to Master Thomson to be some force in the child's reasoning, for, turning back, he took her up in his arms, and carried her the rest of the way, letting her chatter without rebuke.

I fear that, 'imp of marvellous intelligence' though Mistress Peg was, she found the long service and the enforced quietude very wearisome. Yet had she been able to understand it, it was a wonderful and interesting scene in which she was thus a sharer.

There, under the cloudless summer sky, a countless multitude, old men and maidens, young men and children, persecuted, proscribed, outlawed, many of whom had already suffered bitter things, nearly all of whom had had relatives or friends who had died the death for their faith; had assembled, at the risk of life and limb—ay, and of unutterable horrors worse than the loss of either—to worship God according to their consciences, not in temples made with hands, but under the blue dome of His own heaven, which seemed to tell them that, come what might, He still reigned over all. Not a beautiful thing, this Calvinism? Nay, steadfastness, heroism, faithfulness unto death, are perennially beautiful things. Mistaken, narrow, incomplete, it yet was in some sort a contest of truth against error, a phase of the revolt of the deep, earnest heart of man, against imposture and falsehood, a cry of the suffering nations after the God of light and freedom. That was what Calvinism was then. What is it now?

There was something sublime in the passionate earnestness of the people, the kind of sob with which they echoed the 'Amen' to the minister's fervid, heartfelt prayer for deliverance from their oppressors, for constancy in the hour of trial, for freedom to worship God, freedom for themselves and their land; in the strange, passionate swell of Marot's Psalms as they rose, lifted by hundreds of voices; in the breathless, hushed silence with which they listened to the Bible words which were to them so new and grand, and to the exhortation to courage, and faithfulness, and patience, which followed.

It was a grand scene to have taken part in, as little Peg came to feel in after years, even when her sympathies had outgrown Calvinism, but at the time she was too young to be conscious, after her first curious interest had passed away, of anything save weariness, and a longing to run about and play in the flowery meadows, rather than sit still and try to listen. But after a time she fell asleep, and Master Thomson glancing down at her with more tenderness than he knew, drew her into his sheltering arm, and held her there through the long hours during which the meeting lasted, forbearing to disturb her golden slumbers, though his position was most cramped and constrained.

After that first visit to the church, Peg was constantly pleading with Jan to take her again. There was a fascination to the child in the awe and solemnity. Peg's little beauty-loving eyes drank in all the loveliness of those long-columned vistas with their mystic-chequered lights and shadows, of those 'storied windows richly dight,' where the mullions lost themselves amid delicate beauty of infinite waving lines, and each of which was a glorious poem of rich yet tender colour.

She would linger there long with Jan, standing entranced before some face of saint or angel, or the Holy Child. She liked these best. The Crucifixion was to her a great awe and mystery, something unspeakably beautiful, yet unspeakably sad. Peg was not ready for that yet. Sometimes she made Jan tell her stories of what they all meant, but more often she took her fill of gazing in silence.

A change seemed to come over her as soon as she entered the church doors. She was no longer the merry, wilful, heedless Peg that she was at other times, but a demure, serious little maid, with a grave reverence shining in her fair blue eyes, and discreet as even Vrow Anna could have wished. Those visits to the church were an education of heart and mind to Peg. But how came they to be allowed? you ask. Were not Master Thomson and Vrow Anna afraid of her being beguiled into Catholicism? The fact was that they knew very little about them. They felt that she was safe with Jan, who would let no harm come to her, and they did not concern themselves much as to where he took her. Master Thomson indeed had graver matters to think of, for the times were becoming more and more critical, trade of all kinds languished, and he was beginning to doubt seriously about remaining in the Netherlands; while Vrow Anna, who felt the infirmities of age creeping on, could hardly regret Peg's being taken off her hands so much.

By and by a great sorrow fell on Peg in the parting with her dear friend Jan. He was going to Antwerp on business for his master, and then alas! was to sail for the west. Poor wee Peg! she almost broke her childish heart over this parting, and looked so sad for days that at last Vrow Anna chided sharply, half in fierce conflict with her own sorrow, and even Master Thomson was moved to say in jest that he should have to send Peg to sea along with Jan on his next voyage, a speech which he hastily retracted however, when Peg, catching eagerly at the words, begged to be allowed to go.

'Wouldst thou be fain to leave thy old uncle, maiden?'

'Mine Uncle Don tum too,' answered Peg promptly. 'We all go back to Muvver.'

'Would we might, my fair one,' muttered Master Thomson with a sigh.

Jan had departed to Antwerp with rather a sore heart for his own part. It was quite strange how closely the love of the little maid had twined round the fibres of his being. Sure never was lady served by gallant knight with greater devotion or more loyal reverence than was felt by this brave young sailor for tiny Mistress Peg.

He found the city of Antwerp in a strange, excited state. All men felt that a crisis was approaching, but none knew exactly what form it would take. The persecution had ceased somewhat of late, for the infatuated Spaniards themselves were beginning to realise dimly that even a worm will turn at last. And these proud, high-spirited Nether-

landers were no worms, but men with fiery, seething hearts, who began to talk vaguely among themselves too, of how God had led His Israel out of Egypt, and had overthrown their oppressors. And the Moses? Egmont's name was on every tongue. What was impossible to the conqueror of Gravelines and S. Quentin? Some of the sager whispered indeed that the Silent One were the surer stay, but in any case the two were bosom friends, and Orange in counsel and Egmont in action might well be reckoned irresistible. Not that revolt was openly spoken of as yet, but men began to feel that that was the way events were drifting, and that if they could not maintain their rights and their liberties in any other manner they must do so by the strong arm. There was a stir and ferment in all minds. It was known that the Regent herself had counselled the suspension of the Inquisition, and the honest people gave her more credit for good faith and good intentions than she deserved. At any rate men breathed more freely, and Peter Titelmann and his black brood had withdrawn for a time into their native darkness, alas! to re-emerge only the more ferociously.

The 'Gueux' had made their wild *début* upon the scene, with their beggar's bowl and wallet, symbols of their determination to struggle for their privileges until reduced indeed to beggary, and had had their famous interview with the Regent, of which so little finally came. The work was for other hands than thine, thou wild, fantastic, Brederode; or even than thine, thou noble, brave, and gentle Louis of Nassau, though to thee, too, it was permitted to give thy life in the cause!

Orange had been in Antwerp for some time, keeping the city quiet with his strong hand and watchful eye, but utterly refusing to attempt to put a stop to the field-preaching. He had been summoned by Margaret, however, to attend a Chapter of the Golden Fleece, and had obeyed, sorely against his will, for he had a foreboding of what would be the result of his absence.

At first all was quiet enough, though a restless excitement pervaded the city, which seemed to Jan Soest like the heavy, oppressive, stillness which broods over the sea before a storm. What did it portend?

But the August days went on until the 18th came, the festival of the 'Ommegang,' when the beautiful image of the blessed Virgin and Child, the glory of the cathedral, was carried in procession through the town. It had formerly been a day of high rejoicing, but now it had lost much of its impressiveness; not indeed that the procession lacked its accustomed splendour of vestment and service, but that, instead of crowds of devout worshippers it was followed by throngs of the lowest rabble of the town, whose mood was the reverse of reverential. Jan, who was one of the comparatively small band of Romanists, felt his cheek flush angrily, and clenched his fist indig-

nantly at the profane and ribald shouts of 'Mayken, Mayken, thy time is come!' with which the image was greeted.

The procession, which had been wont to make the quaint, beautiful city gorgeous with flashing colour, scent of flowers, and sheen of fair faces and costly jewels, wended its way through streets that were silent and deserted, or lined only by gloomy, threatening faces. The more sober Calvinists kept within doors, and there was no one to restrain the insults of the mob, for the burgher magistrates were alarmed and inactive. The procession was brought to an end rather hurriedly, but it terminated without any more overt demonstrations of hostility, and the day passed without disturbance, though crowds continued to surround the cathedral for hours, and after Vespers they roamed through it, mocking openly at its sacred things. The Catholics were powerless to restrain, though many a one, like Jan, felt his blood boil at the profanity which assailed the objects of his reverence.

However, that day passed, and the supporters of order breathed more freely. But the next morning when the cathedral doors were opened, the holy edifice was again profaned by a noisy crowd, whose derision was especially excited by the fact that it had not been thought advisable to leave the sacred image exposed to view in the centre of the church as was usual on these occasions, but that it had been placed within the choir for safety.

They filled the cathedral, storming through the columned aisles, and disturbing by loud and bitter laughter, and harsh tumult, the hushed solemnity which had hitherto only been broken by low murmurings of prayer or choral bursts of praise. A writer has spoken of the cathedral as a peaceful islet set in the midst of a tumultuous main, and ever washed by its noisy waves; but now, alas! the sea had broken over its shores, and threatened to overwhelm it. Day wore on, however, and towards nightfall the alarmed magistrates succeeding in partially clearing the church. All the doors were closed and locked, except one which was left open to afford egress to those who were yet within. This done, all the officials retired, save one, who was deputed to await the final dispersion of the crowd. But (though such want of perception appears almost incredible) it seems never to have occurred to the worthy magistrates that the one open door afforded a means of entrance as well as an exit, and very shortly the church was again filled with rioters. The remaining magistrate fled, and the grand cathedral, the glory of the Netherlands, was left to its fate. The work of destruction, however, was still delayed. The rabble were as yet more derisive than actively hostile, but the incentives to their sacrilegious work were not long wanting.

At length, as the crowd was swaying hither and thither, as if waiting for a guiding impulse, one of them, 'a ragged fellow of mechanical aspect, in a tattered black doublet and an old straw hat,' got up into

the pulpit and began delivering a profane and foul discourse, full of the grossest blasphemies. Thereon ensued an indescribable uproar. Amid various and conflicting shouts of blame and applause, and loud cries of '*Vivent les Gueux!*' missiles of all kinds were hurled at the mechanic, and returned by him, while vain attempts were made to pull him from his pulpit. At length Jan Soest, who had lingered in the cathedral in the hope of assisting the cause of order, and whose blood had been rising higher and higher, could restrain himself no longer, and burning with anger and horror at the blasphemous scene sprang up into the pulpit, and seizing the fellow by the collar hurled him down the steps. But he, grappling with Jan as he fell, succeeded in bringing his adversary down with him. On this the tumult increased still more, most of the crowd taking part against Jan. A pistol-shot was fired, and he was wounded in the arm. The few Catholics rallied round him, but they were vastly outnumbered, and they were reluctantly obliged to abandon the idea of defence. It was as much as they could do to rescue Jan, who had fainted from his wound, out of the hands of the angry mob, and to convey him to the house of a worthy burgher near. Even then, when he came to himself, he would fain have returned to give his life, if need be, in defence of the house of God, but he was detained, almost by main force, and could only stay, wringing his hands at his own impotence, and bewailing the pusillanimity of the magistrates, which would not allow them to make a vigorous effort to restore order.

The rioters being thus left to themselves, the work of destruction raged unchecked. Roaring out at intervals staves of Marot's psalms, at other times stanzas of ribald songs, they flew on image and shrine and painted window, and dashed them to pieces on the floor. Not a pillar nor a carving escaped. Like the 'malignant ghouls' to which they have been compared, they might be seen tearing off every ornament or jewel, shattering, with heavy blows of whatever instrument came first to hand, the delicate loveliness of exquisite stone flower, or chiselled angel face. It is almost incredible with what rapidity the work was completed. A few hours sufficed for the destruction of what had taken many centuries, and the highest thoughts of many minds, to perfect. Christian art has never ceased to mourn that night's work.

Perhaps there was a moment's compunction and remorse among the crowd themselves when they saw what they had done, when they saw their beautiful cathedral a mere empty wreck and shell, the floor heaped high with portions of masonry, picture, and image, and rich fragments of painted glass, mingled with gorgeous altar-cloths broi-dered with cunning needlework and brilliant vestments, and holy vessels enriched with many a glorious flashing jewel. The confused tumult of howls and coarse laughter and terrible gibing blasphemy sank, and the sad moan of the night wind was heard, as it rushed wailing through the shattered windows, and sighed around the

pillars, which stood naked and bare, like the trees of the forest after the merciless winter storms, and the August moon looked calmly down on the temple of God, which men had made a pandemonium. The most hardened recoiled for a moment, as they looked on the scene, and knew what they had done. And yet they could not know fully; they had neither hearts nor brains large enough to realise it.

Yet there is something to be said for them. And in the first place, it should be clearly understood that the destruction was in no sense the work of the Calvinists as a body, but wholly of a blind and furious rabble. The Calvinist ministers denounced it as strongly as the Romanists themselves, and so did all the sober and virtuous members of their flocks. Secondly, that the destruction, furious and barbarous though it was, was utterly unstained by pillage or greed of gain. Though the rioters belonged almost wholly to the lowest orders of the people, not one of them was disgraced by any act of appropriation or theft, though the countless treasures of gold and jewels offered every temptation to their poverty and cupidity. Their deed was an outrage on religion and decency, but at least it proceeded from fanaticism, and no baser motives. Thirdly, we may just make this remark, that men who had been daily accustomed to see their fellows, the human beings whom they were taught that God had made in His own likeness, branded, racked, flayed, tortured out of all resemblance to humanity, should not be judged too hardly if they retaliated on what, after all, was but senseless wood and stone. Their deed was a horrible sacrilege, and a barbarous outrage on art, but in common justice this much should be said on the other side.

Jan was very ill all night from the effect of his wound, which, though not dangerous, was very painful, and made him extremely feverish. The agitation of his mind too, on hearing the terrified reports of what was going on, increased his illness. It was not the cathedral only which was sacked, the other churches also were outraged, and Antwerp, the city of churches, was soon mourning for her vanished glory. Other cities, catching fire from her example, did the like, and the demon of destruction seemed let loose o'er the land. The Regent, in utter and abject terror, prepared for instant flight, thinking that her hour of doom was come; and it was only the urgent entreaties and strong personal influence of Orange and Egmont which induced her to remain, and endeavour to pacify the people by repealing the late edict against heretics.

As soon as order was partially restored in Antwerp, urgent messengers were sent to entreat William the Silent to return, and with them was despatched Jan, partly that he might be able to give a full and circumstantial account of the outbreak, partly that he might not be in any danger from the mob, who had regarded his behaviour with much disfavour. Probably the danger was more imaginary than real, but his kind entertainers were not disinclined to put him in the way of

receiving the reward which his conduct had merited, and to recommend him to the notice of the great nobles. Jan himself had no thoughts of this kind; what he had done had only proceeded from the natural instinct of defending the objects of his reverence; but he was young, and the thought of seeing something of the court, and above all of being likely to be noticed by the great captains who were the idols of his imagination, was by no means distasteful to him. His wound, which had been in reality slight, was rapidly recovering, aided by his youth and health, and he set on his journey in good spirits, which were only checked by the consideration of the misfortunes of his country. His reception at the court was extremely flattering; indeed he found himself exalted into something like the hero of the hour.

He received a present of money from the Regent, compliments from all, and what he valued more than all the rest, a few words of warm and hearty praise, and a handsome sword from Egmont. The attention paid him might have turned his head, but Jan's nature was too simple, and his sense of his own deserts too modest to be hurt by it.

The riots which were taking place all over the country required immediate measures for their suppression. Orange was despatched to Antwerp, Count Horn to Tournay, and Egmont to pacify his own province of Flanders. In the train of the latter went Jan, who embraced this opportunity of returning to Volkmaar. His honesty of heart and simplicity, as well as his evident admiration of himself, had pleased the Count, and Egmont distinguished him by not a little notice, thus raising him to the pinnacle of happiness.

In the meantime things had gone on quietly as usual at Volkmaar. The cloud on Master Thomson's brow deepened somewhat, as there appeared to be no prospect of his causes of anxiety lessening; and perhaps Vrow Anna's voice had an added touch of sharpness now that Jan was gone. Little Peg was very forlorn. She missed her friend more than any one would have supposed possible at her age, for though in some respects very much of a baby still, in others she had thoughts and feelings above her years. Jan had filled her life with pleasantness, and now it had suddenly become empty and bare. Peg was not too young to feel that. Her uncle's gloom and Vrow Anna's crossness were added elements of discomfort, and for the first time Peg lost something of that air of bright sunshine, which had hitherto seemed her natural atmosphere. The child was not very well either, the hot weather tried her, she drooped, and was occasionally fretful and cross, a thing quite unusual with sunny Peg. A mother would have seen at once what was wrong, but Vrow Anna only thought she was naughty, and rebuked her sharply. 'Muvver's Peg' began to have a sore little feeling at her heart, the meaning of which she did not know, but which was really the mother-want, the yearning for the

touch of tender hands, and the tones of a soft voice telling her to brighten up, for 'Monday's bairn must needs be fair of face.'

It grew to be the child's chief pleasure to slip out of the dark house, and into the church where Jan had taken her so often. Many a hot afternoon, when Master Thomson was out, and Vrow Anna refreshing her weary old eyes with a nap, little Peg would run down the street, creep softly in at the great doors, and wander delightedly through the vast cool aisles where a subdued twilight always reigned. It was strange that a little child like Peg should have found pleasure in this way, but perhaps it was partly owing to that subdued and somewhat languid mood of hers that the church had such a strong attraction for her. Be the reason what it might, she rarely wearied of it. The rich and gorgeous colours filled her with a vague passion of delight; she ever found something new and strange in the quaint, beautiful carving, and the tender face of the Madonna seemed to look down on the little orphan child with the softness of her mother's smile.

No one interfered with her in any way. Few worshippers attended the church in those days, and Peg instinctively avoided going at service time. The church was served from the Abbey of S. Frida five miles distant, and the priest left the refractory inhabitants of Volkmaar very much to themselves at this time. Few people ever saw the golden-haired mite treading softly amidst the lights and shadows, except the old sacristan, and he, like every one else, was a friend of Peg's, and when he had satisfied himself that she did no mischief, never noticed her save by a kindly word or smile when he came on her suddenly. Indeed the old man grew to feel a kind of reverence for the little heretic child as for one of the lambs of the Madonna, whom she would surely lead back to the fold.

Vrow Anna did not know much of how those hours were spent. She was aware indeed that Peg sometimes went into the church by herself, and she had asked Master Thomson whether it were well to permit it, but he had answered that it mattered not, the child would take no harm there if she was fain to go; she was too young to learn idolatry or false doctrine, especially as there were no priests or monks about to teach it her. Therefore Vrow Anna stayed her not. Most often, however, when Peg was in church, the good Vrow believed her to be playing with little Clara or some other of the neighbours' children. This was not from any falseness on Peg's part, but a strange habit of silence was growing on her, the merry chatter had almost ceased; it might have seemed as if the gloom and loneliness of her life were killing the old sweet spring of brightness. Perhaps Master Thomson missed it at times, but he was occupied with affairs and greatly harassed, and had not much thought to spare for Peg. If he noticed the change in her at all, he consoled himself with the thought, which was gradually becoming a fixed purpose, that they

would go back to peaceful England and all should be well. And though all this has taken time to relate, it was not really long since Jan had gone away—a fortnight at the most.

Stories of the sacking of Antwerp cathedral had of course reached Volkmaar, and had excited horror and consternation even among the Calvinists themselves. For though they might most of them have echoed Vrow Anna's grim wish that the images and idols were all burnt, they were, as a rule, far too sober and respectable a class to sympathise with such lawless and wholesale destruction. Of course in Volkmaar, as throughout the land, there were violent fanatics who viewed the outburst of popular fury as an inspiration from on high, and a work as holy as the breaking the idols in the temple of Baal, but the inhabitants of the little town did not for the most part go so far. There had been little persecution in the immediate neighbourhood to embitter feeling, the ministers denounced the riots almost unanimously, and all wise men felt that these outrages would widen the breach, and make a peaceful settlement either of religion or politics almost impossible.

This feeling was increased by the news of the outrages committed in various towns of Flanders and other provinces in imitation of Antwerp. These were in very few cases the work of the respectable inhabitants themselves, but rather of wandering bands of Gueux, who stirred up the lowest rabble, or the bad characters who made fanaticism a cloak for their love of violence. But though the great mass of the citizens did not usually approve, they were divided among themselves, and often not inclined to use strong measures against those who were after all their fellow believers, and who were only retaliating the injuries they had received with an excess of zeal which doubtless appeared to them very pardonable. Thus, though not uniting with the rioters, they usually opposed little active resistance to their proceedings.

Considerable alarm was felt at Volkmaar when it was known that a party of ueux had been going steadily through the surrounding country, systematically performing their work of sacrilege. But here also public opinion was divided, for while the respectable burghers and wiser men of the Calvinist persuasion, among whom was Master Thomson, joined with the Catholics in dread for their beautiful church, the lower classes, and the young and enthusiastic of all classes, were eager not to be outdone in what they falsely regarded as zeal for religion. The authority of the magistrates and elder townsmen was sufficient to restrain them for the present, but if they were reinforced by any of the wandering bands of Gueux, it would probably fail, and great alarm was felt for the result. Many were the hopes that Count Egmont, who, it was known, was going through Flanders, restoring order, and inflicting severe punishment on the rioters, would quell the insurrection before it reached Volkmaar.

But these hopes were not destined to be fulfilled. Days went on,

it was heard that the Gueux were within a few miles of the town, and strict orders were given that the church doors should be securely locked and fastened at a certain hour every day. This was almost the only provision that could be made for its safety, since there were no means of defending the town.

One day when the sacristan closed the doors at four o'clock as usual, he suddenly remembered having seen little Peg creep in that afternoon as she was wont. It occurred to him that she might be there still, and he went in a few paces, and looked round, calling her. But he neither heard nor saw anything of her, so concluding that she had run home again, he went out, locking and barring the door securely.

There was an uneasy stir of expectation and anxiety in Volkmaar that day. Ominous rumours were floating about of bands of Gueux having been seen, and of reports that they had threatened to visit Volkmaar next, for its church had long been famed for its beauty and the richness of its images. There seemed to be a general notion that the visit would not be long delayed, for Egmont was daily expected; and the Gueux appeared resolved to make the most of the time allowed for their work of 'purification.' And in fact, about five o'clock some of the children of the town came rushing in from the country, crying 'The Beggars! The Beggars! *Voilà les Gueux qui viennent!*'

The alarm instantly spread, and some of the inhabitants went out to reconnoitre. They speedily returned, however, affirming that there was no doubt of the truth of the report, the Beggars were indeed coming. Very soon they were distinctly visible from the town, a large and mixed multitude of most disorderly appearance. They were poorly clad, and armed for the most part with whatever weapons had come first to hand, though some few had swords and lances. In front were carried the Beggar's wallet and bowl, the ensign of the Gueux.

The gates were hastily closed, and some show made of preparation for defence, but all knew that it was but a show, and that no serious resistance would be offered. Some indeed openly murmured against even this, and would have had the Beggars welcomed as brethren, but these were in the minority, at any rate for the present.

The Gueux advanced singing a Psalm, and forming in something like order before the gates, demanded admittance. There was a short parley, the magistrates inquiring by what right they claimed entrance, to which the insurgents answered that they came in the name of God and the Confederation of the Beggars, to purify the church, and to destroy its damnable idols, as they had done in many other towns, and they called on all faithful Christian men to aid in so godly and laudable a work.

The magistrates replied by a haughty refusal, and an intimation that they were quite able to manage the affairs of the town without the assistances of outsiders, at the same time warning the Beggars of the consequences of their lawless deeds, and giving them a significant

hint that Egmont was on their track, information which was received with derisive laughter, and cries that they feared neither man nor devil while fighting in the cause of the Lord.

They then attempted to force an entrance, which the burghers endeavoured to prevent, but there were no facilities for defending the town, they were greatly outnumbered, and some even among themselves were secretly in favour of the Gueux. After a short contest the latter succeeded in effecting an entrance. On this the party of order gave way and fled with the pusillanimity which distinguished them here as in other towns, and which perhaps arose from their hearts not being warm in the cause. Some few, among whom was Master Thomson, would have urged them to make a vigorous effort in defence of the church at least, but they merely shook their heads mournfully, declaring that it was no use contending against such odds, and that resistance would only lead to tumult and bloodshed. They contented themselves with making a solemn protest against the proceedings of the Beggars, and then retired to await the event. Master Thomson could hardly forbear an exclamation of angry contempt, as he compared these Netherlanders with his own English countrymen—'the only men in the world who know how to fight a losing game'—he thought bitterly, thereby doing injustice to the Netherlanders, as they were to prove hereafter in many a stricken field, when they were struggling for a cause they loved. He would have attempted to rally the townsmen himself, for in spite of his horror of image worship, he had a true English reverence for law, and hatred of violence, but the Calvinists were lukewarm, and the Romanists distrusted him as a heretic, and feared some plot, so that he was reluctantly obliged to give up the attempt. The town seemed struck with a panic, and waited in terrified consternation. But the church was to have a defender of whom they little thought.

The great gates, which were securely locked and barred, detained the rioters for some time, but at length they wrenched off the fastenings, and the disorderly multitude streamed into the church. The light was already growing dim there, and the rays of the setting sun streaming in through the western window struck a glory on pillar and floor. All was so still, and peaceful, and solemn, that even the rioters, accustomed as they were to desecration by this time, stopped in momentary awe, as if struck by a sense of the sacrilege they were about to commit. But the pause was but for an instant, one of their leaders suddenly struck up Marot's metrical version of the Second Commandment, and the whole multitude joined in, as by a common impulse—

'Tailler tu ne feras image,
De quelque chose que ce soit,
Sy honneur luy fais ou hommaige,
Bon Dieu jalousie en reçoit.'

There was something grand in that voice of a great multitude as it rolled through the church like the surge of the waves advancing to overwhelm it. So mighty was it, that it seemed to shake the walls, and suddenly a noble picture of the Holy Child, hanging over the high altar, a picture for which Volkmaar was famed, fell with a great crash to the ground. The Beggars received this as a happy omen, and crying out that God Himself was fighting for them, they advanced, preparing to begin their work of destruction. But there was a strange and startling interruption.

For there, on the steps of the altar, from the place where the picture had fallen, rose in the dim and solemn evening light, a figure as of a little child, a child in a white robe, with a golden glory round its head, and encircled with an atmosphere of soft radiance, with a face beautiful exceedingly, and one hand uplifted as it were in solemn warning.

The church was growing very dark, but that one figure shone out in unearthly light, and the rays from the western window smote its white robe with a stain rose-red like blood.

There was one instant of blank terror, then the teachings of years, which had only lately been cast off, resumed their sway for a moment. 'It is an angel!' was at first the cry, soon drowned by the universal awe-struck whisper, swelling to a murmur of anguished terror, '*C'est le Seigneur!*' 'It is the Holy Child Himself, come to defend His Sanctuary!'

Many afterwards declared that they were conscious of a supernatural and irresistible force, driving them from the church as by a whirlwind. It is well known, however, how an utterly unreasonable panic will sometimes seize a vast multitude, and we need hardly resort to the explanation of supernatural causes to account for the headlong, terrified flight of the rioters.

The tumultuous crowd, who a few moments before had declared that they feared neither man nor devil, fled by a common impulse from the presence of what they firmly believed to be a spirit. They had been brought up all their lives, until very recently, to believe in miraculous images, visions, and appearances, and now for the moment, not one of them doubted that the Holy Child Himself had stepped from the picture to protect His temple.

The terrified rush did not cease until they had almost reached the gates of the town. The party of order, headed by Master Thomson, seeing their confused flight, though not aware of its cause, felt their hopes revive, and seized the opportunity to strike one vigorous blow.

Hastily marshalling themselves, and seizing what arms they could find, they pursued the rioters, and when the latter at last stopped, just within the gates, they drew themselves up in a small but compact body across the street, so as to bar their return. The Gueux were already ashamed of their terror, and fortifying themselves with the reasonings

of their new faith, they came to a sudden halt. Seeing only human enemies, their courage revived, and some among them began to whisper that the appearance which they had seen was doubtless due to the machinations of the Evil One, whom they were bound as Christian men not to fear.

'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you,' murmured some, and they prepared to rally and return to the church. They encountered, however, a firm resistance on the part of the townsmen, who had been much encouraged by their flight, and a vigorous struggle ensued. But the townsmen, though stout-hearted, were few in number, and unable long to withstand the furious charge of the Beggars, who once more dashed up the street, sweeping all before them. At the church doors, however, they again halted, superstition and zeal striving for the mastery. The wavering balance was turned by one of their leaders, who, striking the doors (which had been closed) with a ponderous battle-axe, cried with a loud voice, 'Satan, I defy thee, and all thy deceits, in the name of Heaven!'

The Beggars, encouraged by his words, prepared for a simultaneous rush, and all seemed again lost, when there was heard a sudden clash of arms and tramp of horses' feet, the loud blast of a trumpet, a cry of 'Egmont! Egmont!' and the rioters, looking round, saw the street full of armed men.

There was no thought of anything but instant headlong flight. The Gueux rarely resisted regular troops, with whom, indeed, it would have been utter madness for their unarmed, undisciplined rabble, to attempt to contend: they had been already demoralised by their former terror, and the name of Egmont struck them with dismay. The rout was utter and irremediable, and they fled in agonised terror.

Egmont detached some troops in pursuit, and himself halted in the market-place, asking eagerly if he had come in time to save the church. He and his officers listened wonderingly to the report which was given him of the strange interruption of the rioters. Egmont, a devout Catholic, crossed himself reverently as he heard the story of the wondrous child in its white robe and golden crown, feeling as little doubt of the reality of the miracle as the Gueux themselves.

In the meantime, Vrow Anna, venturing out of the house, to which fear had kept her a close prisoner, much to her bewilderment, recognised her nephew, Jan, in Count Egmont's train. Her shrill-voiced exclamations of astonishment and joy changed to expressions of terror as she caught sight of his bandaged arm, and he had much ado to calm her by his protestations that it was nothing, and that she should hear the story later.

Jan was looking around him eagerly all the time he spoke, and at the first pause, inquired anxiously where was little Mistress Peg. Vrow Anna answered by putting her hand to her brow, and saying

distractedly that indeed she could not tell, she believed her to be with Clara's mother. Indeed the poor old woman's brain was so confused with the fright she had suffered, that her wits seemed altogether scattered. Jan frowned, and glanced round uneasily; then, catching some words of the crowd, he straightened himself in his saddle, listening eagerly, and with a strange thought stealing into his mind.

'Small and wondrous fair, clothed in white with a crown of gold.'

What image did that bring to his mind?

Egmont and his officers, having heard the story, prepared, though with a strange feeling of awe and reverence, to examine the church. They sprang from their horses and entered, followed by some of the townspeople, though the majority hung back in superstitious fear. Jan was among those who pressed forward. He was a sincere Romanist, but a curious fancy as to the explanation of the mystery was gaining ground in his mind.

There was a momentary pause as they entered. The church was almost in darkness now, and a ghostly silence reigned. The boldest heart quailed somewhat, but Count Egmont, crossing himself once more, and strong in a pure conscience, advanced up the aisle. All was silent and still; the white pillars gleamed ghostly in the twilight, and were lost again in mysterious gloom, the tender angel faces shone out beautiful for a moment, and vanished, the images and the figures in the painted windows were but a dim outline. The jewelled cross on the altar had caught a glory from the last sun rays, and flamed out in mystic radiance that was almost startling, but the marble steps lay white and vacant, with no trace of the figure which had occupied them. The place of the picture was empty, but Egmont saw that the picture itself lay on the floor where it had fallen. All was utterly silent, and the most incredulous were beginning to feel that the appearance must indeed have been a vision and a miracle, when Egmont pointed with a start to something white lying below the lowest step. There was an instant's awe-struck pause, then Jan Soest, who was close behind, came forward, and taking it up in his arms, said in a low, reverent voice—

'It is little Mistress Peg; and,' he added, his tone changing to one of sudden terror, 'God grant that she be not in sober earnest a blessed spirit by this time.'

For the little white figure lay in his arms without speech or motion, a look of agonised terror frozen on the fair face; the blue eyes were fast closed, no breath came through the parted lips.

But it was in truth little Peg, and the mystery was solved. She had wandered into church when the old sacristan saw her, and after roaming about a little, had yielded to the strange languor which was wont to overcome her in those hot days, and had gone quietly to sleep with her head resting on the altar step. She had slept on there

through the long hours, unawakened by the sacristan's call—slept, lulled by the hum in the streets outside which came to her, softened into a soothing lullaby, till suddenly and startlingly awakened by the rush of the rude multitude into the church, and the roar of hundreds of voices. Even then she lay still a moment in blank bewilderment, till at the fall of the picture beside her, she sprang to her feet, and stood there in her white dress amid the radiance from the sunset, her aureole of golden hair, and the pure loveliness of her face, the suddenness of her appearance, and the darkness of the church, all combining to favour the delusion that she was a spirit-child. Of course, a moment's examination would have revealed the truth, but that the rioters had been far too terrified to give, they had fled aghast in an instant.

To Peg their appearance, wild and savage as it was, had been like that of a band of demons. The sudden awaking, the sharp shock and terror, had been too much for the child's frame, already feeble, and she had fallen in a fainting fit as they fled from the church.

Jan carried her tenderly out into the open air, followed closely by Count Egmont, whose quick wit had already grasped the clue to the mystery. 'Surely,' he said to himself, 'it was no less than a miraculous interposition of the blessed saints which caused those ruffians to flee from the face of a little child.'

'The Holy Mother bless the little maid,' he said to Jan, 'for she hath saved your church.'

'Ay, but pray Heaven it have not cost her life,' replied Jan.

'Now the saints forefend! Nay, it is but a swoon. Look you, the cold air already brings the flush to her cheek.'

And in truth Peg was already beginning to revive, as he carried her through the throng. By and by a long shiver passed over the little frame, her breath began to come in gasps, and at last she opened her blue eyes. Count Egmont and several more were bending over her, and at the sight of the dark faces and the towering helmets, she shrank away with a moan; but Jan spoke softly to her, and at the sound of his voice she opened her eyes quickly, and with a faint cry of glad recognition, flung her arms about his neck.

'O Dan, mine Dan! Me been so frightened.'

While she was being soothed and quieted by Jan's gentle words and the agitated caresses of Master Thomson and Vrow Anna, who were full of wonder and self-reproach at the thought of the danger she had run, Egmont busied himself in making arrangements for the protection of the town against any further assault, which, however, was hardly to be apprehended. He himself intended to push on to Ghent that night, but he left a small garrison in Volkmaar.

Before he left, he inquired particularly into the name and parentage of little Peg. They had taken her home, and were still occupied in tending her, when a clatter of horses was heard, a thundering knock

at the door, and there sat Count Egmont himself. He sprang from his horse, and bowing his stately head, entered the low, quaint room, and stood for a moment gazing at little Peg, who was lying on a pile of cushions.

'Tis indeed a lovely babe!' muttered Egmont. 'Pity that one who hath done such a notable and blessed service to the Church should be a heretic,' he added, turning to Master Thomson. 'Surely, one to whom the saints have shown such signal favour must be brought back to the fold.'

He detached a rich chain from his neck, and dropping on one knee beside Peg's cushions, threw it over her head. 'Wilt thou wear that, fair child, in memory of Count Egmont, and of the day when thy sweet face (with the blessing of the saints) saved the Church of God from sacrilege?'

'Kiss the han of the gracious Count, and give him thanks,' whispered Vrow Anna, impressed and won by Egmont's stately presence, Romanist though he was.

Peg gazed a moment into the noble, delicate, somewhat melancholy face, with its dark flowing hair and soft brown eyes, then won by its chivalrous beauty and gentleness, she rested her hand on his shoulder, and pressed her sweet lips to his.

'Fanks,' she murmured, 'Fank you very much. Muvver's Peg will 'member you always.'

Vrow Anna would have chidden the child for her forwardness, but Egmont checked her.

'Nay, the maiden will learn fear and distrust soon enough in these evil days,' he said half mournfully, 'chide her not. So thou art English, little Mistress Peg,' he said, speaking in her own tongue, some of which he had acquired when making one of Philip II.'s train on the occasion of his ill-fated marriage with Mary Tudor. 'Well, fair of face are all you English maidens!'

'Monday's bairn fair of face!' echoed Peg according to her invariable formula.

Egmont hardly understood the words, but he rejoined, 'Thy fair face hath done good service to-day.' Then, as if quite won by the child's beauty, he turned abruptly to Master Thomson, 'Wilt give the child to me, friend? She is motherless, I hear, and mayhap but a burthen to thee. If thou wilt part with her, she shall be well cared for, *parole d'Egmont*. It needs not that I should tell thee of the virtue and nobleness of my gracious dame.—Who knoweth not of the goodness of the Countess of Egmont?—And methinks, among my ten youngsters, the maiden might have a gayer and brighter life than here alone with thee in this grim town, besides being trained as a lamb of the Church. Wilt let her go?'

Master Thomson shook his head, though he bowed low and reverently. 'Nay, my lord, it may not be! 'Tis a most noble and

princely offer, out of the bounteousness of your royal heart : but, an' it please you, I could not part with my little Peg. And, forgive me, my lord, but our faith is as dear to us as yours to you ; and for that reason, if for no other, I could not consent that the babe should go with you to be taught idolatry.'

'Fair words, Master,' said Egmont somewhat coldly and haughtily. 'By my troth, you Calvinists wax over bold ! But for me, I meddle not with any man's faith,' he resumed in his usual tone, 'and, moreover, I hear that thou didst good service against the rioters, Master Thomson. And for the babe, I would not take her from thee against thy will—doubtless, even you heretics are not without affection for your own. And I know not but you may be wise. It might well happen,' he said, with an accent of melancholy, 'as Orange warns me so often, that in the days to come, even a heretic burgher may be a more powerful protector than Lamoral, Count of Egmont ! Well, be that as Heaven pleases. Farewell, Sweetheart ! since thou mayst not come with me. The saints be thy guard !' he added, pressing his lips once more to Peg's. And with a graceful acknowledgment of the low reverences of the rest, he turned away, and springing to his charger, with a kindly word to Jan, who held the stirrup, he rode away amid the cheers of the people.

Ah ! who that watched that handsome, gallant figure, with its brilliant grace of bearing, could have foreseen that, ere two years had passed away, that chivalrous head would have bowed beneath the headsman's axe, and that the murderous steel would drink the life-blood of one whose only crime was that of having been true and loyal to a false and treacherous king ?

Peg was ill for some time, but she was lovingly nursed and tended, and by and by she became her own bright self once more. But during that illness, both Master Thomson and Vrow Anna realised fully, for the first time, how closely little Peg had twined round their hearts. For that matter, all the people of Volkmaar found out the same thing. Peg had saved their Church, and saved them also from the terrible vengeance which Egmont's soldiers exacted for the sacrilege committed elsewhere. Some of the Romanists, reluctant to owe such a debt of gratitude to a heretic child, did indeed affirm that the vision seen in the church had been in truth miraculous, and that Peg's presence there at the same time had been merely an accidental coincidence ; but this opinion was not received with much favour, and the little one still remained the heroine of the adventure, and was more than ever the queen of Volkmaar.

Perhaps, as she grew older, such universal homage might have tarnished the little maiden's sweet unconsciousness, but from this danger she was saved by her return to England. Master Thomson's yearning for a peaceful home in his native land had grown steadily. He was sick of the strife and bloodshed which made the Netherlands a

battlefield, and longed for a country where faith was to a great extent free. Almost the last tie to Flanders was broken by the death of Vrow Anna. The health of the old woman had been long failing, and the events of the insurrection had agitated and shaken her. She did not survive it long, but faded gradually away, becoming much gentler and milder in her latter days, which were soothed by her master's kindness, brightened by Peg's joyousness, and sweetened, above all, by her nephew's affection. So when she was dead, Master Thomson laid her to her rest, and then he and little Peg sailed for 'merrie England,' with many regrets on all sides. The sorest trial was the parting from Jan; but he himself was just starting for the West, and he faithfully promised to come and see Peg in England.

So Peg and her uncle returned to their northern home in beautiful Durham city, where the 'imp of marvellous intelligence' was welcomed with great gladness by good Sir Walter Martin, and her old friend Molly, and where little Peg was trained up in the faith of her own English Church, and wandered again amid the aisles of the grand cathedral which had been to her the type of whatsoever things are lovely, and where Master Thomson, too, learnt to modify his gloomy creed, and found truth and peace within the wise and loving limits of that English Church which, even then, was slowly earning her character for purity, yet tolerance: that unity in diversity which, thank God, has ever been her ideal.

And here Peg grew up in a maidenhood most pure and sweet, and here, when years had fled, Jan, who had won riches in the treasure fields of the West, and honour in fighting his country's battles, came in fulfilment of his promise, and with a tender memory of Mistress Peg. Here he settled down as a merchant, finally becoming a convert to the religion which, though reformed, was so different from his aunt's fanaticism, and—do you not guess it?—taking Mistress Peg's fair face home to gladden his dwelling.

And in after days, when children played around his knees, Jan would lead them out on summer evenings to the river banks, and there, in the grand cathedral shadow, would talk to them of God's great gift of beauty wherewith He gladdens all the earth; and would tell them the story of how mother's fair face had saved the House of God. And Peg would reply with the tale of how father had won his sword, and then, after a pause, would go on with softened voice and dropping tears, and fingering the chain she ever wore, to tell them the story of the great Count Egmont, whose life had been so chivalrous and pure, and his death so brave and Christian, and would bid them by that noble name to strive after virtue and righteousness, and so grow fit for that kingdom where there shall be no more strife, but where all men shall forget their differences in the sight of the King in His Beauty.

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER XV.

DIFFERING VIEWS.

'Les hommes ne sont justes qu'envers ceux qu'ils aiment.'

JOUBERT.

WHEN the Rector saw Harry Dane the next day, he told him that he was summoned to appear at the next Petty Sessions for poaching on the Alding estate, and for receiving stolen game. Between grief for his daughter, and the disgrace of being brought before the magistrates, which had never happened to him before, Harry was in a terrible state of mind. Tom soothed and scolded him. He thought it was a very hard case, and felt sure of Harry's innocence, being pretty certain also in his own mind that Mr. Ethelston would withdraw the summons, when he had talked it over with him. Tom was a hopeful soul, much given to judging other men by himself. He was wise enough not to share his hopes with Harry, but he walked off to the Place that very afternoon. Ethelston would think him a bore, but yet surely any man would be glad of such an opportunity for showing both justice and mercy. A little mildness now, a readiness to believe in the innocence which would anyhow be proved, would win Harry, and make a loyal man of him for ever. If Ethelston would see him himself, in the house where that poor girl lay dead, and would take his solemn assurance that for the last two years he had not touched a head of his game—that would indeed be a point to start fair from, and Tom was romantic enough to think it possible.

When he reached the Place, he was disappointed at finding only the ladies at home. Herbert had gone away that morning to a cricket-match in Kent, and was not expected home for two or three days.

Tom looked pale and weary as he sat in the darkened drawing-room, and told his story to Margaret and Gertrude. He thought women's hearts could not fail to be touched by it; perhaps he judged the Miss Ethelstons by his mother.

Gertrude looked scornful, and muttered something about 'those wretched Danes.' Margaret said she was sorry to hear of the poor girl's death; she believed she was a respectable girl—but really the Danes were such extraordinary people, she had always found it impossible to give them any help or sympathy. Slater was an old

servant, a very honest, respectable man ; her brother placed great confidence in him. He was the last person to accuse any one on insufficient grounds. As for withdrawing the summons—she could not think of interfering in her brother's affairs as far as to suggest such a thing.

'Herbert is never severe,' she said ; 'but nothing lowers the tone of a parish so much as that kind of moral weakness—being too soft-hearted to punish those who do wrong. It is not real kindness after all, Mr. Lendor. You will agree with me some day, if you cannot now.'

As Margaret said all this in her gentle convincing way, Tom's spirits sank lower and lower, and he felt hardly able to answer her—certainly not from any loss of faith in his cause. But it seemed as if he might as well talk to the square white solid outside of Alding Place as to the people who lived in it.

'But you don't state the case quite fairly, Miss Ethelston, if you will excuse me,' he said, with more irritation than they had ever heard in his pleasant voice before. 'This is not a question of being weakly indulgent to a man who has done wrong. Harry Dane is innocent. He can prove his innocence of all that Slater puts down to him, and if he must prove it before the magistrates at Eastmarsh, why, he will. But he is in great mental trouble ; these suspicions, and his daughter's death, are hard trials to come upon a man all together ; and if your brother would consider all that, and would take the proofs of his innocence without making the affair public, he would do a kind thing, and might make a friend for life as well.'

Tom said this and got up to go ; he had nothing more to say.

'What friend do you mean ?' said Gertrude, rather shortly.

'Harry Dane.'

'That sounds very nice, but I don't know that Harry Dane's friendship matters much to my brother.'

Tom looked at her for a moment ; then he turned to Miss Ethelston with a faint, sad smile.

'Can we say that of any one's friendship, do you think ?' he said.

Margaret flushed slightly, and was a little confused ; it was a thing that her finer instincts would never have allowed her to say.

'Gertrude did not exactly mean that—in that way,' she said. 'Are you going ? Of course you will see Herbert about this affair—is it worth while for me to write about it ?'

'No, there will be time after he comes home,' Tom replied. 'We have nearly a fortnight. Good-bye.'

'What an idiot he is !' said Gertrude, as soon as the door had closed behind the Rector. 'Doesn't Miss Martineau say that parsons have inferior intellects to other men ? She must have known Mr. Lendor.'

'Pray don't ; how can you quote such a woman !' said Margaret.

'Poor man! there is something almost beautiful in his enthusiasm, if only he had a little common sense to guide it.'

'If there is one thing I dislike more than another, it is a fool,' said Gertrude, as she walked away.

Mrs. Bell generally appeared at Eastmarsh Church on Sunday morning. When she first came into that country, it had been her habit to pay a round of visits on Sunday afternoon, but finding that most of her acquaintances did not like this, she gave it up in a great measure, and only made her Sunday visits to a few chosen friends. Of course Mrs. Lydiard was one of these.

On the Sunday after Hetty's return from Alding Place, Mrs. Bell arrived earlier than usual, quite roused out of herself by the news of the engagement. In her lazy way she was full of congratulations; this event seemed to interest her even more than her nephew's engagement to Constance Lydiard.

'Well, Hetty, you are a clever girl,' she said, blinking her heavy eyelids provokingly. 'As we are *en petit comité*, I suppose I may say what I think—or rather what I didn't think—that Mr. Ethelston would ever be caught at all. Certainly not by a quiet young woman like you.'

'There was no catching in the case, Aunt Bell,' said Conny.

'Of course not, my dear; nothing intentional. Well, I am very glad. I feel a deep respect for you, Hetty. How the dear Ethelstons could bring themselves—only fancy! Did it strike you that this will connect them with *me*? Don't mention it. Those consequences dawn on people by degrees.'

'Well, what does it matter!' said Mrs. Lydiard, who was quite aware that Hetty's temper was being tried by this sort of talk, and who felt, though she did not express it except by affection, a real respect for her fortunate niece. 'All that is only surface, dear Mrs. Bell, don't you know! I do think, if we were to hunt all over England, we could not find more excellent people than the Ethelstons. Of course everything else is charming, but that is what makes me feel so happy about my dear Hetty. A man of true principle—such a good landlord—not a word to be said against him. It is a feeling of such perfect trust and confidence.'

'Oh yes, I know he is a very good fellow,' said Mrs. Bell. 'I can't say I know much of him personally; but Mr. Harvey, you know, is a great friend of mine, and he gives Mr. Ethelston a very high character indeed. Do you suppose, now, that there really is anything between Mr. Harvey and the youngest Miss Ethelston?'

It was an odd sensation for Hetty to sit there and hear her future belongings talked over in this way. She remembered Margaret's warnings, and thought how angry Mrs. Bell would be if she knew that she was among the people with whom Herbert did not intend his wife

to be intimate. She was more amused than vexed, for she never could take Mrs. Bell seriously, except when she thought her too inconsiderate of poor Lily Wade.

There was Lily at this moment sitting a silent little figure in the background.

It seemed to be expected that Hetty should answer Mrs. Bell's question about Gertrude. Hetty herself was near the open window, a little way from Mrs. Bell. As she hesitated a moment, thinking what was best to say, she happened to look at Lily, whose eyes were fixed on her. There was a sort of subdued flash in them, and a strange look on the girl's face, almost a smile, which took Hetty's attention away from Mrs. Bell for the moment. Finding that she was observed, Lily began to colour, looked down and played with her gloves. Then Hetty recollected herself, and feeling pretty sure of what Gertrude would like her to say, answered rather dreamily—

'Oh no, I think not. He is Herbert's friend. That is why he comes so often to Alding.'

Presently Mrs. Bell remarked that as the afternoon was so beautiful she thought of driving round by Alding—would the girls like to go with her, or could she take them anywhere else?

'There is your opportunity, Hetty,' said Mrs. Lydiard. 'You were saying this morning that the walk to Alding Rectory was almost too long in this hot weather. She had a note from Mrs. Landor this morning, and she wants to see her and thank her for it,' she explained to Mrs. Bell.

'Come along, then,' said Mrs. Bell. 'I will drop you and Conny at the Rectory, and you can walk back. But is Mrs. Landor one of those good people who won't have visitors on Sunday?'

'I don't think she minds,' said Hetty, remembering last Sunday and Sir Michael Harvey.

'Do you like her?' said Mrs. Bell, yawning. 'She seems to me such a forbidding, knock-me-down sort of woman. I can't bear those officers' wives; they are always masculine.'

'Oh, Aunt Bell!' exclaimed Conny.

'My dear, there are exceptions, don't you know. And besides, you are not an officer's wife yet.'

The green garden of the Rectory was certainly pleasanter, that afternoon, than the hot little house on Eastmarsh Hill. Mrs. Landor came out and sat under the trees with her two young guests. She was rather grave that day, but her face lighted up very sweetly when Hetty thanked her for her note that morning. 'Yes,' she said, 'I am very glad we are to be neighbours. I think we shall be friends, and you will help me not to break my heart over some things.'

Hetty looked at her questioningly. Conny also stared, interested for the moment, and wondering what she could mean.

'Do you remember, Miss Stewart,' said Mrs. Landor, 'those little

children who were playing in the garden one day—when you called here for the first time with Miss Ethelston!’

‘Oh yes,’ Hetty said, ‘very well indeed. The poacher’s children. I saw him in church last Sunday.’

‘He is not a poacher now,’ said Mrs. Landor, rather quickly and sternly.

‘I forgot—I beg your pardon,’ said Hetty, remembering that this man was a bone of contention.

Bessie leaned back and shaded her eyes with her hand for a moment. Then she looked up with her frank smile, but it was sadder than usual.

‘You will both think me very odd,’ she said. ‘Two nights ago Harry Dane’s poor daughter died in my arms. I won’t give you the history of that night—it is too distressing, for one reason—but oh, I can’t tell you how that girl’s face haunts me. In the evening her lover came to say good-bye, a cousin, a young sailor—you never saw anything so touching. I ought not perhaps to sadden you two happy girls by even hinting at such sorrow—you must forgive me. Will you come with me? I must gather some flowers.’

She fetched a basket from the hall, and they all wandered round the garden while she gathered her flowers. They were all white: neither Hetty nor Conny asked why. Presently Tom Landor came out and joined them. Then his mother made an effort, and talked more cheerfully. Conny, who hated anything dismal, began to talk to her about her own prospects, and Tom had an opportunity of saying a few words to Hetty Stewart. He did not exactly congratulate her, but he spoke warmly and affectionately of Herbert, and was rewarded by the smile of intense happiness with which Hetty looked up into his sympathising eyes. He might talk of Herbert as long as he liked—and as for Tom himself, he thought that the privilege of walking about in his garden alone with her might have been more hardly earned than by talking of Herbert. So he told his enthusiastic listener some stories of their college days, in which Herbert appeared to advantage, and convinced himself, as he looked into her face and answered her questions, that this girl was worthy of the brightest fate in the world, of all the admiration that could be laid at her feet.

Tom, with his chivalrous instincts, did not think much of his own hopeless case. When he was with her, all his thoughts and hopes and fears were hers; and it was not in his own interest that the secret misgiving haunted him—in spite of all his advantages, was she not throwing herself away on Herbert Ethelston? Then he checked the suspicion angrily, as a disloyalty to his old friend, and told another story of Ethelston’s college triumphs. Mrs. Landor would have laughed if she had heard him, but she was occupied in gathering her flowers and listening to Conny’s chatter. She now realised that Conny was a pretty girl, though in such a different style from her

cousin, and as she always took an interest in pretty things, Conny found her confidences about Charley and the future very graciously received. The two girls were so happy that the time fled away without their thinking of it, till at last Mrs. Landor reminded Tom that it was nearly time to go to church.

'You and your cousin had better go with us,' she said to Hetty. 'Did not you like our little church last Sunday?'

'Yes, very much,' said Hetty; but she hesitated.

'I am afraid you won't see any of your friends,' Mrs. Landor went on, 'for they don't often come in the evening.'

She was quite quick enough to understand that Hetty might feel doubtful about going to Alding Church in an unauthorised way, with the chance of meeting the Ethelstons there. Hetty did not at all know that her little scruples were so well understood, and the way in which Mrs. Landor spoke told her nothing. But the remark had its effect, and as Conny agreed cheerfully to the plan, she told Mrs. Landor she would like very much to go to church with her. Tom promised to walk home with them afterwards.

So these four walked along the shady road, Mrs. Landor carrying her basket of white flowers; she would not let any of them take it from her. When they reached the church gate, where the air was full of the scent of limes and the sound of bells—things which to one mind I know have a strange harmony with each other—she looked at the girls and said, 'Are you afraid of seeing something sad? or will you come with me to take these flowers?'

Hetty said 'Yes!' at once, almost eagerly, and Conny was startled, and felt that she could not refuse. Tom left them, going on into the church.

Mrs. Landor took the girls a little further on, and down a rather wild, melancholy garden to a cottage door. There she knocked, and Harry Dane, in his shirt-sleeves, opened it. His quick eyes glanced from one to the other; perhaps he wondered what brought the two girls, with their bright looks, to his sorrowful house. But he bent his head and stood aside while they followed Mrs. Landor into the kitchen.

'I have brought these flowers, Harry,' she said. 'May I go up stairs? and will you let these young ladies go with me?'

'Thank you, ma'am—as you please,' Harry muttered in reply.

The children were sitting with awe-struck faces in a little group by the fire. Mrs. Landor led the way up stairs, and the two girls followed her into the solemn presence there. All the pain and terror, the struggle of a young life against its fate, which had so wrung Mrs. Landor's heart, was past now as if it had never been. Annie in her coffin had the wonderful smile of Paradise which often comes to those who have suffered most hardly in life. Mrs. Landor took the flowers out of her basket and laid them about the still white form. This poor child of a lawless race, with the worn refinement of her features, the

long, dark lashes resting on a colourless cheek, and above all, that smile of knowledge and content, might have been a princess lying dead. All her surroundings were so fair, so delicate; such tender hands had been busy about her, that the sweet white flowers only seemed the last natural touch of all that love could do. Mrs. Landor had brought a spray of myrtle, the first in flower at her house-door, and she laid that on the wasted hands that were crossed meekly on Annie's breast. Harry had followed them slowly up stairs; he stood at the door and watched it all. The girls also looked on in silence. Hetty's eyes were swimming with tears. Mrs. Landor, after she had placed her flowers, stood for a minute gazing at the dead girl, then, without saying a word, stooped over and kissed her forehead. Then she went slowly out of the room, for the church bells warned her that it was time. Conny followed her. Hetty, before doing so, stepped gently up to the coffin, bent down her face, and kissed Annie, as Mrs. Landor had done. She hardly knew that Harry was standing by the door, waiting for her to pass, till looking up she met his sad, stern eyes, which yet did not look angry. He followed them down stairs silently. In the kitchen Mrs. Landor stretched out her hand to him.

'Well, good-bye, Harry,' she said. 'You will see me to-morrow.'

'Ay!' said Harry, with a short nod. Then very abruptly turning towards Hetty, he asked, 'Ain't this the young lady who's going to marry the Squire?'

'Yes,' Hetty answered for herself, though she flushed at the sudden question. 'Why do you ask?'

'Well, because I hope God'll bless you in spite of it,' Harry said, gruffly. 'Mind you, you shan't ever regret kissing my girl up there. I'll try and not bear the Squire no malice, no matter what he does to me; and I'll do you a good turn some day, miss, see if I don't. There, I believe you'll grow up as good a one as Mrs. Landor herself.'

'Thank you,' said Hetty, earnestly. 'I am very, very sorry—and I wish I could do anything——' Here she stopped, for she did not know what to say, and, after all, Harry did not seem to expect an answer.

Mrs. Landor, who was standing close to her, put her hand in her arm and drew her out of the cottage. Hetty, glancing up, saw once more that wonderful look of loving strength and sweetness in her dark blue eyes, and walked to the church in a strange mingling of sadness and happiness.

CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY'S TRIAL.

'O haud your tongue now, lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be'—*Hughie Graham.*

HERBERT ETHELSTON called at Mrs. Lydiard's on his way from the station, and as she and Conny were discreet enough to keep out of the

drawing-room, had Hetty all to himself there. He was delighted at seeing her again, and gave her to understand that since he went away he had not seen a creature worth looking at—except, indeed, in the shape of a cricketer. Hetty listened to eloquent accounts of one or two matches, interested because he was, though she had to confess laughingly that many of the terms he used were Greek to her. Then, after a long history of his own doings, he asked how she had been amusing herself.

There was not much to tell. Margaret had fetched her once to spend the day at Alding, and Margaret and Gertrude had both been at Eastmarsh one afternoon. Now, as Herbert probably knew, there were people staying at the Place, who had arrived the day before. Hetty thought of her adventure on Sunday, and of a resolution taken that evening to speak to Herbert on the subject. Now that the time was come, she felt that she shrank from this task in a way she could not understand. Herbert was handsomer than ever, wore an air of perfect content, both with himself and her. Evidently no man could be prouder or fonder of a girl, in a fine, possessive sort of way, than he was of her. He was quite ready to tell her all his pleasures and annoyances in the frankest manner, and it was strange that Hetty, with her open, gentle nature, should not have been equally eager to confide in him. Now that they were engaged, and supposed therefore to belong to each other, she could have no reason for being shy. Her king of men, with his fair, noble face, full of strength and high spirit, must he not be kind, and generous, and just? She knew he did not approve of Harry Dane—but if Harry Dane was innocent?

Herbert was watching her all this time and wondering what brought that cloud of thought over her sweet face. He was thinking too that he might as well say something about their marriage, which could easily, in his opinion, come off in September—towards the end of the month would be best, as he had a friend in Buckinghamshire who would lend them his house and his pheasant-shooting for a week or two. That would make the honeymoon very agreeable. Then Hetty looked up at him, and he saw that words were trembling on her lips, so he put the marriage question aside for the moment, and asked her what she wanted to say to him.

‘Out with it, Hetty. I won’t be angry with you,’ he said, affectionately; and Hetty, half turning her face away, began to tell her story.

Of course he knew already of the summons against Harry Dane, and all that Slater had told him about the affair, though his cricketing in Kent, and his plans for the future, had put it out of his head for the time. Hetty explained to him, in rather a confused way, how Mr. Landor could prove that Dane was innocent, that at any rate he had not stolen that particular hare. She grew braver as she went on, and spoke of poor Annie, and told him how Mrs. Landor had taken them to see her in her coffin, and how sad her father looked.

'And oh, you are so good—now you *know* it is not true—you won't do anything more, Herbert, will you?' Hetty pleaded with her lover. 'You won't have that poor man brought before the magistrates, after all?'

Herbert's face changed: he looked down with the bored expression that Hetty knew, but had never seen before when he was talking to her.

'Did Mrs. Landor put you up to this?' he said, after a moment.

'She told me about it—but she did not ask me to tell you. I thought of that myself,' said Hetty, colouring. 'I thought if I mentioned it, you would make inquiries, perhaps.'

'I am not in the habit of sending innocent men to gaol,' said Herbert. 'If I wished it, the magistrates would decline to oblige me. Let that comfort you. Take my advice, and put the thing out of your head altogether.'

Hetty looked at him wistfully.

'You are a little angry with me, I think,' she said.

Something in his manner told her that it would be worse than useless to go on pleading for Harry Dane.

'Nonsense, my dear child,' said Herbert. 'You don't quite understand yet, but you will by and by. Only this—if you want to be perfect, don't listen to Mrs. Landor's nonsensical Irish sentiment, and don't let her work on your feelings by taking you to see dead people in cottages. Disgusting idea! I wonder she was not ashamed to do such a thing.'

'Oh, Herbert! It was only that poor girl. I never saw anything more beautiful!'

'I am sorry for it. I can't admire your taste. And see what a horrid position Mrs. Landor put herself in, by sitting up at night with that girl. She was there when those fellows came to search the house for the game, and Slater told me that at first they didn't know who she was. It is odious for a woman to let herself down by going in for popularity in that style. The people themselves don't like it. They can look after each other much better in their own way. All they want is a helping hand now and then from those above them, and that they get, if they deserve it. The long and short of it is that you will very much oblige me by going into no more cottages, unless you happen to be with Margaret or Gertrude. You will promise me that?'

Hetty promised; she could not refuse, though something in the depths of her soul rebelled a little.

'Very well; then we will never allude to the subject again,' said Herbert. 'Now, look here; I want to talk to you about something much more interesting.'

Hetty certainly would not have been a woman, if the idea of being married in September had not driven all other thoughts out of her

head. She listened to all Herbert's arrangements with an even meeker acquiescence than usual, feeling that she had been wrong in making that request about Harry Dane. Of course Herbert must be the best judge in these things—she might have remembered that, and trusted him more. Though he was so kind about it, she felt sure that he had not liked her interference, and she was almost relieved at the decided way in which he turned that affair out of their conversation. Some day he and Mrs. Landor would be better friends, she hoped. And then she dismissed everything of the kind, and looked forward to perfect bliss in that old house in Buckinghamshire among the beech woods.

Herbert sat in Mrs. Lydiard's little drawing-room a great deal longer than he had intended, till at last she herself came in, and then he found that he must go at once.

Not unnaturally, Tom Landor, when he met Herbert Ethelston next day on the road, and began to plead the cause that lay so near his heart, was heard and answered with a cool decision that made his blood boil.

'My sister told me what you wished to say,' said Herbert. 'We need not go into it again. But I think you must allow that in this case Slater and I are the best judges. Slater thinks he has a case against this fellow, whom he has suspected for years. I agree with him, and that is enough.'

'You and Slater will find yourselves mistaken,' said Tom, hastily. 'Dane can prove an *alibi*. He was with me the whole of that evening. I shall be ready to say that for him, you know.'

'Very well. But he will have to prove more than that. Slater's nephew swears that he saw him in the long spinney a night or two before that. I am convinced that he belongs to a gang who have been stealing rabbits for some time back. I mean to get to the bottom of it.'

'You have chosen an unfortunate time. He is very much troubled in mind just now—his daughter's death——'

Herbert frowned. His friend had scarcely ever seen such a dark shadow on his face.

'It will give him something else to think about,' he said, with a cold indifference which astonished Tom.

And then he nodded and walked on, leaving the Rector looking after him in angry astonishment.

I will not say that Tom was a wise man in what he did after that. Certainly he was not, if he meant to live all his days in peace at Alding, and to work in a friendly spirit with his squire. Without consulting anybody, he walked off at once to Eastmarsh, and put Harry Dane's case into the hands of a lawyer there. He sat down in the lawyer's office and wrote a note to Herbert Ethelston, telling him what he had done, and saying that he felt it to be necessary to secure

fair play in this matter, as it had been for some time evident to him that there existed a sort of conspiracy against Dane in the parish. As Dane must in any case appear before the magistrates, he wished him to have an opportunity of clearing himself thoroughly from all suspicion.

This letter made Mr. Ethelston extremely angry.

'Would any one have believed,' he said to Margaret, 'that a fellow like Landor could have set to work deliberately to make bad worse, as he has done here? Did you ever read such a fool of a letter? Why, he accuses me of conspiracy! I could almost summon him for libel. Like a parson, isn't it?' and Herbert laughed.

'I don't know why you should say that,' said Margaret. 'Mr. Vernon would never have done anything so foolish. It is foolish, indeed. But, Herbert, of course poor Mr. Landor does not mean you. He means the keepers, and many other people in the parish who have never liked Dane. Though, even then, he ought not to have used the word conspiracy.'

'Mean me! No, I should think not,' said Herbert. 'We have not quite reached that point yet. But he is like his mother. I dare say she put him up to this, by the by. She pelted old Slater with hard words that night, he told me. People like that have no self-control. Well, somebody will have heavyish costs to pay, owing to this last romantic step of Landor's. He is a regular Don Quixote, fighting with windmills.'

Mr. Ethelston did Mrs. Landor injustice for once. She knew the world better than her son did, and had more command over her temper, though it was quick like his. She was vexed at what he had done about the lawyer, and told him it was a foolish thing and a great pity. But Tom did not agree with her. He thought Ethelston was behaving badly and hardly, and was resolved to do all he could to bring Harry off scot free. From that day till the Petty Sessions in the following week, Tom and Herbert saw nothing of each other.

Hetty wondered what was going on, but heard nothing, for she could not mention the subject to Herbert again, or to his relations, and she did not see Mrs. Landor.

At last one morning she saw Harry Dane, down-looking and depressed, walking up the hill into Eastmarsh. Afterwards she saw Mr. Landor, very much flushed and walking at a great pace; and then Slater and two or three other men talking and laughing, and then Herbert himself, driving up in his dog-cart, cool and fresh and unconcerned, taking off his hat and smiling as he caught a glimpse of her at the window.

Colonel Page drove up immediately afterwards. The other magistrates who sat at Eastmarsh lived in the opposite direction.

Hetty found herself so anxious that she was obliged to take Conny into her confidence, though she naturally told her nothing of the appeal

to Herbert and its failure. Conny was sorry 'for the poor man, but supposed Mr. Ethelston must be right.

'One of those people who are never wrong,' she said; and Hetty did not trouble herself to detect any hidden satire in the words. She knew Conny was always disrespectful, and felt sure that she had not less respect for Herbert than Aunt Eva, though she seldom talked about it.

'I wonder how the case will end,' Hetty said several times that day.

'You wonder! Did anybody ever get the better of Mr. Ethelston?' exclaimed Conny.

Hetty was troubled. Was it disloyal to feel that the news of Herbert's defeat would not be quite unwelcome? Poor Harry Dane's blessing kept always coming into her mind; she felt sure he could not be a bad man. It would have been impossible, she confessed to herself, to tell Herbert about that. She watched the window more or less all day. The magistrates generally had little to do, and might be seen driving home about one or two o'clock; but to-day hour after hour went by, and they did not come.

After tea Constance suggested walking up into the town; she wanted to change a book at the library. The Eastmarsh bookseller was a very intelligent man, and besides establishing a box from Mudie, had opened a reading-room adjoining his shop, which was a good deal made use of by people from the neighbourhood. The shop was in the middle of the street, opposite the town-hall, where all public business went on.

The two girls walked up the shady side of the broad, irregular street, with its old nodding gables and new square fronts picturesquely mixed together. The shadows were sharp and dark, the sky above the houses was a deep clear blue; it was just the time when the old town looked its best. A glance along the street, as soon as they turned from their climb up the hill, showed them that the magistrates were still sitting; there was the usual scattering of untidy loungers about the steps of the town-hall, and one or two carriages were driving slowly up and down. Herbert's groom looked at them and touched his hat.

'What a long day the magistrates are having, Mr. Green!' said Constance to the fair little bookseller. 'Has the town been worse than usual this last fortnight?'

'Not at all, miss,' replied Mr. Green. 'On the contrary, I understand there are no Eastmarsh cases. It is a poaching case from Alding,' with an apologetic side-glance at Hetty, 'and Mr. Cantell is employed in it. That is why the magistrates are detained so long. You are not the first ladies who have been here to inquire. Mrs. Landor is in the reading-room.'

Hetty went forward to the reading-room door, while her cousin lingered to ask more questions. Mrs. Landor was sitting there in a corner, looking flushed and grave. She was gazing at the window

which commanded those of the town-hall. But they were so high that she could see nothing of what was going on inside, except men's heads moving now and then. She was not at once aware of Hetty's coming into the room, till the girl went up and stood before her.

'Oh, my dear! had you better speak to me?' said Mrs. Landor. 'Wait till this thing is decided, at any rate. Mr. Ethelston is angry with us, you know; and we are not particularly pleased with him.'

'Still, I don't know why you should give me up!' said Hetty.

'For your own good,' said Bessie, smiling in spite of herself. 'However, we can settle that afterwards. You will have your orders, I dare say, if you have not had them already. For the present I am perfectly wild with impatience. I walked about in the garden at home, watching for Tom, till I could bear it no longer. So I walked off to Eastmarsh, and here I am. I do wish Tom had not employed that man Cantell—not that—why, here is Harry coming out quite independently! I believe we have beaten you after all. I am sure we did our best, though, to avoid this altogether.'

'And so did I,' Hetty felt inclined to say, but for her own sake and Herbert's she kept the words back.

'They are coming out now, Hetty,' said Conny, hurrying into the room.

Mrs. Landor had got up and gone to the window on the first glimpse of Harry Dane at the door. Conny went and stood beside her. Hetty, with strangely mixed feelings, sorry for what she guessed must be Herbert's vexation, yet glad that the right had conquered, and sure that some day he would be glad too, turned away and stood by the fireplace.

It was a fact. Harry Dane walked off down the street with one or two friends of his, the loungers getting up a sort of cheer as he went, which he acknowledged by a nod. Presently there were stray groans and hisses as Slater and his fellow-witnesses appeared one by one, and marched off with rather a sulky air. Then the loungers subsided into their usual state of staring vacancy, and made no farther demonstrations as the magistrates came out, shook hands with each other, and drove away.

Herbert Ethelston was one of the last, and Tom Landor came out with him. Tom lifted his eyes, and saw his mother standing at the bookseller's window opposite. His momentary glance and smile were lost on Mr. Ethelston, who looked perfectly undisturbed, and not even tired with the long day's listening.

'Let me drive you home,' he said to Tom, as he got into his dog-cart.

In the reading-room they heard the words quite plainly, for the windows were wide open, and his voice was strong and distinct. They sent a thrill of pleasure through Hetty Stewart's heart.

'Thank you very much,' said Tom heartily; 'but my mother is in the town, and I am going home with her.'

Then Mr. Ethelston caught sight of Mrs. Landor and Conny at the window. He looked that way rather fixedly for a moment, and took off his hat. Then he turned to Tom again.

'Are you satisfied?' he said, in a lower voice, and a quite friendly manner.

'Well, yes,' said Tom. 'And so are you, I hope.'

'Of course. You see, though, you might have spared us Cantell. The fellow would have got off just the same, and with less time and trouble.'

'Do you think so?'

'Sure of it.'

After this little conversation they shook hands, and Herbert dashed away down the street. Tom went across to Green's, and Hetty and Conny walked with him and his mother as far as their own door. He seemed rather subdued by his success, and not ready to give them many particulars of the case. He only said that Slater's evidence against Dane had turned out to be worth nothing when Cantell pulled it to pieces. There was, in fact, nothing now against Dane but suspicion, and as old Colonel Page told him, he must live that down.

'It has all been a fuss about nothing, then,' said Conny. 'Like the old stone—'

"Take me up and I'll tell you more.
—Lay me down as I was before."

'Yes, Miss Lydiard; a fuss about nothing,' answered Tom.

He was thoroughly tired by the long hot day's confinement and anxiety, and beginning to feel the reaction from the excitement which had kept him up during the last days. He was weary and low-spirited, and after the girls had left them he told his mother that after all he believed the lawyer part of the business had been a mistake.

'Poor old Ethelston! It made the thing needlessly disagreeable for him,' he said. 'He was very jolly just now—offered to take me home. There is nothing small about him, certainly.'

'I should think him a very mean fellow if he bore malice against you,' said Mrs. Landor. 'But why didn't he examine more thoroughly into the case himself, before he let Slater take out the summons. Just prejudice. The man's name was Dane, and therefore he must be good-for-nothing. I wouldn't say it before those girls, but Mr. Ethelston deserved a little snub, and he has had it. Whether he will profit by it is quite another thing.'

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I HAVE gone on with the Aubépine side of the story, but while these two devoted wives were making exertions at Bordeaux so foreign to their whole nature, which seemed changed for their husbands' sake, I was far away at the time, even from my son.

It was in March that we received a letter from my brother, Lord Walwyn, bidding us adieu, being, when we received it, already on the high seas with the Marquess of Montrose, to strike another blow for the King. He said he could endure inaction no longer, and that his health had improved so much that he should not be a drag on the expedition. Moreover, it was highly necessary that the Marquess should be accompanied by gentlemen of rank, birth, and experience, who could be intrusted with commands, and when so many hung back, it was the more needful for some to go. It was a great stroke to us, for besides that Sir Andrew Macniven went on reiterating that it was mere madness, and there was not a hope of success—the idea of Eustace going to face the winds of spring in the islands of Scotland was shocking enough.

'The hyperborean Orcades,' as the Abbé called them, made us think of nothing but frost and ice and savages, and we could not believe Sir Andrew when he told us that the Hebrides and all the west coast of Scotland were warmer than Paris in the winter.

After this we heard nothing—nothing but the terrible tidings that the Great Marquess, as the Cavaliers called him, had been defeated, taken by treachery, and executed by hanging—yes, by hanging at Edinburgh! His followers were said to be all dispersed and destroyed, and our hearts died within us; but Annora said she neither would nor could believe that all was over till she had more positive news, and put my mother in mind how many times before they had heard of the deaths of men who appeared alive and well immediately after. She declared that she daily expected to see Eustace walk into the room, and she looked round for him whenever the door was opened.

The door did open at last to let in tidings from the Hague, but not brought by Eustace. It was Mr. Probyn, one of the King's gentle-

men, however, who told me he had been charged to put into my hands the following letter from his Majesty himself—

‘MADAME,—If you were still my subject I should command you, as you are ever my old playfellow. Meg, I entreat you to come without delay to a true subject and old playfellow of mine, who, having already sorely imperilled his neck and his health, and escaped as they say by the skin of his teeth, would fain follow me into the same jeopardy again did I not commit him to such safe wardship as that of Madame de Bellaise. Probyn will tell you farther. He also bears a letter that will secure you letters and passports from the Queen Regent. When next you hear of me it will be with one of my crowns on my head.

‘CHARLES R.’

Therewith was a brief note from Eustace himself—

‘SWEET MEG,—Be not terrified at what they tell you of me. I have been preserved by a miracle in the miserable destruction of our armament and our noble leader. Would that my life could have gone for his ! They take such a passing ailment as I have often before shaken off for more than it is worth, but I will write more from shipboard. Time presses at present. With my loving and dutiful greetings to my mother, and all love to my sister,

‘Thine,

‘E. WALWYN AND RIBAUMONT.’

Mr. Probyn told us more, and very sad it was, though still we had cause for joy. When Montrose’s little troop was defeated and broken up at the pass of Invercharron, my brother had fled with the Marquess, and had shared his wanderings in Ross-shire for some days ; but as might only too surely have been expected, the exposure brought back his former illness, and he was obliged to take shelter in the cabin of a poor old Scotswoman. She—blessings be on her head !—was faithful and compassionate, and would not deliver him up to his enemies, and thus his sickness preserved him from being taken with his leader by the wretched Macleod of Assynt.

Just as he grew a little better, her son, who was a pedlar, arrived at the hut. He too was a merciful man, and, moreover, was loyal in heart to the King, and had fought in Montrose’s first rising ; and he undertook to guide my brother safely across Scotland, and obtain his passage in one of the vessels that traded between Leith and Amsterdam. Happily Eustace always had a tongue that could readily catch the trick of dialects, and this excellent pedlar guarded him like his own brother, and took care to help him through all pressing and perplexing circumstances. Providentially it was the height of summer, and the days were at their longest and warmest, or I know not how he could have gone through it at all ; but at last he safely reached Leith, passing through Edinburgh with a pack on his back the very day that the Marquess of Huntley was executed. He was safely embarked on board a Dutch lugger, making large engagements of payment, which were accepted when he was known to have estates in France as well as in England ; and thus he landed at Amsterdam, and made his way to the Hague, where all was in full preparation for the King’s expedition to Scotland, on the invitation of the nation.

So undaunted was my dear brother’s spirit, that though he was

manifestly very ill from the effects of exposure and fatigue, and of a rough voyage in a wretched vessel, he insisted that he should recover in a few days, and would have embarked at once with the King, had not absolute orders to the contrary, on his duty as a subject, been laid upon him. Mr. Probyn did not conceal from us that the learned Dutch physician, Doctor Dirkius, thought his condition very serious, and that only great care could save his life.

Of course I made up my mind at once to set forth and travel as quickly as I could—the King had kindly secured my permission—and to take Tryphena with me, as she knew better than any one what to do for Eustace. Annora besought permission to accompany me, and to my surprise my mother consented, saying to me in confidence that she did not like leaving her in Lady Ommaney's care while she herself was with the Queen of England. Lady Ommaney was not of sufficient rank, and had ideas. In effect I believe my mother had begun to have her suspicions about Clément Darpent, though she was too proud to betray them even to me, and thought separation a good thing, never guessing—as I did—that one part of Nan's eagerness to be with her brother was in order to confide in him, and persuade him as she had never been able to do by letter. There remained my son to be disposed of, but I had full confidence in the Abbé, who had bred up his father so well, and my boy would, I knew, always look up to him and obey him, so that I could leave him in his care when not in waiting, and they were even to spend the summer together in a little expedition to Nid de Merle. I wanted to see my son love his country home as English gentlemen love theirs; but I fear that can never be, since what forms affection is the habit of conferring benefits, and we are permitted to do so little for our peasants.

Thus, then, it was settled. I went to Mademoiselle, who was always good-natured where her vanity was not concerned, and who freely granted me permission to absent myself. The Queen Regent had been prepared by her nephew, and she made no difficulties, and thus my great travelling carriage came again into requisition; but as an escort was necessary, we asked Sir Andrew Macniven to accompany us, knowing that he would be glad to be at the Hague in case it should be expedient to follow his English Majesty to Scotland. We sent a courier to find my brother Solivet at Amiens that he might meet and come part of the way with us. As to M. de Lamont, I was no longer in dread of him, as he had gone off to join the troops which the Dukes of Bouillon and Rochefoucauld were collecting to compel the deliverance of the Princes; but the whole time was a dangerous one, for disbanded soldiers and robbers might lurk anywhere, and we were obliged to take six outriders armed to the teeth, besides the servants upon the carriage, of all of whom Sir Andrew took the command, for he could speak French perfectly, having studied in his youth in the university of Leyden.

Thus we took leave of Paris and of my mother, many of our friends coming out with us the first stage as far as St. Denys, where we all dined together. I could have excused them, as I would fain have had my son all to myself, and no doubt my sister felt the same, for Clément Darpent had also come. For the Frondeurs, or those supposed to be Frondeurs, were at this time courted by both parties, by the friends of the Prince in order to gain their aid in his release, and by the Court in order to be strengthened against the Prince's supporters, and thus the lawyers were treated with a studied courtesy that for the time made it appear as if they were to be henceforth, as in England, received as gentlemen, and treated on terms more like equality; and thus Clément joined with those who escorted us, and had a few minutes, though very few, of conversation with my sister, in which he gave her a packet for my brother.

I was not obliged to be cautious about knowing anything now that I should be out of reach of my mother, and all was to be laid before my brother. I could say nothing on the road, for our women were in the coach with us, and when we halted Sir Andrew of course was with us. The posts were not to be relied on as they are at present, and we had to send relays of horses forward to await us at each stage in order to have no delay, and he, who had made the journey before, managed all this excellently for us.

At night we two sisters shared the same room, and then it was that I asked Nan to tell me what was in her heart.

'What is the use?' she said, 'you have become one of these proud French nobility who cannot see worth or manhood unless a man can count a lineage of a hundred ancestors, half-ape, half-tiger.'

However the poor child was glad enough to tell me all, even though I argued with her that, deeply English as she was in faith and in habits and modes of thought, it would hardly result in happiness even if she did extort permission to wed one of a different nation and religion, on whom, moreover, she would be entirely dependent for companionship; since, though nothing could break the bonds of sisterly affection between her and me, all the rest of the persons of her own rank would throw her over, since even if M. Darpent could be ennobled, or would purchase an estate bringing a title, hers would still be esteemed a *mésalliance*, unworthy the daughter of Anselme de Ribautmont the Crusader, and of the 'Bravest of Knights,' who gained the chaplet of pearls before Calais.

'Crusader!' said Annora; 'I tell you that his is truly a holy war against oppression and wrong doing. Look at your own poor peasants, Meg, and say if he, and those like him, are not doing their best to save this country from a tyranny as foul as ever was the Saracen grasp on the Holy Sepulchre.'

'He is very like to perish in it,' I said.

'Well,' said Nan, with a little shake in her voice, 'if they told

those who perished in the Crusades that they died gloriously and their souls were safe, I am sure it may well be so with one who pleads the cause of the poor, and in despite all his own danger never drew his sword against his king.'

There was no denying, even if one was not in love, and a little *tête montée* besides like my poor Nan, that there was nobility of heart in Clément Darpent, especially as he kept his hands clear of rebellion; and I would not enter into the question of their differing religions. I left that for Eustace. I was certain that Annora knew even better than I did that the diversity between our parents had not been for the happiness of their children. In my own mind I saw little chance for the lovers, for I thought it inevitable that the Court and the Princes would draw together again, and that whether Cardinal Mazarin were sacrificed or not, the Frondeurs of Paris would be overthrown, and that Darpent, whose disinterestedness displeased all parties alike, was very likely to be made the victim. Therefore, though I was very sorry for what my sister might have to suffer, I could not but hope that the numerous difficulties in the way might prevent her from being linked to his fate, and actually sharing his ruin.

She was not in my hands, and I had not to decide, so I let her talk freely to me, and certainly when we were alone together, her tongue ran on nothing else. I found that she hoped that Eustace would invite her lover to the Hague, and let them be wedded there by one of the refugee English clergy, and then they would be ready to meet anything together, but that M. Darpent was withheld by filial scruples, which actuated him far more than any such considerations moved her, and that he also had such hopes for his parliament that he could not throw himself out of the power of serving it at this critical time, a doubt which she appreciated, looking on him as equal to any hero in Plutarch's *Lives*.

Our brother de Solivet met us, and conducted us into Amiens, where he had secured charming rooms for us. He was very full of an excellent marriage that had been offered to him for one of his little daughters, so good that he was going to make the other take the veil in order that her sister's fortune might be adequate to the occasion; and he regretted my having left Paris because he intended to have set me to discover which had the greatest inclination to the world and which the chief vocation for the cloister. Annora's Protestant eyes grew large and round with horror, and she exclaimed at last —

'So that is the way in which you French fathers deliberate how to make victims of your daughters.'

He made her a little bow, and said with his superior fraternal air—

'You do not understand, my sister. The happiest will probably be she who leads the peaceful life of a nun.'

'That makes it worse,' cried Annora, 'if you are arranging a

marriage in which you expect your child to be less happy than if she were a nun.'

'I said not so, sister,' returned Solivet with much patience and good humour. 'I simply meant what you, as a Huguenot, cannot perceive, that a simple life dedicated to Heaven is often happier than one exposed to the storms and vicissitudes of the world.'

'Certainly you take good care it should prove so, when you make marriages such as that of the Aubépines,' said Nan.:

Solivet shrugged his shoulders by way of answer, and warned me afterwards to take good care of our sister, or she would do something that would shock us all. To which I answered that the family honour was safe in the hand of so high-minded a maiden as our Annora, and he replied—

'Then there is, as I averred, no truth in the absurd report that she was encouraging the presumptuous advances of that factious rogue and Frondeur young Darpent, whom our brother had the folly to introduce into the family.'

I did not answer, and perhaps he saw my blushes, for he added—

'If I thought so for a moment, she may be assured that his muddy *bourgeois* blood should at once be shed to preserve the purity of the family with which I have the honour to be connected.'

He was terribly in earnest, he, a colonel in his Majesty's service, a father of a family, a staid and prudent man, and more than forty years old! I durst say no more but that I thought Eustace was the natural protector and head of the Ribaumont family.

'A boy, my dear sister; a mere hot-headed boy, and full of unsettled fancies besides. In matters like this it is for me to think for the family. My mother depends on me, and my sister may be assured that I shall do so.'

I wondered whether my mother had given him a hint, and I also considered whether to put Annora upon her guard, but there was already quite enough mutual dislike between her and our half-brother, and I thought it better not to influence it. Solivet escorted us as far as his military duties permitted, which was almost to Calais, where we embarked for the Meuse, and there, when our passports had been examined and our baggage searched, in how different a world we found ourselves! It was like passing from a half-cultivated, poverty-stricken heath into a garden, tilled to the utmost, every field beautifully kept, and the great haycocks standing up tall in the fields, with the haymakers round them in their curious caps, while the sails of boats and barges glided along between the trees in the canals that traversed them unseen; and as to the villages they were like toys, their very walks bright with coloured tiles, and the fronts of the houses shining, like the face of a newly-washed child. Indeed as we found, the maids do stand in front of them every morning and splash them from eaves to round with buckets of water; while as to the gardens, they were full

of the brightest and gayest of flowers, and with palings painted of fanciful colours. All along the rivers and canals there were little painted houses, with gay pavilions and balconies with fanciful carved railings overhanging the water, and stages of flower-pots arranged in them. Sometimes a stout Dutch frow with full, white spotless sleeves, many-coloured substantial petticoats, gold buckles in her shoes, and a great white cap with a kind of gold band round her head, sat knitting there ; or sometimes a Dutchman in trunk hose was fishing there. We saw them all, for we had entered a barge or trekschuyt, towed by horses on the bank, a great flat-bottomed thing, that perfectly held our carriage. Thus we were to go by the canals to the Hague, and no words can describe the strange silence and tranquillity of our motion along the still waters.

My sister and her nurse, who had so often cried out against both the noisiness and the dirtiness of poor France, might well be satisfied now. They said they had never seen anything approaching to it in England. It was more like being shut up in a china closet than anything else, and it seemed as if the people were all dumb, or dead, as we passed through those silent villages, while the great windmills along the banks kept waving their huge arms in silence, till Annora declared she felt she must scream presently, or ride a tilt with them like Don Quixote.

And all the time, as we came nearer and nearer, our hearts sank more and more, as we wondered in what state we should find our dear brother, and whether we should find him at all.

(To be continued.)

POVERINA.

(Translated from the French of the Princess Olga Cantacuzène by A. M. CHRISTIE.)

CHAPTER X.

'WE'LL go out and amuse ourselves to-day, Rosina. We'll go to the races, the lottery, and the cathedral.'

It was the day of the festival of the Volto Santo, and all Lucca and its neighbourhood were in Sunday attire. Neri had no idea of not doing as all the rest of the world did. Rosina followed him obediently.

Her life now was one of privation and misery; her natural gaiety and light-heartedness had given place to the anxious care for daily bread which absorbs every other thought. She had been refused work at the factory—all the places being filled up—and with great difficulty she had succeeded in procuring a supply of hemp and flax which she spun from morning to night and from night to morning. Neri never came in except to eat the meagre repast which she prepared for him daily; he spent his time either in the streets, begging and picking up cigar ends, or else in the tavern, smoking and devouring socialist pamphlets. On this day, however, Rosina said to herself that she must shake off the melancholy which had settled on her, and make an effort to join in the general rejoicing. It was in vain, however, that she tried; a crushing weight lay heavy on her breast; the chaplet of beads she carried on her arm seemed like lead, and the fan, without which no Lucchese peasant-woman would dare to show herself in church, served only to hide her tears.

When, however, she found herself in the magnificent cathedral, with its dazzling blaze of light, and all the glittering reflections of cloth of gold and silk hangings, and when she penetrated into the mysterious little monument in which is preserved the venerated relic of the Lucchese people—a great figure of Christ carved in cedar, and buried under a blaze of diamonds—her sadness began gradually to give way to feelings of admiration and enthusiasm. The bishop advanced majestically, surrounded by the canons in their cloaks of ermine; the ceremony began, and all at once the music of the orchestra burst forth with sonorous grandeur under the noble arches. Then a chorus of human voices responded to the instruments, rising, swelling, like the sound of a hurricane, and then dying off again in a harmonious whisper. Then was heard a voice which sent a sort of shiver through the congregation; all heads were turned in the same direction, all eyes fixed on the same point of the chancel. It was a tenor voice, fresh, pure,

flexible, but, above all, tender and thrilling—one of those voices which, at once, disarm criticism, for they appeal to the chord of sentiment which lies at the bottom of every human soul.

Rosina had unconsciously fallen on her knees. All troubles were for the time forgotten; the present had ceased to exist for her, with its anguish, its misery, its bitter disillusion. She was in Paradise, she was floating on a sea of light, shining angels were flying around her and singing: 'We have taken pity on you, *poverina*, you shall weep no longer; come and be with us; here we love each other always, and no one is ever deceived. Come to us, and we will lead you to the Madonna who is seated on a golden throne and clad in a robe woven of rays of stars; come, and you will grow like unto us.' She was listening with half-closed eyes and a smile of painful ecstasy on her half-opened lips, and tears were streaming down her white cheeks and falling on her folded hands.

'Rosina,' said Neri, 'we must go away now—everybody is going out, you see. Padre Romano has finished singing.'

She started as if she had been awakened out of a sleep.

'Padre Romano?' she exclaimed, in a half-whisper, 'the son of the landlady at Santa Maria? Was it he who was singing? Oh, Neri, and I actually dared to sing before him!'

'And you will sing before many others besides him,' said Neri, with a significant look.

They made their way through the gay and animated crowd gathered round the entrance to the cathedral, which was blocked up with vendors of caramels, cakes, bells made of terra cotta, and chaplets. Rosina followed on without a word, still absorbed in her beautiful dream, and did not even question him when she saw him stop at the door of a house. He rang the bell, and putting on a swaggering manner, said to the servant who answered it—

'The Director of the Musical Institute?'

The servant eyed him suspiciously, and replied: 'He's not at home; and Saturday's the day for giving alms.'

'Go and tell him that the young woman he heard sing at Viareggio wants to speak to him,' said Neri, with superb assurance.

Just at this moment the director and the *impresario* came up together: they were returning from the cathedral.

'Ah, ah! there's my *prima donna*!' said the Frenchman. 'I'll leave the diplomacy business to you; you promised to manage it for me. I will wait for the monk.'

The director took Neri and Rosina into his sitting-room. Rosina, not understanding what he wanted with her, answered all his questions with nervous timidity. 'What was her age? Where was she born? Could she read? Did she know the notes of the scale?' Her answers were invariably in the negative.

What could they be meaning to do with her? Neri and the

director walked away to another part of the room, and carried on a short dialogue in undertones; then Neri came back with sparkling eyes and an animated countenance.

'Rosina,' he said, 'I was not deceiving you when I told you that some day we should be rich, and that you should have a carriage and as much gold as ever you liked. These gentlemen are going to be so kind as to take charge of you and teach you to read and sing.'

'Thank you,' was all she said; then, colouring up suddenly: 'And you?' she asked.

'Oh, I shall stay here and wait till you come back, for these gentlemen are going to take you away with them, and you will have to stay away two or three years. After that we shall be rich, and need never be separated again.'

Rosina opened her eyes wide with terror. She seemed to hear again the harmonious voice of Padre Romano saying to her, as he had said before on the road to Santa Maria: 'If you listen to people who tell you that you may grow rich by singing, you will be lost!' Then she thought of the angels who had spoken to her while she was hearing that same voice breathing out its touching melody.

'Neri,' she said at length, 'when I was married to you, the priest told us, didn't he, that nothing in the world ought ever to part us?'

'Don't talk nonsense,' cried Neri, impatiently. 'Don't you every day of your life see husbands leaving their wives to go and earn money in America? The only difference in our case is that it is you who will leave me, in order that we may become rich—that's all. You're not going to be such a fool as to refuse, I suppose?'

She hesitated awhile.

'When I went up the hill with you to your father's,' she said, in a low voice, and with suppressed emotion, 'you told me that you could no longer go on living alone—that you should kill yourself if I did not stay with you—and I stayed.' She smiled a broken-hearted smile. 'You seem now to have learnt to do without me, Neri!'

He took both her hands in his with the caressing and demonstrative tenderness of an Italian.

'Don't you see, my beloved, that I am sacrificing myself for your sake? You don't seem to understand that it's a fortune that's being offered you. A few years of patience, and then you'll be as rich as a queen, as elegant as a duchess, and we shall never have to leave each other again; everybody will envy us, and we shall be as happy——'

'We might have been happy in the mountain if you had liked,' and she sighed wearily.

He grew impatient.

'You see that the gentlemen are waiting for your answer. Any other woman as poor and wretched as you would have been wild with delight at such a proposal. Perhaps you don't know that we must

both die of hunger if you don't accept it. I insist on your doing so ! Do you hear ?'

At this instant the door was noiselessly pushed ajar, and the benign, placid face of Padre Romano was seen looking in.

'You sent for me, Mr. Director,' he said, without coming into the room. 'I beg your pardon if I am disturbing you : you seem to be engaged ?'

Rosina gave a cry of joy, and, rushing up to the monk, fell on her knees before him, exclaiming—

'Padre Romano, what am I to do ? Tell me, and I will obey you.'

The monk looked around him in bewilderment, at a loss to understand what was going on.

'Ah ! you don't recognise me,' said Rosina. 'I am the young shepherdess you met at Santa Maria and took back to the *strega* of Vicopelago—a long, long time ago.'

Padre Romano surveyed her a moment in silence, then sighed, and said—

'And what are you doing here, my daughter ?'

'They want to carry me off,' she said, in an agitated manner, 'and teach me to sing,' and she pointed to the *impresario* and the director.

'Ah !' said Padre Romano, 'what I feared has come to pass. And this young man, is he your brother ?'

'No, he's my husband.'

'And what does he say about it ?'

'He wishes me to go.'

'And you yourself ?'

'I will do whatever you tell me.'

Padre Romano took out his snuff-box, and turning to the *impresario*,

'It was you, sir, I think, who did me the honour to send for me. Will you take a pinch ? I can guess what you want. You've heard me just now singing in the cathedral. Well, I've got a voice that isn't bad, I know. God gave it me, sir, and it's no fault or merit of mine. You've come to offer me—I beg your pardon, sir, but how much do you intend to offer me ?'

'Sixty thousand francs at the outset,' said the *impresario*, taken aback by the monk's downrightness.

'Sixty thousand !—bravo ! That's ten thousand more than the director of San Carlo offered me ; this shows that my voice is not beginning to fall off yet. I was getting a little anxious about one of my higher notes ; however, it seems it was not so bad. Do you hear, my daughter ?' turning to Rosina, 'this gentleman offers me sixty thousand francs to sing at his theatre—sixty thousand francs ! You know that my mother is old and anything but rich, dear soul ! One doesn't make a fortune out of shepherds, as you know, I dare say, better than I. To earn this money that's offered me, I've only got to

cast off this shabby old gown—you see how it's patched all over. Well, then, my good sir, this is my answer: accept my hearty thanks, but this old gown and I we mean to die together, and if you succeed in persuading this child to leave her husband, it's straight to hell you'll take her, as sure as I know that I should go there myself the day that I cast off these miserable rags. *Au revoir*, gentlemen, and many thanks. I've only just time to catch the train for Rome. And you, my daughter, when the good God sends you children to love and cherish, sing from morning till night to cheer them or lull them to sleep, but take my advice and stay with your husband.'

The *impresario* and the director looked at each other and then burst out laughing.

'The game's lost,' said the Frenchman.

'I give it up for the present,' said the director. 'We're not strong enough to resist the influence of this monk, and our only chance is in delay.' Then turning to Rosina, 'We won't ask you to decide to-day. Take your time to think over it, and then give us your answer.'

Rosina advanced towards them with resolute determination.

'I shall give you no other answer than this: I am married, and I mean to stay with my husband. I know I made a mistake in marrying him; I know he no longer loves me as he used to do; I know that we could do without one another very well; I know that I have done a very foolish thing, but I refuse to leave him, and shall always refuse. Good morning, gentlemen. Come away, Neri.'

Neri was so overcome by the unexpected energy of her answer, that he followed her completely abashed, and not knowing what attitude to assume towards her. It was the first time she had dared assert her will strongly.

During this and the following days Neri had recourse to all the means and arguments his shrewd and ingenious mind could suggest to conquer her opposition—prayers, entreaties, threats, harrowing pictures of the misery they must come to—but nothing could shake her resolution. The future indeed caused her little dread. What could it have in store for her that was worse than the present? She went back to their miserable little room, with its stifling pestiferous atmosphere, and sat down to her spinning-wheel, with Fido for her sole companion, while in the tap-room below she could hear Neri's voice joining with the other frequenters of the tavern, playing at dice or cards, swearing, blaspheming, or declaiming scraps of socialist harangues. She span, and wept, and prayed for Neri; and when it seemed to her as if her heart must break, she would relieve her feelings by talking to Fido of the beautiful bygone days, when, happy and free, they roamed together in the sunshine, through paths lined with blackberries and arbutus trees, and drank together from the pure spring which bubbled out of the rock, and slept beneath the stars on the thick warm moss. The dog would listen gravely as if he understood it

all, and when he saw the tears trickling down his mistress's cheeks, he would lick her little brown hands tenderly.

Neri now absented himself for long periods at a time. The revolutionary society which he had joined employed him to go about distributing its clandestine papers. He would sometimes be away for weeks together, and though he brought back money with him, he took good care not to give any to Rosina. She, in spite of her ignorance and simplicity, by dint of overhearing the conversations of the frequenters of the tavern, had at last come to understand perfectly the programme of the society. While waiting for the universal triumph of socialism, Neri and his friends had meanwhile made it their mission to help on the restoration of the equilibrium of property by means of partial abstractions. She did not dare speak a word of reproof to him, but he guessed from the way in which he saw her push away any money which he chanced to bring into their lodging, that she knew in what sort of manner he had come by it. Rosina knew that her husband was a thief. She shuddered instinctively whenever he came near her, and her former tenderness had changed to hatred and bitterness; duty alone bound her to him. Even Fido never saw him approach without growling and showing his teeth, by which means he invariably earned himself a kick.

One day, a little while before the birth of her child, Rosina set out to go to Guiditta's. She wanted to ask her to be godmother to the little being she was about to bring into the world. When she reached the bottom of the olive-grove, her heart beat so violently that she was obliged to stand still. The sun shining through the slender verdure of the trees drew arabesques on the path in front of her; moths and dragon-flies were fluttering round the mints and gladioluses, black-birds and golden orioles whistled in the branches. It seemed paradise after the confinement and stifling heat of her little room over the tavern. A cool breeze played amongst the foliage and scattered the yellow dust of the meadow-sweets, in which a swarm of bees were buzzing. She crept timidly on like a guilty Eve, returning after her transgression to the peaceful abode from which she had voluntarily exiled herself—trembling at the thought of meeting any one, and dreading equally to find no one. When she reached the *loggia* she looked inside before entering. The red and green birds were still there in their wicker cage, warbling their foreign notes, in the same place where she had hung them up. In front of them, at the very spot where she had first met Angelino, a man was sitting listlessly, holding an empty pipe in his hand, and looking straight before him with a melancholy countenance. It was Angelino. He seemed altered; his face had acquired a more thoughtful and manlier expression; he was still more like his mother. Rosina's heart gave a sudden bound. No, no, she would not go in. Guiditta had done right in sending her away. She hid her burning face in her hands, and turned round

silently on her way home. At the church of Vicopelago she stopped and went in. There was no one else there. She fell on her knees, on the stone floor, and gave vent to an agony of grief: 'Oh, my God, my God! and it's all my own fault. I might have been his wife if I had liked!' Then suddenly recollecting that it was in this very place that she had vowed fidelity to Neri, she struck herself violently on the breast, imploring forgiveness for her wicked thoughts. From this day she never went back again to Vicopelago. Twice she saw Tonina and her husband pass by in the streets of Lucca. Tonina was dressed in showy stuffs, and her trinkets sparkled in the sunshine; she looked smiling and happy. Rosina crept aside so as not to be seen by them.

Neri was never two days the same. At one moment he would be seized with a fit of vanity, and insist on his wife's going out with him, and try to draw down on her the notice of the idle dandies and officers who lounged about at the doors of *cafés*; and then would follow a mood of brutal jealousy in which he would forbid her to leave the house in his absence. She all the while held her tongue, and endured with the patient resignation born of despair. Then when he had bullied her to his heart's content, disarmed by her silence, and for the moment thoroughly ashamed of himself, he would throw himself at her feet, strike his head on the ground, load himself with reproaches, implore her to forgive him, and end by telling her that if she had accepted the proposal of the *impresario*, they would have been rich and happy by this time.

CHAPTER XI.

THE heat was overpowering. In Rosina's little room the dust and mosquitos whirled about the ceiling; the flies chased and danced round each other; up above the grey stone wall the sky shone with a dazzling, pitiless blue, against which the square outlines of the white houses stood out in bold, unharmonious relief. There was not a breath stirring. It was now nearly a year since a little being, pale and delicate as a flower that has blossomed in the shade, had begun to exist in this unhealthy lodging. Fido alone was initiated into the secret of all the toil and privations it had cost the poor young mother to prepare a few wretched bits of clothing for her child. Rosina had named her little girl Giuditta, in memory of her benefactress.

Overcome by the heat, she was now singing in a low voice to her baby as she rocked it to sleep, and made vain efforts to keep the flies off its face with her fan. Fido, panting and gasping, his eyes half shut, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, was lying at her feet, languidly moving his ears and his tail to get rid of the insects which were tormenting him. The poor dog, accustomed to the open air and free space, suffered cruel torture in this narrow cage. Unable at last

to endure any longer, he dragged himself slowly and painfully up, and looking at Rosina with unutterable anguish, set up a long, low moaning.

'Poor Fido!' murmured the young woman, 'how miserable you are. Alas, alas, dear old dog, we must have patience; that's the only remedy left us for our woes.' Suddenly the dog pricked up its ears, sniffed the air, and went off into a corner of the room with bristling skin and foaming mouth. He crouched down there, keeping his eyes fixed on the door.

'Ah!' muttered Rosina, 'I understand; he hears him coming!'

Neri had just come in. He was very much altered. He was no longer the handsome, graceful *contadino*, picturesquely dressed in his rags of many colours. He had come to look like one of those outcast beings who belong to no social category, and who go about clad in the cast-off raiment of others. His face, which had formerly had an air of natural distinction in spite of his poverty, now wore the degraded expression of discontented laziness which characterises the vagabond of all countries. He began by picking a quarrel with his young wife. She did not condescend to answer him, but went on rocking her baby, and murmuring her monotonous chant. Exasperated by her silence and indifference, he went close up to her.

'Don't you hear me?' he shouted, laying his hand heavily on her shoulder. But he drew it back again instantly with a start and a cry of pain. Fido had sprung at him with an angry growl, and dug his formidable teeth into his arm.

'Down, Fido, down!' shrieked the *poverina*, faint with terror, and dreading a scene of vengeance. The dog let go his hold, and with drooping head and bleeding eye crouched down behind the cradle of the infant. Rosina gave a sob of anguish; she felt that the last hour of her faithful companion had struck, and she hid her terror-stricken face in her hands, so that her agony might not be seen. Contrary however to her expectation, Neri, without uttering another word, went quietly out of the room and locked the door after him. He was white as death, and his lips were trembling. Rosina threw up her arms with a gesture of despair.

'Oh, Fido, what have you done!' she exclaimed. 'Is it you or me that he's going to kill?'

A few moments after the door opened again, and let in two sinister-looking individuals, dressed in blue, and armed with the long poles, with an iron chain at the end, by means of which they captured all the vagrant dogs of the town. Rosina knew them well. The excessive heat of Italy renders hydrophobia sufficiently frequent to be a constant source of danger and alarm. Rosina saw these men go by every day in the streets, and she was in an agony of fear whenever Fido got out of her sight in her solitary walks. She uttered a cry of despair on seeing them enter the room.

'Where's the mad dog?' asked one of them, without daring to cross the doorway.

'He's not mad, I swear to you,' cried the *poverina*. 'He was irritated, and that was the cause of his biting. Don't touch him—oh, don't, I entreat you. Oh, what shall I do without my faithful Fido!'

'We have orders to carry him off,' said the man with the pole. 'There are several mad dogs in the town. It won't be easy to get him out of this room; he's as strong as a lion, and I've no fancy for being bitten by him. Come, *padronina*, you must order him to follow us; perhaps he'll obey you.'

'I order him to go and be killed!' cried Rosina, indignantly. 'Never—never!' Then, appealing to the men with her hands clasped, and in a paroxysm of despair, 'Oh, leave him with me; have pity on me!' she said. 'You don't know what he is to me, and how lonely and desolate I shall be without him; my child is still too little; she does not understand; he is my only friend. I will give you everything I possess if only you will leave me my dog.'

'If you won't make him come with us, we shall carry you off instead, and shoot the dog here,' said the official angrily.

The child, awakened by the noise, had begun to cry in its cradle; Rosina threw herself upon it, and hiding her face on its little breast, burst into loud sobs.

The struggle, however, did not last long; the poor animal, understanding that his mistress was no longer defending him, seeing that she did not respond to his supplicating look, let himself be led off without resistance.

When Rosina knew by the silence in the little room that they were gone, she lifted up her head, and wringing her hands convulsively—

'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'my father was right; the *jettatura* is indeed upon me. Of all that I have loved, I have only you left, my child, my treasure, my little white flower. Wilt thou take her too from me. Oh, my God! my God!'

And whilst the tears were streaming from her eyes, and her poor heart was breaking itself in sobs, the unconscious child had quieted down again, and was cooing happily and playing with its mother's golden tresses. Then it amused itself by striking its head with all its might with its little hands, soft and round as balls of down. When it grew weary of this amusement, it stretched out its arms with a covetous cry towards an object which had attracted its attention.

Rosina slowly raised her aching head, and looked in the direction towards which the child was pointing. She saw shining on the ground a red silk tassel, mounted with gold filagree. She picked it up mechanically, and then it seemed to her that she had seen it before. But where could she have seen it? And how did it come to be here? She gave it absently to the child, who seized it with a cry of delight, and recommenced its cooing.

Neri did not show himself again the whole of that day. When night came on, Rosina's grief changed into fear. There was nobody by to protect her, if need be, to defend her. When she had roamed about alone under the great pine-trees, in the vast solitudes of the Maremma, she had never felt any fear; but now, solitary in the midst of this conglomeration of people whom she did not know, and who all seemed hostile to her, she was frightened at everything; the least sound made her tremble. She fell asleep at last, however, from sheer exhaustion, but she soon woke up again with a start, thinking she heard Fido's moans, and she shuddered with horror. Was he already dead, or were they putting him to lengthened torture?

When day came she got up with a heavy heart. She was overcome with weariness, and in a burning fever. She looked at her child, and saw with dismay, by its discoloured lips and swollen eyes, that the little one was already feeling the consequences of her paroxysm of grief, which she had no doubt had turned her milk. Desperate, mad with anguish, she thought she would fly to the church. The Madonna would surely have pity on her. She too was a mother—she who held in her arms the lovely smiling baby; and she would not refuse to hear the cry of her aching heart. She would take her an offering, a flower, a riband, something or other. But when she looked around her she could see nothing that would do. She never had any flowers now in her dark prison—nor anything cheerful or pretty. Neri, in his occasional fits of vanity, when he wanted his pretty wife to be admired, had given her a few trinkets, but she had always scrupled to wear them, knowing too well what money they had been bought with. No, she could not put these stolen ornaments into her little child's innocent hands—it would bring down on her the malediction of heaven, instead of the blessing she was going to implore. She looked for a moment at her wedding-ring. They had been married in such a hurry that Neri had not even had time to get one himself, and the *curé* had been obliged to take an iron ring from the curtain of the dais on which the image of the Madonna was carried in the processions.

'Shall I give her this?' Rosina asked herself. No, that too would be an unlucky offering. It would bring misfortune on her child. This ring had seemed to her so hard and heavy to wear! Suddenly her eye fell on the silk and gold tassel she had picked up the day before. Where did it come from? She did not know; it did not belong to her, but in any case to take it to the church could not be wrong. It was pretty and bright, and worthy to adorn the altar of the Madonna. She took the sleeping child in her arms, rolled up her rosary, and went out. She found the door of the church closed, and a rifleman posted under the porch was holding forth to a group of scared-looking old women, who were gesticulating indignantly. The church had been plundered the day before, while the sacristan was taking his *siesta*. Nobody had seen or heard anything of the thieves. Rosina staggered;

a mist spread over her eyes. For a moment all seemed darkness around her. She strained her child so convulsively to her breast, that the little thing cried out with pain. Instinctively she hid the tassel which she had carried in her hand so innocently. She knew now whence it came, and why she had seemed to have seen it before. It belonged to the silver lamp which burned day and night before the altar of the Madonna. She knew too, alas! whose was the guilty hand that had dropped it accidentally by her child's cradle.

In a frenzy of despair she went back to the little room, which seemed more like a prison than ever. Oh, God! what was she to do? Should she go to her father confessor, and ask advice of him, or should she yield at length to the temptation which had so long pursued her, to escape, to run away, no matter where, with her child, her angel, her treasure, who need then never know that her father was a robber? Should she go far away, very far, to some wild, desert country, or better still, return to the good charitable shepherds, who would not repulse her, or refuse to let her share their light-hearted poverty? Then another temptation presented itself to her mind. Why had Padre Romano advised her not to listen to those men who had offered her riches, and perhaps happiness? She had refused their seductive proposals, in order to remain faithful to her marriage vows; but she had now resolved to break those vows; had it not become her duty to do so? Was she not called upon to protect the innocence of her child? Perhaps it was not yet too late. Padre Romano had said indeed that she would go to hell if she listened to them; but was she not still more certain to go there if she stayed where she was? For there were times when the fierce vindictive blood of her race boiled in her veins and triumphed over her natural gentleness. Sometimes the sight of Neri coming up from the tap-room with eyes bleared and heavy with drink, roused the devil in her, and she felt now that if he were to provoke her in any way again, he, the murderer of Fido, and the profaner of churches, she would no longer be able to control herself. Oh, God! what should she do? She had sunk down exhausted on her chair, and there she sat, with bowed head and vacant stare, her arms hanging listlessly at her side. The fever was beginning to rage tumultuously in her veins, a continual buzzing sounded in her ears, her cheeks were flaming. After a time she roused herself, and tried to shake off her torpor.

'I'm going to be ill, or else I'm going mad!' she thought to herself. 'Holy Virgin! what will become of my child? No, I won't—I won't,' and she got up and tried to walk.

At this moment a step came precipitately up the stairs—the door opened, and Neri burst in, radiant and joyous, and dressed in a new suit of clothes. She had never seen him look so beaming.

'I've come to fetch you,' he said, jauntily; 'I want to make it up with you; it's dreadful to go on living together on bad terms. Let's

be friends, shall we, dearest? Let's go and walk on the ramparts. There's music going on there, and crowds of officers and fine ladies. Put on your Sunday gown—I want all the world to admire you; and see, here's a little present I've brought you.'

She mastered her anger, and said, quietly: 'I don't want to leave the child alone; Fido's no longer here.'

He shrugged his shoulders. 'Bah! you're not going to quarrel with me for having rid you of that vicious, dangerous beast. I was assured that the dog was mad.'

'Perhaps he was,' she answered, coldly; 'shepherd dogs are always the worse for being shut up in towns, and still more in prisons.'

'Have done with your nagging,' he said, impatiently. 'I hoped you would have received my present differently;' and he dangled before her eyes a pair of those pretty crescent-shaped ear-rings that Italian peasants wear. She pushed them contemptuously away, and looking him straight in the face, her eyes flashing with proud indignation,

'You hoped to make me your accomplice!' she said, in a hoarse voice. 'You have only one hand, but it's a very clever one, since with it alone you have been able to earn enough money to pay for these trinkets. How did you manage it?'

He answered her with a sneer: 'As you chose to be such a simpleton as to throw away an easy chance of growing rich, I was obliged to find some means of making up for your folly. What's it matter to you *how* I managed it?'

'It matters very little to me; my heart is dead. You have done your best to kill it. I have nothing more to expect or hope for, but I do not wish my little Giuditte to hear herself one day spoken of as the daughter of a thief and a profaner of churches.'

He seemed disconcerted for a moment, and looked at her with a sombre expression. Then recovering his wonted assurance, he said in a drawling voice: 'Don't let that thought distress you, my love. We love each other very tenderly, don't we, darling? As for me, I couldn't reconcile myself to seeing you become the wife of the American, as would inevitably have happened if I had let you go back to the *strega's* on a certain evening—you remember? And you, you could not make up your mind to live away from me for two or three years. It's all very touching and beautiful, but after all, when the time comes that I've had enough of you and your tears and your sighs, and you feel that it no longer suits you to live with a—what did you say?—a thief and a profaner of churches, we can leave each other without *any* scruples, and no one will have the right to blame us, for we are not married the least bit in the world.'

She recoiled from him with loathing, and leant against the wall shaking all over with rage and indignation.

'Not married!' she stammered out.

He smiled sneeringly. 'Why, no, *poverina*,' he said, with mock compassion, 'we never went before the mayor, and if you had learnt to read, you would know that marriage in the church goes for nothing, and that according to the law you are not my wife.'

She stared at him blankly as if she did not understand a word he was saying. He went on: 'If it displeases you so much to have a thief and a profaner of churches, as you call me, for your child's father, I won't hinder you from looking out for another. Go and find some one else who'll take charge of you and your infant—I don't object.'

She was shaking like an aspen leaf, and her teeth were chattering. Slowly she withdrew from her finger the iron hoop that encircled it, and threw it out of the window. Then she took her child in her arms, and staggering and stumbling at every step, she left the room without a word.

Where should she go? Anywhere, nowhere—she did not know, she did not care; her one thought was to get as far away as possible from the man who had told her he was not her husband. She walked on at random through the streets crowded with people; her child was moaning feebly; her head seemed on fire.

'Rosina!' suddenly called out a voice near to her. Why was she addressed thus by her pretty flower-name, the name which meant joy, spring, sweetness, and poetry? Her father had always called her Spina (thorn). They said in the mountains that he had the gift of reading the future—and they were right.

'Rosina!' the voice again repeated. She looked round and saw Tonina smiling at her, and making signs to her to wait for her. She turned her head quickly away again with an impulse of angry pride. No, she would not speak to any one; hers was a sorrow which must be hidden away from the world, and which would end only with life. She plunged out of sight into the labyrinth of dark alleys, and Tonina gave up pursuing her. The child began to wail; she wondered what was the matter with it? She raised up the poor little white face, which instantly fell back again on her shoulder. Its lips were blue, its eyes puffed. Was it very ill? had grief already poisoned its mother's milk? Then she would have to provide some other food for it; she would have to— Oh, God!—her thoughts became confused—what would become of the child if she herself fell ill? As she passed a confectioner's in front of the Church of S. Michael, she stopped. It was one of the most elegant and fashionable shops of the town, and there was a tempting display of cakes and biscuits in the window. She and her child might die of hunger. How she longed for one of those biscuits for the child. She had a few *sous* in her pocket, all that she possessed in the world. She went into the shop, and pointing to a biscuit, asked, timidly: 'How much is it?'

'Two *sous*.'

She paid for the biscuit, and then lifting her eyes from the

ground, gave a startled shriek. There was a glass partition between the counter and the other part of the shop where were marble tables, on which coffee and wines were served. Seated at the first of these, and only separated from her by the thickness of the glass, she saw Neri, leaning on his elbows, and holding in his hand one of the earrings which half an hour before he had offered to her; in front of him was Ersilia, smiling and blushing with pleasure, and fastening the other gold crescent in her ear. Rosina bounded forward like a lioness ready to pounce on her prey. The savage instinct was for the moment triumphing in her. There was a knife lying on the counter. She seized it eagerly, and precipitated herself towards the partition; she was blind with fury, and quite beside herself. But suddenly she stopped, and with a wild laugh she threw the knife away from her. No, she would not strike him; she knew a surer and more humiliating method of vengeance. She still carried in her bosom the tassel which she had hidden there instinctively when the hideous truth had burst upon her. With flashing eyes and an expression of savage hatred distorting her face, she rushed out of the shop.

'She's a lunatic,' said the shopman, 'a raging lunatic: she ought to be shut up, or she'll become dangerous.'

She made her way straight to the place where she had seen the riflemen stationed. She would denounce Neri to them; he would be arrested, and perhaps hung. But when she reached the place she was frightened by the appearance of her child's face, and forgot what she had come there for. She sank down on a stone step and covered the child with kisses, straining it close to her burning breast. It was not of vengeance that she had to think now, but of maintaining this feeble spark of life which seemed to her to be dying out.

Alas! alas! her kisses and caresses no longer availed to quiet the infant's wailings. She got up in despair, and walked on again at random. As she passed by a church, which, according to Italian custom, was closed only by a curtain, she went up the steps, and, without going in, she threw the tell-tale tassel through the doorway.

'Holy Virgin!' she murmured, 'I charge you with our vengeance. Only leave me my child, and I will forgive and forget everything.' Then she set forth again on her aimless course.

Towards evening she began to feel that her feet would no longer carry her. Where should she pass the night? The heat of the day had been intense, and the heavy evening dew was already coming on and making the air chilly; this sudden change might be fatal to her child. She turned in the direction of the hospital; there, under the cloisters, she would perhaps be allowed a shelter. Suddenly she saw emerging from one of the neighbouring streets one of those lugubrious processions which seem so strange to tourists little familiar with Italian customs—a troop of men in long black gowns, their heads enveloped in pointed hoods, with only two holes for their eyes to look

through, and carrying a litter. They were the brethren of the Misericordia, whose mission it is to come silently and incognito to the relief of all misery. The instant any case of crime or accident is reported, they hasten, silent and masked, to convey the sick or the wounded to the hospital, or to accompany them to their last resting-place, if help has come too late.

The Capuchin of the watch at the gate of the hospital headed the funereal *cortège*. Rosina heard him asking if it was a case of death or wounding.

'A young man ill,' answered one of the masked figures. 'He was seized with convulsions at a *café*. It's either apoplexy or hydrophobia.'

The struggles of the sick man were visible under the black cloth cover of the litter.

Rosina recoiled with terror. The thought of illness and death made her shudder! Might she not soon herself have only a little corpse left in her arms? She ran up to the Capuchin.

'My father!' she cried, 'have pity on me! You understand about illness. Look at my baby; she's ill, isn't she? Do you think she will die? See how pale she is!'

The Capuchin looked at the mother and the child. 'Your baby is ill,' he said; 'but you are more so, my daughter. If you nurse that child you will kill it yourself. Your milk is poisoned; you're in a fever.'

She was poisoning her child!—she who would have given the last drop of her blood to soothe the least of its sufferings! Ah! she was cursed indeed, and the malediction which rested on her would undoubtedly extend to this beloved little head, if she continued to hold it to her breast. This must not be. She would take on herself the whole weight of the *jettatura*; but her child should be happy, cared for, beloved. She would have the courage to part from it. She was walking on again now, but no longer at random. She was going to Vicopelago to deposit the baby at the door of the *strega's* house, and then she would vanish out of sight for ever—she, the *poverina*, the cursed one. She would go up to the top of the mountains, and there, under the great pines, she would lie down on the moss among the flowering myrtles and the fragrant white heathers, with her rosary in her hands and her eyes fixed on the blue sky, and wait for the angels she had heard singing in the cathedral to come and carry away her soul and take it to the Madonna. And from there she would look down on her child, happy and beloved in the *strega's* house, and would smile sweetly on her. A thousand confused melodies already sounded in her ear, scraps of mountain songs crossed her mind, and she felt that if she could sing now she would sing better even than Padre Romano, but not a sound would come out of her parched throat. Had it suddenly grown dark, or were the mists of death obscuring her sight? She could no longer distinguish her child's face. Was she near the *strega's* house, or had she still a long distance to go? Her foot struck

against something ; she put out her hand instinctively to save her child from a shock, and fell to the ground without a cry, insensible, almost inanimate.

Angelino, on making his accustomed evening round to shut up the granaries and the poultry-yard, stumbled against a heap lying across the door of the granary where Fido used to sleep. He stooped down to see what it was, and could just distinguish in the darkness the form of a woman, and a child that was moaning feebly. He tenderly disengaged the child from the lifeless hold of its mother's arms and carried it to the house.

'Here's a job for you, my mother,' he said to Guiditta. 'There's an unfortunate woman down there, who, I fancy, was bringing you her sick child to doctor, and has been taken ill herself on the way.'

He held up the child to the lamp, and uttered a cry of distress.

'What's the matter ?' asked Giuditta.

Angelino, white as a ghost, could only point to the child.

'Rosina !' exclaimed his mother.

She seized the lamp, and hurrying to the granary, she lifted the poor, cold, emaciated body tenderly from the ground.

'Oh, my Lord !' she moaned out, 'and am I the cause of this ? Have I been hard or unjust to her ? Alas ! alas ! if she has come to die of misery at my door, it will be to me a cause of remorse which will poison even my happiness in Paradise, should God grant me grace to go there.'

CHAPTER XII.

ROSINA woke up one morning in the little white bed in her old familiar room. The window was open, and let in the fresh, cool air. The rising sun reflected the lacework silhouette of a fig-tree leaning against the wall. Beyond, she could see the high crest of a pointed cypress swaying in the breeze ; a Bengal rose-tree, covered with flowers, was climbing up it in capricious festoons ; a blackbird was singing with all his might in the fig-tree. By the side of the bed hung a picture of the *Volto Santo* in a yellow frame, with a consecrated olive-branch. She remembered it well ; she had fixed it there herself the last Easter she was in the house. How familiar all these objects were to her ! How long had she been living in this nice clean room, she began to wonder. And why did she feel so tired ? She closed her eyes and tried to recollect. She had been taken ill on the mountains when the flocks were being brought back to the Maremma to escape the winter snows. She had been left on the road, and the *strega* had brought her here. Her father would come and fetch her away in the spring. Yes, she remembered it all now. Since then she had been very ill, and a host of horrible dreams had tormented her in the delirium of fever. Sinister forms, indescribable agonies, had haunted her. Then she began to look around her with a sense of anxiety.

Were they really nothing but dreams? Was there no reality whatever in all these sufferings? In a corner of the room she saw the profile of a woman's face bending over her work, and sitting perfectly still but for the movement of her hand as it passed the needle deftly to and fro. Who was she?

Suddenly Rosina sat up in her bed and looked around with dilated eyelids and trembling lips.

'Gelsomina! Gelsomina!' she cried, 'where is my child?'

In an instant Gelsomina's arms were around her and gently forcing her to lie down again.

'God be praised! You know me again!' she exclaimed with delight. 'Keep quiet now, dear, and you will soon be quite well again; the mother said you would, and she was right. Your child is as well as possible, little darling; since I've been nursing her, she has grown quite fat, and her cheeks will soon be as rosy as my boy's.'

'You are nursing her—thank you,' murmured the poor young woman, exhausted by the effort she had made. And then she went on in a low whisper—'And do you still love me, Gelsomina?'

'I should think so, dearest; and I'm not the only one who loves you; everybody here *ti vuol tanto bene*' (wishes so much good for you). 'Tonina was quite furious—we had hard work to pacify her; and she has not yet forgiven you for having suffered so much without confiding in her. And poor Angelino——'

A mournful expression passed over Rosina's pale face. Gelsomina remained silent.

Little by little strength came back to the young woman. Before long she was able to go down stairs, and sit under the *loggia*, while her child crawled about at her feet. All the household looked on her with compassion, and they were often silent in her presence as if wishing to hide something from her. As soon as she was able to walk a few steps she said to Giuditte—

'To-morrow is Sunday; you will lend me a veil, won't you, that I may go to church?'

Giuditte took both her hands in hers, and looking fixedly at her she said—

'You know that it is not usual for widows to go to church publicly during the first weeks of their mourning.'

Rosina shuddered.

'Widows!' she muttered to herself; then suddenly her face became convulsed, and she exclaimed—'Oh, God! what have I done? was it I who killed him? I can't remember—I didn't know what I was doing. I took up a knife—was it I who killed him?'

'Hush, hush, darling! calm yourself,' said Giuditte; 'he died at the hospital of a horrible death. You are innocent, my child. It is supposed that he was bitten by a mad dog.'

Rosina gave a shriek, and striking herself violently on the forehead, exclaimed—

'Fido! Fido! it's he who revenged us. Oh, poor, poor Neri!'
Giuditta's eyes filled with tears.

'You forgive him, *poverina*, don't you?' she said gently.

'Forgive *him*?' answered Rosina indignantly, 'when it's I, poor sinner, that need forgiveness! I wanted to kill him, and then I wanted to have him put in prison and hung! Oh, I remember it all now. Do you think God will forgive me, Giuditta? I was so unhappy—so desperate! I was mad!'

'*Poverina*!' was all the *strega* could murmur through her choking tears.

CHAPTER XIII

ONE day, when Rosina had quite recovered, she came to look for the *strega*.

'Giuditta,' she said, 'I don't intend that you should be able to accuse me of ingratitude again. You have saved my life a second time, and there is only one way in which I can show my gratitude to you, and that is by leaving you.'

'Leaving me!' said Giuditta. 'And why? Where shall you go?'

'I shall go and earn a living for myself and my child.'

'And what shall you do to earn it?'

'I shall sing. Listen, Giuditta, you don't know what I've got to tell you. Some time ago two gentlemen offered to take charge of me, and teach me to sing, and when I had learnt, to give me as much money as I wanted.'

Giuditta shook her head solemnly.

Rosina seemed to be wrestling with a painful thought.

'My child,' she said, after a pause, and a cloud passed over her face; 'Ah yes! I know I must part from her, but I will leave her with you. I should be certain to bring misfortune upon her, but you will take care of her and love her; and when I have grown rich I will come back and fetch her, and we will never part again.'

Giuditta laid her hand gently on the girl's shoulder.

'Have you considered what you are about to do?' she said gravely. 'You can't read, you are ignorant, you know nothing of the kind of life you are exposing yourself to. I don't know much about it myself, but I can guess that they will make you sing at the theatre; and I very much fear that those actresses who show their bare necks and arms to all the world, and sing for money, don't go straight to Paradise. Pretty as you still are, in spite of all your sorrow and sufferings, I can easily foresee the dangers you will meet with. I don't mean to say that there's any harm in singing, quite the contrary, and I often think of the time when you used to gladden our hearts with your songs, and your pretty voice sounded all over the house—but to sing before all the world—at the theatre! Even here when we have the *maggios* and the mysteries the *curé* is not pleased because the young men's heads are turned by the pretty girls who sing and recite their parts well. Have you asked advice of your father confessor?'

Rosina hung down her head.

'No,' she answered.

'And why not?'

'Because I knew it was useless. I knew beforehand that he would say the same as Padre Romano.'

'And what did he say?'

'That if I accepted the offer of these gentlemen I should go to hell!'

Giuditta made the sign of the cross.

'Holy Virgin!' she exclaimed; 'and you still hesitate!'

'What am I to do?' Rosina asked mournfully. 'I must earn a living for myself and my child. I have nothing in the world. I am cursed, the *jettatura* pursues me. What does it matter whether I am lost in one way more than another, so long as my loss benefits my child? Ah, Giuditta, you don't know all. When you found me lying at your door I had come to deposit my child there. I knew that you would have pity on her, but as for myself, I hoped I should have strength left to go away again. I meant to go up into the mountains and die alone, far from all the world, for I had had enough of this life which has been so bitter to me. But you see God would not take me back to Himself—I suppose I have not yet suffered enough.'

Giuditta put her hand on Rosina's mouth.

'Hold your tongue,' she said. 'Don't blaspheme. You're not aware, moreover, that every one of your words is a reproach to me. Perhaps if I had watched over you better I might have prevented your being so unhappy. If you go off now to sing at the theatre it will be a sure way of bringing down the curse on your child's head. Stay with us, *poverina*. There's Stefanino going off to join the army. Teresona is already talking of love for the son of the *fattore* of Ponzole, and at the first chance she'll be taking flight like her sister, and poor old Giuditta will be left alone. Why do you want to leave us?'

Rosina bent down her head to hide the colour which was mantling on her cheeks and forehead.

'I must go,' she said dejectedly. 'Don't ask me to stay, Giuditta. I must go. If you advise me not to go and sing on the stage there is still the factory. Perhaps they will take me in there now.'

Giuditta protested vehemently.

'I won't hear of it,' she said; 'I forbid you to think of such a thing. You made yourself quite miserable enough there before. No, my daughter, you are a bird made to live in the open air, life in a cage isn't good for you, and I love you a great deal too much to let you shut yourself up in that prison, or sell your soul by singing on the stage.'

'Alas, alas!' thought Rosina, 'then Neri can never have loved me at all!'

CHAPTER XIV.

SPRING had come round again with its soft, violet-scented breezes ; the cherry-trees were shaking off their snowy blossoms, and the old orange-tree, propped against the wall of the chapel, was decking itself with aromatic buds. Rosina was sitting under the *loggia*, spinning and listening to the song of the American birds. The little Giuditta was crawling about at her feet, and sharing a piece of Indian corn bread with a brood of yellow, downy little chickens, very much the colour of her own fair hair, which were climbing familiarly about her. The mother-hen was clucking under her wicker hoop, and Rosina, looking on, smiled through the veil of sadness which gave her beauty a touching and pathetic charm. She was more lovely than ever ; her regular features had acquired an exquisite sweetness of expression, and her great blue eyes seemed melting with indescribable harmony and tenderness.

At the end of the terrace, Giuditta was spreading out linen in the sunshine. She paused suddenly on seeing advancing towards her a tall, dignified-looking man with a grave, sad face, crisp, curly hair, and a long grizzly beard. His gait was majestic, but somewhat slow.

‘Is this the house of the *strega* ?’ he asked ; and, on being answered in the affirmative, he said, respectfully uncovering his head :

‘God bless this house, and preserve its inhabitants from all evil ! You don’t recognise me ?’

Giuditta surveyed him carefully. ‘Yes, I do,’ she said after a few seconds. ‘You are like our Rosina ; you must be her father. Where is her mother ?’

‘Her mother is dead, God rest her soul ! And Rosina ?’

‘She is alive and well now ; but she has been at the point of death. She has gone through a great deal of sorrow, *poverina* !’

‘I knew she would,’ said the shepherd gravely. ‘It’s the *jettatura* ! The reason why I did not come back for her sooner is that I knew misfortune would cling to me so long as she was with me. Now, however, I’m no longer afraid. I have made the pilgrimage of Monte Rotondo. I went three times the round of the church, and I have brought back for Rosina a medal which I had blessed for her. Since my wife’s death I have been at work in Corsica ; and I left my children with my sister-in-law, who has a farm in the Maremma. With the money I earned in Corsica I have bought another fine flock of goats and sheep, and I have come now to fetch Rosina—that’s to say if she’s willing to follow me to the mountains, and help me take care of the animals, and fill her mother’s place.’

‘Rosina is a widow and has a child,’ said Giuditta ; ‘see, there she is under the *loggia*. Go and speak to her yourself.’

Giuditta resumed her work with a sigh, and feeling very sad at heart. ‘Poor Angelino !’ she said to herself. ‘The bird will fly

away again, and I shall be as unhappy as he will. I love her like one of my own daughters. Now I must give her up for the second time, and resign myself to the idea of receiving under my roof a daughter-in-law whom I sha'n't like, and who won't come up to Rosina. Ah well! perhaps it's my own fault. I never could keep a nightingale shut up in her cage, but it's the only way of preventing their being caught by the fowlers.'

She had not the heart to follow the shepherd: she resented his coming to carry off her adopted child at the moment when she was drawn to her by stronger bonds than ever. But Rosina came to seek her.

'Giuditta,' she said, 'I have made up my mind never again to do anything without consulting you. If I go back with my father, shall you think me wrong?'

Giuditta saw that she was crying, and she turned abruptly round on pretence of picking up a piece of linen.

'Giuditta,' repeated Rosina sadly, 'you don't answer me. Are you vexed?'

Giuditta's sole answer was to hold out her arms to her and burst into tears.

'When should you go?' she asked.

'To-morrow, at day-break.'

'And your child?'

'I will take her with me. Do you think me wrong, Giuditta?'

Giuditta whispered quite low in her ear, 'Ask Angelino.'

Rosina hid her weeping face on the *strega's* shoulder.

The shepherd had left his flock at Santa Maria. He meant to go back to it at once, and wait there for his daughter, who would join him the following day. Rosina was sorely perplexed. Since the time of her widowhood strong links of attachment had bound her to the house where she had found peace and tenderness after the dark despair and misery of her short married life; but she knew well there was another and a stronger reason which made the thought of going away for ever bitter to her heart. She had vainly tried to stifle the feeling with which Angelino had inspired her from the first moment that her eyes had met his deep and honest gaze. She knew that, months before she had become Neri's wife, her childish love for him had changed into contempt, and that, on the ruins of this first instinctive passion, there had been slowly growing up a sincere and solid affection for the son of Giuditta. She had struggled honourably against this feeling, and had never allowed herself to entertain a thought of Angelino as long as she was Neri's wife; but now!—

'Alas!' she said to herself with a sigh, 'he has become so cold and indifferent towards me! He has not forgiven me for my marriage, and I don't wonder. I will go away, I will go away, and I shall never see him again.'

Angelino had been absent from home since the day before. He had gone to a rather distant fair to sell a pair of oxen. Rosina thought he would not be back before the following morning, and that she would consequently go away without seeing him again. She would try to forget him. In the evening, when she had finished her slight preparations for her journey, she sat down under the *loggia*, in her favourite place by the cage of foreign birds, and began rocking her little Giuditta to sleep. The shades of evening were falling slowly. She began singing, quite softly at first, to lull her child, and then unconsciously she raised her voice, and sang on to relieve her own feelings. Her thoughts were full of the mountains and of wonder as to what her life up there would be like now that she had lost the joyous thoughtlessness of former days, and must always carry in her heart a bleeding wound—bitter regrets of the past, and regrets for a future which she had herself voluntarily broken off. She was going to begin again the free roving life which had of old delighted her, but how different all would be now! All her heart and all her thoughts would be down in this valley, where she had been so much loved, and where she herself loved still, in spite of herself. But she was taking with her her child, her treasure. Why then should she be so sad? What was the source of the burning tears which were falling slowly on the little pale face on her lap? Her melancholy strains resounded through the evening silence, and she was so absorbed in her thoughts and recollections that she was unconscious of what was going on around her.

‘Rosina,’ said a voice close to her, trembling with emotion, ‘Rosina, is it true?’

She shuddered; she had not seen or heard any one approach, but she knew well who it was, trembling from head to foot, and devouring her with passionate looks.

‘Is what true?’ she asked, not daring to lift her eyes.

‘Is it true that you are going to leave us, and go back to the mountains?’

‘Yes, it’s true.’

‘Are you so unhappy here?’

‘Oh, no! no!’ she exclaimed.

‘Then why are you going away?’

She lowered her head without answering. Angelino went close up to her.

‘Have you then only crossed my life to poison it? I gave you my heart the first moment that I saw you, here, on this very spot. You deceived and disappointed me, but I never ceased to love you. I vowed that I would never marry, and I should have kept my vow. But you came back dying, and free, and I dared to hope again. Are you going to disappoint me again? Don’t go away, Rosina; I love you more than ever, and I have no dearer wish than to surround you

with tenderness and happiness. I cannot see you go away like a beggar with that child, whom you will have to work for. Leave her with me at any rate. I will be a father to her, and if she is here I shall have some hope of seeing you come back again.'

She was weeping in silence.

'Rosina,' he went on tenderly, 'answer me before God who hears us; do you not feel a little affection for me?'

A great cry burst from her heart. 'I love you so much, so much!'

She could not see in the dark the flush of joy which lighted up the *contadino's* eyes.

'Then why go away?' he murmured softly.

She clasped her hands over the head of her sleeping child and shivered.

'He is scarcely cold in his coffin,' she said; 'it's too soon—too soon to talk of love. And the *jettatura* which pursues me! No! no! I cannot.'

And she got up suddenly, and said in an agitated voice: 'Let's go and find Giuditta!'

Giuditta was reading a big book by the light of a lamp. The young woman, still holding her sleeping child in her arms, knelt down in front of her.

'*Madre mia*,' she said, 'what am I to do? He says he loves me, and wants to be a father to this child. What am I to do?'

Giuditta folded her lovingly in her arms. 'Accept his offer,' she said; 'are you not my daughter already?'

Rosina's face, bathed in tears, was hidden on the *strega's* shoulder. 'And the *jettatura*,' she whispered.

'The *jettatura*!' exclaimed Giuditta; 'it's not for nothing that I am called the *strega*. I know an infallible cure for driving away ill-luck, and that is, true and faithful love such as my Angelino has for you. I'll answer for it the *jettatura* won't be able to resist such a charm as that.'

'And you won't go away now!' said Angelino, in an ecstasy of joy.

'Yes, she will go away,' answered Giuditta, gently. 'She must wait till her year of mourning is over. She will go back now to the mountains with her father and her child; the good air will quite set her up again; she will learn a fresh stock of *stornelli* to cheer our evenings with, and she will come back in the autumn with the flocks. Then we will give her her choice; she shall be free either to go to the Maremma with her father, or to stay here with us, never to leave us again.'

'I will come back,' said the *poverina*, in a voice trembling with emotion; 'I will come back!'

(Concluded.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXCIV.

1603.

THE QUEEN'S OLD COURTIER.

PEACE was really what James most cared for, and he therefore attended to Count d'Aremberg, the Flemish Ambassador, in a way that began to alarm the national party. In fact he had given umbrage to many, as of course he could not please all parties at once, and before his accession he had made promises all round. Thus, in the midst of the preparations for his coronation, he found he had by no means escaped from the kidnapping plots that had beset him in Scotland.

The mover in this one seems to have been one William Watson, a secular Roman Catholic priest, who had been made use of in some of the intrigues in Scotland, and expected more favour for his Church than James seemed disposed to show. On the other hand, the Puritans were discontented that the King showed no disposition to overthrow the English Church and reduce it to a level with the Scottish Kirk, and thus an unnatural coalition was brought about between two sets of discontented men, whose only bond of union was equal dislike to the English Church and the notion that the King could be coerced into toleration. On the Romanist side were Sir Griffin Markham and Anthony Copley, but no one of much mark or influence; on the Puritan side, Sir George Brooke, a brother of Lord Cobham, partly because he had been disappointed of the mastership of S. Cross, and Lord Grey of Wilton, the son of Spenser's Sir Arthegal, the same foe against whom Essex had run a race on his unfortunate intrusion on Elizabeth. To see Essex's friend, Southampton, in high favour, filled Grey with rage, and he undertook to have a hundred men ready to join the other conspirators in seizing the King at Greenwich; but when they learnt that three hundred armed gentlemen slept in the palace, they put it off till the 24th of June, when James was to be hunting at Hanworth. However, Grey then put off the matter, being it seems alarmed at the number of Roman Catholics engaged in it, and beginning to come to the perception that such a combination could not thrive.

Watson, on his side, wanted more aid from the Romanists, and therefore disclosed the scheme to a Jesuit named Gerard, who, seeing

at once how futile and foolish it was, made a merit of going and disclosing it to Cecil. Copley was arrested on the 6th of July, and made no secret of his associates. Watson, Clarke, and Brooke were all thrown into prison, and made accusations right and left, including in them Lord Cobham and Sir Walter Raleigh. This latter gentleman was waiting on Windsor Terrace, dressed for hunting, with the King, when he was called upon to appear before the Privy Council, and interrogated on the plot and on his friend Cobham's dealings with the Count of Aremberg. He disclaimed all knowledge of both, satisfied the Council so far as appeared, and was placed under no restraint; but he afterwards became uneasy, and, intending to be on the safe side, wrote a letter to Robert Cecil, telling him that he believed there were some dealings with Aremberg, since he had seen from the window of Durham House Cobham being rowed across the river to the house of Rienzi, who was known to be an agent of the Flemish Archduke.

'This letter,' he afterwards said, 'was my utter ruin.' It was not the first news that Cecil had received of dealings on Cobham's part with Aremberg; indeed George Brooke had accused both Cobham and Raleigh, of a much mightier conspiracy, which was termed in the Council the main plot, while the Watson and Grey affair was only the bye plot. Cecil now showed Cobham Raleigh's letter, which the nobleman considered as such treason to friendship that he began to make the most reckless accusations against Sir Walter, declaring that he had been the instigator of the whole, and had corresponded with Aremberg for the purpose, so far as appeared, of setting Lady Arabella Stewart on the throne, by the help of Spain, and 'destroying the King and all his cubs.'

They were at once committed to the Tower, and the examinations began, but attention was diverted from this matter by the coronation. The plague was very serious in the city, and the King, though repairing to St. James's Palace, would not go to the Tower, for the usual procession from thence to Westminster, to the great disappointment of the people; and he also forbade the holding of the St. James's fair in the precincts of the palace, and sent orders that the nobles should bring as small retinues as possible, partly from dread of plots, partly to prevent contagion from spreading.

The King and Queen went to Westminster by water, and the Queen was much admired as she went, with her 'seemly hair hanging down on her princely shoulders,' and 'a gold crownlet' on her head; but she gave great annoyance by her refusal to communicate after the English rite. Whether she missed the splendid Lutheran ritual of Denmark, or whether she preferred the bare simplicity of Calvinist Scotland, does not appear; King James's divines considered her doctrine as orthodox, and she afterwards thoroughly conformed. Perhaps, after all, she was in the midst of one of her outbreaks of temper, and refused for personal reasons.

Immediately after the coronation the Court left London, and tarried at Woodstock, where some of their servants died of the plague in the tents at the gateways. However, they kept a brilliant Court, and Aremberg was presented to the Queen, who much preferred him to Rosny. He gave her ladies Spanish gloves, and Spanish leather coats to the gentlemen. Anne also received her brother, Duke Ulrich of Holstein, who paid special court to Lady Arabella Stewart. This lady was treated as a kinswoman by James and Anne, being known to be innocent of any plots hatching in her name. She was lively and full of spirits at this time, and wrote many amusing letters, and she did not at all approve of her Danish suitor, whom she called the *Dutchkin*, her heart being given all the time to the young William Seymour; and as the King had a young family, she seemed so far from the succession that she might well hope to obtain consent to her marriage.

Meantime, Raleigh had been harassed and indignant at the suspicions that had fallen on him. As to intriguing with the Spaniards, he could truly declare that there was no one he hated so much as the Spaniards, or whom they hated so much. He had spent 40,000*l.* of his own money in enterprises against them, and had always given his voice in favour of whatever might damage them. He had been offered some of the money that Aremberg had promised Cobham, but he had refused it at once, and it really seems as if his whole offence had been the knowledge that Cobham had some plot in hand, and likewise his manifest discontent with the new comers. He was always unpopular. He had a haughty air, and a satirical countenance, such as made people imagine him contemptuous, and his open enmity to Essex had prejudiced James greatly against him, so that the knowledge that he had suffered injury was almost a presumption that he was scheming to avenge it; but we may be sure that if Raleigh had attempted a plot, it would not have been such a foolish one as Cobham's.

The whole man was overthrown by the accusation and his imprisonment. He wrote a long, rambling, despairing letter to his wife, and attempted to stab himself, but only made a slight wound, from which he soon recovered. His enemies said it was only done to excite compassion, but his letter appears more as if his despair was genuine, when his Queen was gone, and he was maligned and thrown over to his enemies. He was a brave man, and with much devotion after the fashion of the time, but his health had probably been affected so as to overthrow his self-control. Shortly after he obtained that his servant should throw a letter, imploring Cobham to speak the truth, through that nobleman's window, tied round an apple. In return, Cobham pushed a letter under the door declaring that he had never had conference with Raleigh on any treason, and that Sir Walter was perfectly innocent of any such practices.

It was decided that the trials should be tried at Winchester, where

the Court had gone in hopes of being out of reach of the plague. They were lodged in the old castle, and very dull did Queen Anne and her ladies find their quarters. They played at all the games that any of them could recollect, in the twilight of the November evenings, such as 'Rise, pig, and go!' 'One penny follow me!' 'I pray you, my lord, give me a course in your park,' and 'Fire.' Now and then Paulett, Marquess of Winchester, gave them an entertainment at Basing House, and there was much joking at old Lord Nottingham, the hero of the Armada, having fallen in love with the King's cousin, Lady Margaret Stewart.

While the ladies sought diversion, the fate of one of the ablest and bravest men in England hung in the scales. The Londoners viewed Raleigh as first guilty of the death of their darling, Essex, and next as ready to betray them to Spain. He had done nothing to conciliate them, and when he was brought from the Tower his keeper wrote that it had been 'hob or nob' whether he could have been brought alive through the people, and that if one harebrained fellow had set upon him it would have been impossible to save him. The coach in which he arrived at Winchester was pelted with tobacco-pipes.

Robert, now Lord, Cecil, had at one time been Raleigh's friend, but he was now vehemently set against him, and resolved to bring on the trial, showing, as M. de Beaumont judged, more zeal for his own interests and passions than for the good of the realm. Beaumont told Henri IV. in his letters that a Scotsman had been taken at Dover on his return from Brussels, whither he had taken letters from Aremberg after his conference with Cobham. From this Scotsman's evidence the Court were convinced that Aremberg knew of the plot, which of course was highly probable, and Beaumont alleges that James showed him two intercepted letters of Aremberg which convinced him of Raleigh's complicity in it; but we hear this only through his, the French Ambassador's, despatches, for Aremberg's letters were not produced at the trial, it was said, because the Court did not wish to offend the Archduke, and in truth such little practices appear to have been considered as part of the regular mission of an Embassy.

The trial took place by special commission at Winchester, and before commissioners, several of whom were Raleigh's well known enemies, in especial Cecil himself and Lord Henry Howard. He might well, had he been permitted, have excepted against being tried by them, though when asked whether he would challenge any of the twelve gentlemen of Middlesex who formed the jury, he said he knew none of them, but thought them all honest and Christian men. He begged that, as sickness had weakened him, and his memory had never been good, he might answer the points of the evidence against him singly, as they were delivered, for he could not carry them in his mind to the end.

The Attorney-General, that great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, who was bitterly hostile to him, urged that the King's evidence ought not to be broken or dismembered, whereby it might lose much of its *grace and vigour*. The Court, however, were more humane, and permitted the prisoner to argue for himself. His indictment, to which he pleaded not guilty, was that he had conferred with Cobham about making Arabella Stewart, Queen; that they were to receive from Spain 600,000 crowns to be used for the purpose, and that Raleigh had given Cobham a book against the King's title to the throne, also that Cobham and Brooke had talked of the King, and all his cubs, being taken out of the way.

The speech of the Attorney-General Coke was certainly not wanting in vigour, whatever it might be in grace. He explained that there had been two plots, the *main*, which was Raleigh's, and the *bye*, which was Brooke's and Markham's, and which he proceeded to detail in the blackest terms. Sir Walter interposed to observe that he was not being tried for this *bye*, on which he was told that the two plots were joined like Samson's foxes, by their tails, and Sir Edward Coke continued his invectives with an explanation that treason is of four kinds, the last of which included the cutting off of the King and his race.

Sir Walter on this demanded how all this concerned him, and was answered, 'Thou art a monster, thou hast an English face but a Spanish heart,' and then much was said of his supposed intentions, to which Sir Walter answered—

'All this while you tell me news, Mr. Attorney!'

Mr. Attorney, however, proceeded to tell of 'the most horrible practices that ever came out of the bottomless pit of the lowest hell,' but which were only Cobham's attempt at correspondence while in the Tower. Raleigh could not but ask, 'if Cobham were a traitor, what was that to him?' to which Coke replied—

'All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper, for I *thou* thee, thou traitor! I will prove thee the rankest traitor in all England.'

Sir Walter replied with dignity—

'No, no, Mr. Attorney, I am no traitor. Whether I live or die, I shall stand as true a subject as any the King hath. You may call me traitor at your pleasure, yet it becomes not a man of quality and virtue so to do; but I take comfort in it. It is all that you can do, for I do not yet hear that you charge me with any treason.'

The Lord Chief Justice Popham here interposed, saying that Mr. Attorney spoke out of the zeal of his duty for the service of the King, and the prisoner for his life, bidding them be patient on both sides.

The Attorney-General then caused the Clerk of the Crown to read the declaration that had been extracted from Lord Cobham in his first passion on seeing Raleigh's letter with the mention of his intercourse

with Aremberg, telling the story of the 600,000 crowns, and saying that Raleigh would never let him alone. This last, Coke caused to be read twice over. Here was his case, and Raleigh might well call on the jury to say whether this was real evidence that he, whose life and fortune had been risked so often against the Spaniards should make himself 'such a Robin Hood, a Wat Tyler or Jack Cade,' as to attempt a rising in their favour against the King, at a time too when he knew their power to be greatly decayed.

Another examination of Cobham about the meeting, supposed to be intended in Jersey in order to pay over the Spanish money, was then read, but it was not signed; and when Raleigh demanded to be confronted with Cobham, all the judges were against him, Popham observing that 'many horse-stealers should escape, if they may not be condemned without witnesses.' Watson's allegations were also read, declaring that 'Mr. Brooke said Lord Cobham said that the priests were on the *bye*, but he and Sir Walter Raleigh were on the *main*, which was to destroy the King and all his cubs.'

'O barbarous!' cried Sir Walter. 'Do you bring the words of these hellish spiders against me? If they, like unnatural villains, used these words, shall I be charged with them?'

To which the Attorney-General replied—

'Thou art thyself a spider of hell, for thou confessest the King to be a most sweet and gracious prince, and yet thou hast conspired against him.'

The flagrant injustice of such a trial is almost more striking here than in the case of Mary of Scotland, for the witnesses in this case were all living, and in the hands of Government; but to have permitted the prisoner to have confuted them, would have procured his acquittal, and this would have defeated what was then considered as justice upon a man who might be dangerous.

The next deposition that was read was from Kemys, a warmly attached retainer of Raleigh's, who had delivered a letter and message to Cobham in the Tower. Raleigh denied the letter, and declared that Kemys's evidence had been extorted by imprisonment and dread of torture; but he was told that Kemys had never been threatened with the rack, only told that he deserved it—a nice distinction!

With all these disadvantages, Raleigh's enemies failed entirely to prove anything against him more than that he had had some intercourse with Lord Cobham, and knew that Cobham had some dealings with Aremberg. When the speech for the prosecution seemed to be coming to a pause, the following altercation took place between prisoner and Attorney-General—

'Mr. Attorney, have you done?'

'Yes, if you have no more to say.'

'If you have done, then I have somewhat more to say.'

'Nay, I will have the last word for the King.'

'Nay, I will have the last word for my life.'

'Go to, I will lay thee upon thy back for the confidentest traitor that ever came to the bar.'

Cecil here interfered, saying, 'Be not so impatient, good Mr. Attorney; give him leave to speak.'

To which the Attorney-General replied, 'I am the King's sworn servant, and must speak. If I may not be patiently heard, you discourage the King's counsel, and encourage traitors;' and therewith he 'sat down in a chafe,' and would speak no more till he was urged by the Commissioners, who must have repented of having so done, for he made a long repetition of all the evidence, such as it was, and on Sir Walter interrupting some part, and saying 'You do me wrong,' he replied—

'Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived.'

'You speak indiscreetly, uncivilly, and barbarously,' returned Sir Walter, with only too much truth.

The reply was, 'Thou art an odious fellow; thy name is hateful to all England for thy pride.'

'It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney,' said Raleigh.

Finally, a confession of Cobham was read, telling of the letter folded round the apple, entreating him to clear Raleigh of treason, and adding certain strange particulars, such as advice to him not to be 'overtaken by confessing to any preacher' like the Earl of Essex.

Of which the Attorney-General failed not to make capital for gross abuse. Raleigh was much astounded, but he had another letter of Cobham's which, in spite of Coke's objections, Cecil permitted to be read aloud. This said, 'I never had conference with you in any treason, nor ever was moved by you to the things I heretofore accused you of, and for anything I know, you are as clear from any treasons against the King as is any subject living. Therefore I wash my hands, and pronounce with Daniel, "*Purus sum a sanguine hujus*," and so God deal with me, and have mercy on my soul as this is true.'

The only thing a modern Judge and Jury would have thought proved was that my Lord Cobham was as ignorant of truth as of Scripture, and that he ought to have been sentenced for perjury; but instead of this, the Jury, finding that it was true that 1,500*l.* a year had been offered (but not accepted) by Aremberg to Raleigh for intelligence, found the prisoner guilty of treason, though it is said some of them afterwards asked his pardon on their knees.

The Lord Chief Justice was very abusive in his manner of pronouncing sentence, accusing Sir Walter, besides all the rest, of heretical and atheistical opinions, and vituperating him while condemning him to die. It seems, however, from the contemporary reports of the trial that the violence of the Attorney-General was greatly disapproved, and the prisoner's dignity and patience much admired. One letter

indeed said Cobham's evidence was no more to be attended to than the barking of a dog.

Raleigh wrote several piteous letters of entreaty to the King, and a more dignified farewell to his wife, and in the meantime the other prisoners were tried, the commoners on one day, the two peers on another. The ladies of the court attended the trial. The guilt of all was proved without question, and Clarke and Watson, the two Romish priests, were first put to the traitor's death, Watson declaring that he wished he had more lives to spend, and one to lose for every man he had drawn into treason; Clarke treating his death more as a martyrdom. Their quarters were set up on the gates of Winchester, their heads on the castle tower.

A day or two later, Brooke was beheaded in the castle yard, and it was noted that he could see from the scaffold the hospital of S. Cross, which was thought to have been the cause of his discontent. He was attended by the Bishop of Chichester, who went with him to the scaffold, where he utterly denied the story about destroying the King and his cubs. From him, the Bishop went to his brother, Lord Cobham, while the Bishop of Winchester was in like manner engaged with Raleigh, and Lord Grey preferred to be prepared by his minister, Mr. Field. Sir Griffin Markham was a Roman Catholic, and though he talked with the minister sent him, it was chiefly in the way of civility, as he had strong hopes of a respite.

Sir Benjamin Tichborne, Sheriff of Hampshire (brother to the unfortunate Chidiocke), summoned Markham, Grey, and Cobham to the scaffold on a wet November morning at ten o'clock. Markham came first, very sad and serious, but resolute, and put aside a handkerchief which was offered him to cover his face, saying he could face death without blushing. Just as he was preparing for the block, John Gib, the King's clerk, struggled up among the boys and shouted that he had a message for the Sheriff, who, on hearing it, told Markham, since he was so ill-prepared, he should have two hours more grace, and leading him from the scaffold, locked him into the great hall of the castle—'to walk with Prince Arthur,' as the saying was, on account of the representation of Arthur's Round Table hanging at one end.

Lord Grey then came, looking 'like a dapper young bridegroom,' and attended by many young courtiers. He fell on his knees, and uttered a long prayer of his own composition for himself, and another for the King, each lasting about half-an-hour, the witnesses looking on in the rain. When he had done, Sir Benjamin told him that the order of the execution had been changed, and that Lord Cobham was to come first; then locking him likewise up in Prince Arthur's hall.

Lord Cobham came next, showing a courageous face, and expressing sorrow for his offence against the King, but declaring that he had spoken the truth about Raleigh. Then after saying that there was more to be done, Grey and Markham were led forth, and while the

three looked strangely on one another, the Sheriff announced that their lives were granted to them !

The spectators broke out into cries of joy, which echoed and re-echoed all over the castle and city, in contrast to the Monday before, when, on Brooke's head being held up, nobody had said 'God save the King' but the executioner and sheriff.

Raleigh had his window open that way and heard all. His wife and Cecil were exerting themselves on his behalf, and though his turn was to have been on the Monday, he too was reprieved, Cecil having interceded for them with the King, who had no delight in bloodshed, though he was easily terrified. He even prevailed to save Raleigh's manor of Sherborne from confiscation, though there were more than a dozen applicants for it.

The object of this scene was to satisfy James's mind whether Cobham would persist in his accusation to the end. The three more noted prisoners, Grey, Cobham, and Raleigh, were taken to the Tower, where Grey died after eleven years, and Cobham was released, and died in great poverty. Markham and two more of the conspirators were banished for life.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

SOPHOCLES, *continued.*

ELECTRA.

THE *Electra*, one of our author's finest plays, gains an added interest from the fact that it turns on the same subject as the *Coephoræ* of Æschylus, although in comparing them it is perhaps not sufficiently kept in sight that the latter forms part only of a *Trilogy*, whereas the *Electra* is complete in itself. Thus while in both the main outline is the same, the exigencies of dramatic form and the peculiar bent of his genius, led, in the play of Sophocles, to a complete dissimilarity of result. This difference we must accept, without here attempting to vindicate the superiority for either poet. If we miss the poetry, the soaring imagination of Æschylus, we are confronted by qualities no less striking, if of a different order, in Sophocles. Most of his typical excellences here meet to fascinate us; the masterful elaboration and evolution of the plot; the continual presentation of contrasts not crude, but finely wrought, between grief that sounds the depth of pathos and joy that mounts to the height; the beauty of the style, shot through, as it were, with an irony that not only suggests itself throughout, but gleams and plays even in single words; above all, the indefinable charm that sheds over elements, tragic in themselves, a harmonising spirit of serenity.

The conception of Æschylus had clothed his subject in gloom; that of Sophocles suffuses it with light. Apollo, bright and purifying god, commands Orestes to slay his mother in requital for her murder of his father Agamemnon. It is for Orestes to obey the just, the heaven-sent mandate, and he does so in almost cheerful spirit. His feeling towards his mother resembles that of Marlowe's youthful Edward for the guilty Isabella—

‘If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Look not to find me slack or pitiful.’

The guilt not being in doubt, there is none as to the punishment. But in fact, with Sophocles the real hero of the drama is not Orestes, but the man-like Electra. It is Electra whose long agony of grief and suffering under the roof of her father's murderers, is set forth by the poet with such reiterated pathos; Electra, who passionately weeps or exults over the avenging brother who ‘was lost and is found’; Electra, who in the hour of deliverance cries aloud to that brother to strike Clytemnestra ‘a second stroke, if thou hast power.’ If the character of the heroine strikes the reader as unnaturally harsh, it must be remembered that the conception of it is Greek and non-Christian; if an excuse is to be sought for it on deeper grounds of dramatic propriety, we must lay stress on the love and pity of a daughter for her murdered

father—heightened as they are by the hourly spectacle of the insolent triumph of his murderers—and the o'erstrung tension of a mind that has brooded so long, so persistently, on the one idea of vengeance.

The scene we have chosen is the most pathetic in the play. By a deviation from the Æschylean plot, the old servant of Orestes comes forward with a pretended narrative of the death of his young master, by a fall from his chariot at the Pythian Games, and Orestes enters shortly afterwards bearing the urn supposed to contain his own ashes. Electra's lamentations over what appears to give the death-blow to her last hope are only exceeded by her wild joy when Orestes declares himself. The force of tragic contrast could go no further. It is the very ecstasy of Sophoclean irony.

**ELECTRA'S LAMENT OVER THE URN SUPPOSED TO CONTAIN
THE ASHES OF ORESTES.**

OH dumb memorial of the being best loved
By me on earth, sole rest of all that was
Orestes while he breathed, with hopes how changed
From those that sent thee forth I take thee back.
For now these hands weigh thee—mere nothingness ;
But full of life, sweet boy, I sent thee forth.
Would rather I had died or e'er these hands
Snatched thee from murder's jaws and sent thee forth
Saved thus by stealth into a stranger's land ;
That dying then, thou might'st the tomb have shared
Where lie thy sires ; but now far from thy home,
An exile thou in alien land hast fall'n
Untimely, and thy sister was not near.
'Twas not—woe's me, 'twas not these loving hands
That washed and smoothed thy limbs ; not I that took
Thy sad remains from off the glowing pyre,
As had been meet ; but tended by the hands
Of strangers thou, unhappy boy, art come,
A little dust within a little urn.
Ah me, woe's me for all my nursing cares
Of long ago—vain trouble, which to thee
'Twas my sweet service oft to give ; for never
Thy mother held thee half so dear as I—
None of the household was thy nurse, but I,
And ever thou would'st call me 'sister' too.
Now with thy death one day brings all to nought.
For thou hast like a tempest passing borne
All things to wrack with thee ; our sire's no more ;
I, dead in thee ; thyself, asleep in death ;
Our foes laugh loud, and she's with joy distract,
Our mother most unmotherly, on whom
Thou oft did'st secret warn me thou would'st burst
In thy avenging shape ; but this our hope
Hath thine and mine ill Fate snatched from our grasp,
And sent me here for thy dear living form,
Thine ashes and mere semblance void and vain.
Alas ! alas !
Thou piteous corse ! woe's me ! ah woe is me !
Thou dearest one, on path so dolorous
Sent forth, thy sister how hast thou undone—
Me even, oh my brother, quite undone.

Then take me to thyself in this thy rest,
 Nothing to nothingness, henceforth to dwell
 With thee below ; for when thou wert on earth,
 In all we shared alike, and now I long
 To die and not be outcast from thy tomb.
 For 'tis the dead, I see, that know no pain.

(*After Orestes has declared himself.*)

Oh my friends !
 I have heard a voice I never thought to hear.
 When first 'twas told me, dumb my passion slept,
 No shriek my anguish told ; but now—I have thee,
 Thy dear face lives before me plain, and never
 Shall I forget it, even in misery.

(*Orestes enjoins secrecy on her.*)

Hast thou a wish, my brother, then believe
 My own but waits on it, since all my joys
 Are only mine as they do come from thee,
 And I would not, were it to thy least sorrow,
 Win bliss how great so'er—that were to let
 Disloyally our golden moment slip.*
 For how we stand thou know'st, or let me tell thee
 Ægisthus tarries not at home ; our mother
 Within the palace stays—and do not fear
 Lest she should see my face lit up with joy.
 For hate with time hath burned into my soul,
 And, since I've seen thee I shall never cease
 Weeping for joy ; how should I cease, to whom
 Thou at the self-same coming did'st appear
 As dead and yet alive ? Amazement holds me
 Only to think and see what thou hast done,
 So that if my dead father came to life,
 I'd say 'twere not unnatural, but deem
 I saw him ; seeing then such path thou tread'st,
 Command me as thou wilt ; since, left alone,
 One of two things I had not failed to find—
 Noble deliverance or a noble death.

PHILOCTETES.

THE *Philoctetes* is, like the *Edipus at Colonus*, a 'drama of reconciliation,' but it differs widely on the whole both from that and all the other dramas of Sophocles. It is the only play of our poet to which the epithet 'romantic' applies, and in its tone of chastened pathos and reflection, suggests something of the charm, as it recalls some of the incidents of Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *As You Like It*. This will be seen partly from the plot :—

When the Greeks sailed against Troy they left Philoctetes on a desert island called Lemnos, for that, having been bitten in the foot by a serpent, he disturbed the host by his cries. But in the ninth year a prophet foretold that Troy could only be taken with the bow of Heracles, which Philoctetes possessed. Odysseus, therefore, with the young Neoptolemus,

* Electra means the opportunity for slaying Ægisthus and Clytemnestra, which she regards as heaven-sent.

son of Achilles, was sent to bring Philoctetes to Troy by force or guile. And by guile Neoptolemus obtained the bow, but ere yet they sailed, he repented of his treachery and restored the bow to Philoctetes. And Philoctetes still being obdurate, Heracles appeared, and bade him go to Troy, assuring him, at the same time, of great glory.

There are here none of the 'tremendous issues' of the *Œdipus at Colonus*. The motive is not so much tragical as ethical, and the interest is sustained rather than deep. The painting of character holds a prominent place. The crafty Odysseus, the ingenuous Neoptolemus, Philoctetes himself in all the waywardness of mood induced by loneliness in a mind originally generous, are clearly portrayed and contrasted. The virtuous struggles of Neoptolemus hold the spectator in not unpleasing suspense, and there is abundance of pathos in the situation of Philoctetes—tried as he is by physical suffering, betrayed through his very craving for sympathy, and deceived by hopes the realisation of which trembles long in the balance. But at most it is the chords of pity that are struck, and that not so deeply but there is room for the fancy too to be pleasantly stimulated by the scenery and associations of the 'desert isle' which forms the prison-home of the exiled Philoctetes.

PHILOCTETES DESCRIBES HIS DESERTION AND HIS LIFE ON THE ISLAND.

AH me, thrice-wretched that I am, a thing
 Abhorred of heaven ! what, not a word of me
 And my sad plight ever to make its way
 Homeward, or anywhere in Grecian-land !
 Nay, but their hearts that godless cast me out
 Laugh and keep silence ; only my disease
 Its rankness keeps and ever waxeth worse.
 My son, thou youth that call'st Achilles sire,
 Know I am he of whom thou sure hast heard
 As wielder of the bow of Heracles—
 The son of Pœas, Philoctetes, whom
 Those leaders twain with Cephallené's king *
 Basely cast forth, lonely, as thou may'st see,
 And worn with wasting sickness, that ensued
 From the cruel impress of the deadly snake.
 Sick as I was, I tell thee, boy, here lone
 They put me and set sail, what time they touched
 Hither from sea-washed Chrysa with their fleet.
 'Twas then with cruel joy, when me they saw,
 Worn with much tossing, on the shore asleep
 Beneath an arching grot, they left me so
 And sailed ; yet first a few poor rags they placed
 At hand, to grace my misery withal,
 And some scant store of food ; like hap be theirs !
 Bethink thee, boy, what wakening was mine
 When I arose from sleep and found them gone.
 What tears I shed, what moans grief wrung from me !
 My ships, that I had led so proudly, all

* i.e. Odysseus. The two leaders are Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Were lost to sight ; no being in all the place ;
 No one to aid ; no kindly human soul
 To soothe me in my pain ; look where I might.
 Only to grieve was left me, but for that,
 My son, fair scope enough. Well, time passed on,
 Month followed month, and I must still, alone,
 Under this sorry roof, serve mine own wants.
 The stomach's need this good bow well supplied,
 Striking in air the doves as by they flew,
 And whatsoe'er the twanging shaft struck down,
 To that with painful effort would I crawl,
 As best I could, dragging my wretched foot.
 And were I fain to drink, or to break wood,
 In winter, when the ground is hoar with rime,
 This my poor self, again, must needs make shift
 To crawl and get ; and then no fire had I,
 But rubbing flint on flint, my patience won
 Darkling from thence the spark—my safety still.
 For habitable roof and fire withal
 Give all I lack, save not to be in pain.
 Next learn, my son, the nature of this isle.
 To it no sailor willingly comes near,
 For anchorage anywhere is none ; place none
 To chaffer and make lucre ; hostel none.
 Not hither 'tis men voyage if they be wise.
 Or say one hath against his will put in,
 (Which many times, as years roll on, might hap),
 Why these, my son, when they do come, in words
 Compassion me, yea so far stretch their ruth,
 As they will give me food, maybe, or clothes.
 But that one thing, when I do name it, none
 Willeth, to take me safely home, but now
 Is this the tenth long year I've languished here,
 Unhappy man, in hunger and in woes,
 Prey to this gnawing anguish ; thus, my son,
 The Atreidae used me, and that valiant lord,
 Odysseus ; may the Olympian gods one day
 So deal with them as even they wronged me.

PHILOCTETES BIDS FAREWELL TO THE ISLAND.

LET me, going, greet each spot
 Of the isle ; farewell, oh grot,
 Friend of my vigils, and farewell
 Nymphs that in those moist uplands dwell,
 And the roar of ocean deep
 Resounding from the jutting steep,
 Where oft, in inmost cave reclined,
 By buffetings of the south wind
 Spray-wetted was my head, and still,
 Racked as I lay, would Hermes' hill
 My moanings back in echo fling.
 Now, oh fresh founts and Lycian spring,
 Go we from you, yea we go,
 Though our fancy deemed not so.
 Farewell, oh Lemnos sphered in seas,
 Waft me, voyaging at heart's-ease,
 Whither mighty fate shall lead,
 And the voice of friendship's rede,
 And his all-conquering decree
 Who hath willed all this to be.

THE MISSION OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

IN one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatches shortly before the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, some words occur which must, I think, have stirred the blood of any Englishman who read them. The general, with a small force, was standing facing ten thousand of Arabi's men, knowing that reinforcements could not arrive for some time, but he says, 'It was not in consonance with the traditions of the Queen's army to retire before any number of Egyptian troops.'

I want to call the attention of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* to a small outpost of the Church militant, which is standing facing the myriads of Satan's army, and badly in need of reinforcements. About three and a half years ago, a room was opened in Reform Place, a little court in the parish of S. Augustine's, Haggerston, near the Hackney Road, and one of the Sisters of S. Saviour's Priory began a mission among the lowest girls of Haggerston, a class below the reach of Guilds, Bible-classes, Sunday schools, or any of the other means of doing good. It would be difficult, even if it were desirable, to convey to my reader any idea of how low these girls are. Wickedness at the East End is not refined and disguised as it is at the West; vice, clad in satin and fur does not roll along in elegant broughams, it does not even attain the ghastly fairness to be seen under the gas in Regent Street, there is nothing interesting or picturesque about it; it is only bare, brutal, loathsome sin.

Look at them as they come rushing into the little room in Reform Place, fresh from the boot factory where many of them are employed, shouting, laughing, swearing, singing foul songs. They are all of one stamp, coarse, bold faces, with the hair cut in a fringe across the forehead, straight fringes being most flash, curled a shade more respectable; their dress too is almost a uniform, long ulsters, showy hat and feather, large silk handkerchiefs round their necks, laced-up boots, and a big white apron tied round their skirts, which last is a regular badge of the class. And what is there under this very unprepossessing exterior? Utterly undisciplined natures, without any sense of purity, decency, or truth, violent passions, selfishness, cowardice, meanness, with no affection or gratitude that can be counted on to prevent them robbing or deceiving their greatest benefactor. Do not think I am painting them in too black colours. Would to Heaven I were! These are the sort of girls who are turned out of the Britannia Theatre for noisy, unruly conduct, which must indeed be outrageous to be remarkable there, who are brought up at the police-courts for being drunk and

disorderly, who may be seen fighting like wild beasts, with teeth and nails, with one another or with their 'pals.'

For these girls the little room in Reform Place was opened, and evening after evening one of the Sisters goes there to receive them, trying to make the room pleasant, and bright, and attractive, trying by gentleness, patience, and kindness to win a little hold on those poor hearts, and soften and civilise those coarse, hard natures. They are ready enough to come; most of them are at work all day in factories, and come to the room when work is done, between eight and ten, generally in mad high spirits from the relaxation of the strain of hard work, sometimes loudly quarrelsome and abusive; and oh! if their high spirits and good humour are coarse and repulsive, what do you think their ill-temper and abuse is likely to be?

At ten the room is closed, but with the girls the night is but just beginning; gangs of the lowest roughs are waiting round the entrance of the court, and the cheap music-halls and gin palaces offer plenty of choice of amusement.

And now, perhaps, the reader will ask, what result has been obtained in this struggle with the powers of darkness, and I must answer sadly, but boldly, *none*, or next to none, at present. One or two have been rescued, and are leading more decent lives; one is doing well in a Home at Brighton, but, as we look back over these three and a half years, the only results we can see in the main are heart-breaking disappointment, sickening disgust, for the little spark of light in that dark place seems, at present, only to have made the thick gloom more apparent. And now you will say, what is the use of keeping on a useless endeavour? Give it up, and do not waste your energies on such a profitless business.

I wish with all my heart I could agree with you, and how much more must the Sister wish it who comes home night after night with her pure ears burning and her pure heart sickening from the moral charnel-house where she has been, feeling as if the very air she breathes must be foul, and her very prayers contaminated and crushed down from rising into the presence of the 'awful Purity.' Why not give it up, you say, and I will answer you in Sir Garnet Wolseley's words, 'It is not in consonance with the traditions of the King's army to retire before any number of Satan's troops,' and I ask you to hasten to send such reinforcements as are in your power, prayers, personal help, money, furniture, books, or pictures.

A larger room has just been procured at the entrance of the court, but the rent is likewise larger, and means are required for furnishing, lighting, and warming it. A plan is also being tried, with some success, of getting the girls to pay 2*d.* during the week, which will entitle them to a tea on Sunday, and bring them afterwards either to church or to a quiet evening, not in the streets. Help is needed to keep this going, and also to provide means to take advantage of any opportunity

of removing the girls from their impure surroundings, and transplanting them into fresh soil where they may make a fresh beginning.

It is the mission of the Good Shepherd, dear reader. He is seeking these poor lost sheep of His, and there is a message to you and to me, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.' Do not you think, instead of asking for results, and waiting till, with no help of ours, 'there is joy in the presence of the Angels of God,' we can clear one thorn out of the path those pierced Feet are treading, smooth one rough place, make one crooked place straight, and leave the results to Him, content as David was if He will show His servants His work and their children His glory.

Subscriptions will be gladly received by the author of *Miss Toosey's Mission*, care of the Mother Superior, S. Saviour's Priory, Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, London, E.

Spider Subjects.

Answer 96. Bubbles, Cirro Cumulus, Anita, Vis Inertiæ, Una. Wrong—Daffodil.

Lente, et ad tempus aliquod tacitè (more deorum, quorum pedes lanâ indui feruntur) magnæ idæa incedere solent.

Idee grandi caminnano lentamente, e per tempo senza strepito, come i déi chi si calzano di lana. Also Lindo and Henny Penny.

Les grandes idées marchent lentement et, d'abord, silencieusement comme les dieux qui se chaussaient de laine.

Grosse Gedanken gehen langsam und zeitweise gerüchlos wie die Götter deren Füße mit Wolle waren beschuht.—Pickwick, Vogelein, Maikraut, Sintram, Henny Penny, Alma, Cirro Cumulus, Daffodil, Una.

Spinning Jenny's is the best. Pro tem Nugator, a paraphrase, not a translation. Ted, fair. Bubbles, good, except *cogitationes*, which is hardly the word for ideas as here used. M. L., *tacita* is inexplicable, and *plerumque* does not mean for a time. A Bee, Lambda, Karshish, and Bath Brick, good. Una, *pas lente* not right; *pour le moment* not the expression required. Titania, good, except *pour le moment*. Adelaide, fair. Seal, *voyagent* not the right word; *pour un tems* inadmissible. Sintram, wrong accent on *idées*. March Hare, English idioms. Answered also by Lindo, Henny Penny, Alma, and Vis Inertiæ. Alert, Molière, and Thisbe too late.

HISTORY OF ALEXANDRIA.

If we are to take a glance at Alexandria and her history, we must forget the newly dismantled modern city, and go back in thought more than 2,000 years, to the time of the subjugation of Egypt by Alexander the Great. As he descended the western branch of the Delta, he came upon a place, twelve miles west of the Canopic mouth of the Nile, which he at once perceived to be a fitting site for a great city. A line of flat coast, curving out at each end into a headland, formed a bay, which was still more sheltered by the 'long low island' of Pharos, lying between the headlands. On the shore, between the sea and a large inland lake, lay the little Egyptian garrison town of Rhacotis.

Here, then, Alexander resolved to found a new capital for his great kingdom, which should be a link between east and west—a centre for commerce and intellectual culture; here, in 332 B.C., he founded Alexandria. Dinocrates, restorer of the great Ephesian temple to Diana, was entrusted with the scheme; his design for the city was 'the form of a Macedonian mantle, with a circular border full of plaits, projecting into corners on the right and left; a fifth part of the city was to be devoted to the palace. On the north, Alexandria was bordered by the waters of the Mediterranean, on the south by those of Lake Mareotis, and was thus cooled by breezes. The isle of Pharos was connected

its powerful and zealous, but somewhat hard and narrow-minded bishop, was in conflict with the last remnant of New Platonism in the persons of Theon and his beautiful talented daughter Hypatia, and their followers. Outside, in the Egyptian deserts, were visible the austere grand lives of the hermits, such as Antony's had been. Hypatia was murdered by a fanatical mob, led by one of the readers of the principal church; and certainly Cyril did not show his horror of the outrage by bringing the murderers to justice. Probably his stern nature softened and expanded as his life went on; he did good work in combating the Nestorian heresy, and presided over the third Ecumenical Council as Pope Celestine's representative. He died in 444. His successor was infected with the Eutychian heresy, which, for long afterwards, was prevalent in the Alexandrian Patriarchate. From this time to the irruption of the Mohammedan power, there is little of importance to chronicle. Alexandria declined with the Roman Empire, and in 616 was taken by Chosroes, King of Persia; in 640 by the Arabians under Amru, a general of the Caliph Omar's, after a siege of fourteen months. Amru dismantled the fortifications, and sent back to Omar detailed and glowing accounts of the city he had won.

The library of 300,000 volumes which had been lodged in the Serapeum was destroyed at this time: it is said that, when John the Grammarian interceded for it, the caliph sent back word that if the books contained what was in the Koran they were unnecessary; if not, they were false; and in either case had better be destroyed; so they were used as fuel for the fires which heated the baths. The larger library had perished when Julius Cæsar took the city, nearly 700 years before. Thus begins the last period of Alexandrian history, containing far less of importance than the two former. There was at first a revival of science and philosophy under the caliphs, but only for a time. When Cairo rose in 969, and when the route round the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, the position of Alexandria as a first-rate commercial seaport was for the time gone. The most important of the conflicting Egyptian dynasties was that of the Memlooks; and when they were dethroned, and Egypt made a Turkish pashalik, the Memlook aristocracy managed to overrule the pashas, and one of them, Ali Bey, threw off allegiance to the Turkish power,—and his successors were ruling when, in 1798, Napoleon entered Egypt, ostensibly to help the Porte to subdue the Memlooks. He defeated them at the battle of the Pyramids; but after the battle of the Nile was obliged to leave Egypt; and his deputy, Kleber, was defeated by the English under Abercromby. The English, in order to prevent the French getting fresh water, let the sea into Lake Mareotis, which has since become a salt marsh. In the anarchy which followed these events, a very important person appeared, and took advantage of the circumstances to work his way to the head of affairs. This was Mehemet Ali, a Turkish officer, who was born in the same year as Wellington and Napoleon. He subdued the pasha, Khosrew, and the Porte confirmed the choice of the people, and made him governor. He slaughtered the Memlooks in two horrible massacres; and indeed they were put to death all over Egypt. Mehemet Ali, firmly settled in his position, began to reorganise Egypt. He remodelled the army, built a fleet, erected schools, colleges, manufactories, and hospitals; took the whole

management of industrial and commercial matters into his own hands. He employed compulsory labour, and heavy taxation, which weighed terribly on the poor classes. He would have aimed at being caliph, but was prevented by the European powers. His son and grandson succeeded him; then his third son, Said, in whose time the Suez Canal was begun. Said's nephew, Ismail Pasha, had an eventful reign; he was French by training and habits (as were many of the young Egyptian nobles at that time), yet his inclinations turned rather to England. The Suez Canal involved him in terrible expenses; and at last, hopelessly insolvent, and repudiating the national debts, he was deposed by the Sultan, and retired to Naples. But during his viceroyalty (from 1863 to 1879) he had improved the harbour, encouraged education, and promoted cotton planting. He entertained the Emperor of Austria and Empress of the French at the opening of the Suez Canal with great splendour. He also won permission to adopt the title of Khediv-el-Misi, sovereign of Egypt. The present Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, is his son; his accession brings us to the troubles and disturbance which reign at present. The city which has just been so despoiled, is, of course, the *modern* city. Of the old glories of Alexandria little remains but ruins; Pompey's pillar, and Cleopatra's needle, and an old Roman tower being the principal relics of it. Modern Alexandria is built almost entirely on the Heptastadium, between Pharos and the mainland, enlarged by accumulations of *débris*, &c. The Turkish quarter is dirty and squalid; the European, bright and modern looking, with well-built streets and inviting shops. In the great square are the consulates and chief buildings; and there are pleasant villas and gardens. A lighthouse still stands at one end of the isle of Pharos, and at the other is the Ras-el-Tin Palace. We now wait and watch to see what will be the history of the last remains of this glorious old city; whether she may rise again out of her degradation to some faint return of former greatness, or whether her long, eventful life is all but ended.

KARSHISH.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Mention the persons who have done the most in spite of blindness.

Explain and find an instance illustrating 'The slothful man roasteth not what he took in hunting.' (This must be brief and terse, or there will not be room.)

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Nothing very remarkable was elicited by the September subject—three families of the Figworts, a tribe which certainly does not show to advantage in a dried state. Nor did the number of contributions exceed the average.

VERTUMNUS may be allowed to express a hope, as regards a rather considerable section of the society, that under his successor a little more industry, not to say interest, may be displayed than has been discernible of late. That there are many members to whom this remark can by no means be applied he most gladly admits. But what, without these latter, would have become of the M.P.B.S.?

Notices to Correspondents.

G.F.S. LODGE, BRIXTON RISE, S.W.,
October 12th, 1882.

SIR,—Will you allow me to make known, through your magazine, the great need which exists in many districts of the South of London for Evening Classes and Recreation-rooms for young shopwomen and factory girls? In Lambeth, Southwark, Bermondsey, and Deptford, where thousands of young women are employed in the various factories (envelope, indiarubber, bookbinding, gingerbeer, &c.) which abound in these parts, there is scarcely anything being done to provide the wholesome amusement and cheerful club-rooms which we find now established in so many other parts of London. The Girls' Friendly Society is trying, at the request of several of the clergy of these neighbourhoods, to supply the present need, but the number of ladies of education and leisure resident in these districts is so very small, that we must look to other parts of London to supply almost all the workers.

A Committee has been appointed to consider the needs of South London, to collect funds to pay for evening Recreation-rooms and for mission-women to work among the factory-girls, and, if possible, to organise a band of ladies to go down on certain evenings to those neighbourhoods and hold classes for the young women. Recreation-rooms are already being opened, but the classes cannot be carried on without more teachers. Surely there are many ladies who might give one evening a week to the easy task of holding singing or sewing classes, or otherwise interesting the girls, when they consider that by this effort on their part they are perhaps keeping their younger working sisters from the dancing saloons and low theatres which attract them on all sides. If any ladies will communicate with the Hon. Secretary of the Committee, the Hon. Mrs. Gambier Parry, 2, Halkin Street, S.W., she will do all in her power to bring the different lady workers into direct communication with each other, so that young ladies, not liking to travel alone, shall be able to go on the same night as an older teacher. The Committee will be very grateful for help towards the fund that provides the rooms and paid teachers.

CORDELIA J. HAWKSLEY,
President of Rochester Diocesan Council.

'The night has a thousand eyes, and the day but one,'
is from a poem, *Light*, by F. W. Bourdillon, Worcester College, Oxford.

Cherry wishes to know the author of the following, and if there are any more verses :—

'So human love and faith, by death unshaken,
Mingle their glorious psalm,
Albeit low, until the passionate pleading
Is lost in deepest calm.'

F. B. would be glad to know where she can get fairy stories, such as *Cinderella*, 'in their old form, pure and simple,' mentioned by the author of 'Odds and Ends of Work in a City Parish,' in the *Monthly Packet* for October.

LE CHIEN DU LOUVRE.

'Passant que ton front se découvre,
Là plus d'un brave est endormi ;
Des fleurs pour le martyr du Louvre
Un peu de pain pour son ami !

'C'était le jour de la bataille ;
Il s'élança sous la mitraille ;
Le chien suivit.
Le plomb tous deux vint des atteindre—
Est-ce le maître qu'il faut plaindre ?
Le chien suivit.

'Des morts, voilà le char qui roule ;
Le chien, respecté par la foule
A pris son rang.
L'œil abattue, l'oreille basse,
En tête du convoi qui passe,
Comme un parent.

'Si la neige avec violence
De ses flocons couvre en silence
Le lit de mort,
Il pousse un cri lugubre et tendre,
Et s'y couche pour le défendre
Des vents du nord.'

I should be much obliged if any of your readers could give me some information respecting the 'martyr du Louvre' mentioned in the above lines. I read the poem from which they are taken in an old pocket-book, where it was signed 'C. Delavigne,' but cannot find the story anywhere else.—*Mary A.*

O. W. D.—*Little Queen Mary* is not out of print, but can be had from Messrs. Park, 6, Southampton Street, W.C.

R. H. B. would be glad if the Editor of the *Monthly Packet*, or any of its readers, could tell her of an institution for elderly maid-servants who have saved a little money. Address—*Miss R. Beckett*, 9, Woburn Square, London, W.C.

Miss Beatrice Conant inquires for the German words of a song called *Irene*, of which the English translation begins 'Ask if I love thee.' The music is by Franz Abt.

For the Daisy-Chain Cot, with many thanks : L. A., 2s. 6d.

Mac.—The quotation asked for in your advertising columns of *Monthly Packet*—'In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas,' commonly attributed to Melancthon, is in fact a citation from the *Paracensis Votiva pro pace Ecclesie ad Theologos Augustanæ Confessionis*, by Rupertus Meldenius, a writer of whom nothing else is known. It was first introduced to English readers by Baxter, who quotes it in his *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, iii. xiv. 11. Also *Mrs. Soulesby* and *E. Marshall*.